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GLORIOUS HYMNS

No. 1. Let All the People Praise Him.

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James L. Shaw. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Let all the peo - ple praise Him, And mag - ni - fy His name;
2. Our strength, our shield and buck - ler, Our hope when time is o'er;
3. Oh, clap your hands, ye ran-somed, And sing a - loud His grace,
4. Oh, sing of His re - demp - tion, Till heart and flesh shall fail;

His maj - est - y and glo - ry Let ev - 'ry tongue pro - claim.
The rock on which we an - chor, Our ref - uge ev - er - more.
That lifts our souls from dark - ness, By faith to see His face.
Then, clothed in life e - ter - nal, Sing on with - in the vale.

CHORUS.

Let all the peo - - ple praise Him, Let all the peo-ple sing

Let all the peo - ple

The wondrous lov - ing kind - ness Of our ex - alt - ed King.

No. 2. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac-cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a-

beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,

Rit. - - - - - - - - - CHORUS.

Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will

glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

No. 3. His Love is All I Need.

To my friend Rev. Parley E. Zartmann

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E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss! To hear Him whisper, I am His,
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet! To hide in such a safe re - treat,

The love that ev - 'ry want sup-plies, The love that al - ways sat - is - fies,
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a - stray,
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes destroy, My Sav-ior's love is still my joy,

rit.

CHORUS.

His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to

me, So won - der - ful, how can it be; My ev - 'ry sin on Him was

rit.

laid, My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid? His love is all I need!

No. 4. The King's Business.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

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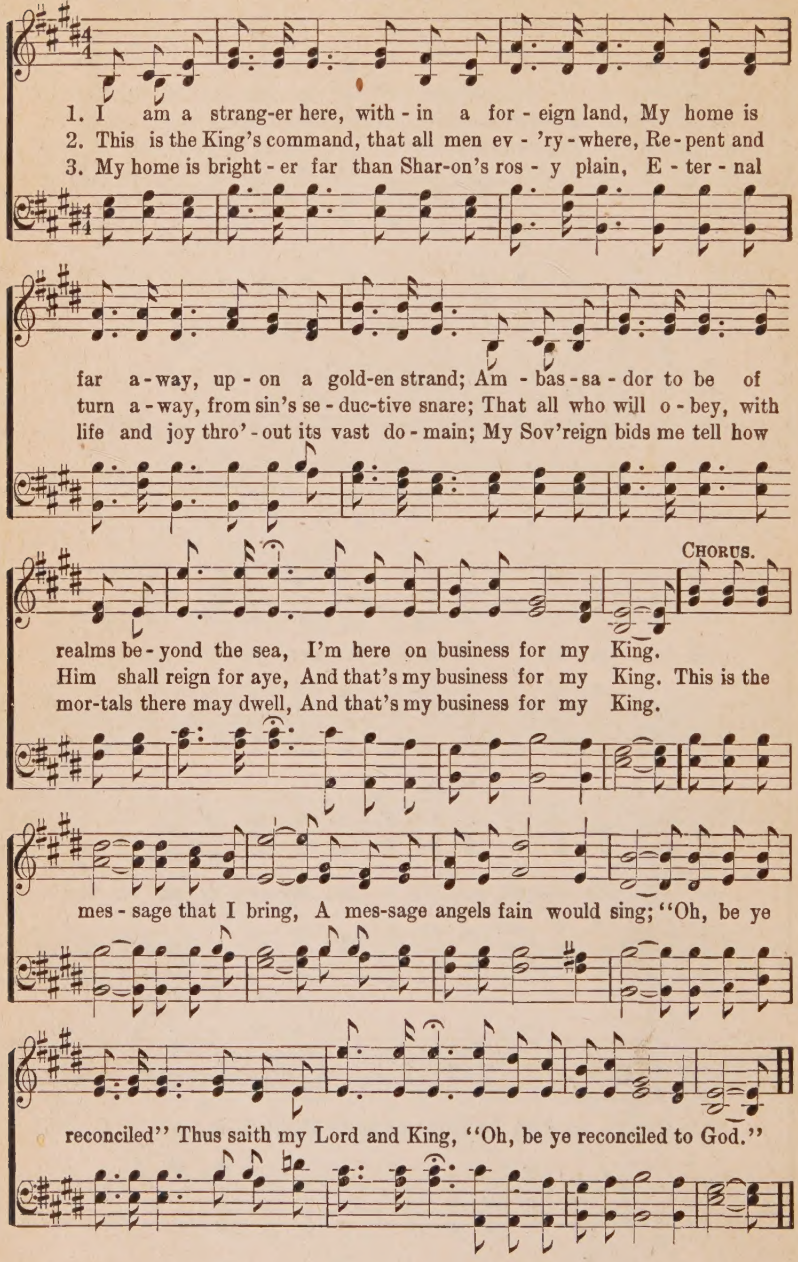
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.



No. 5. Singing on My Way.

E. E. Hewitt.

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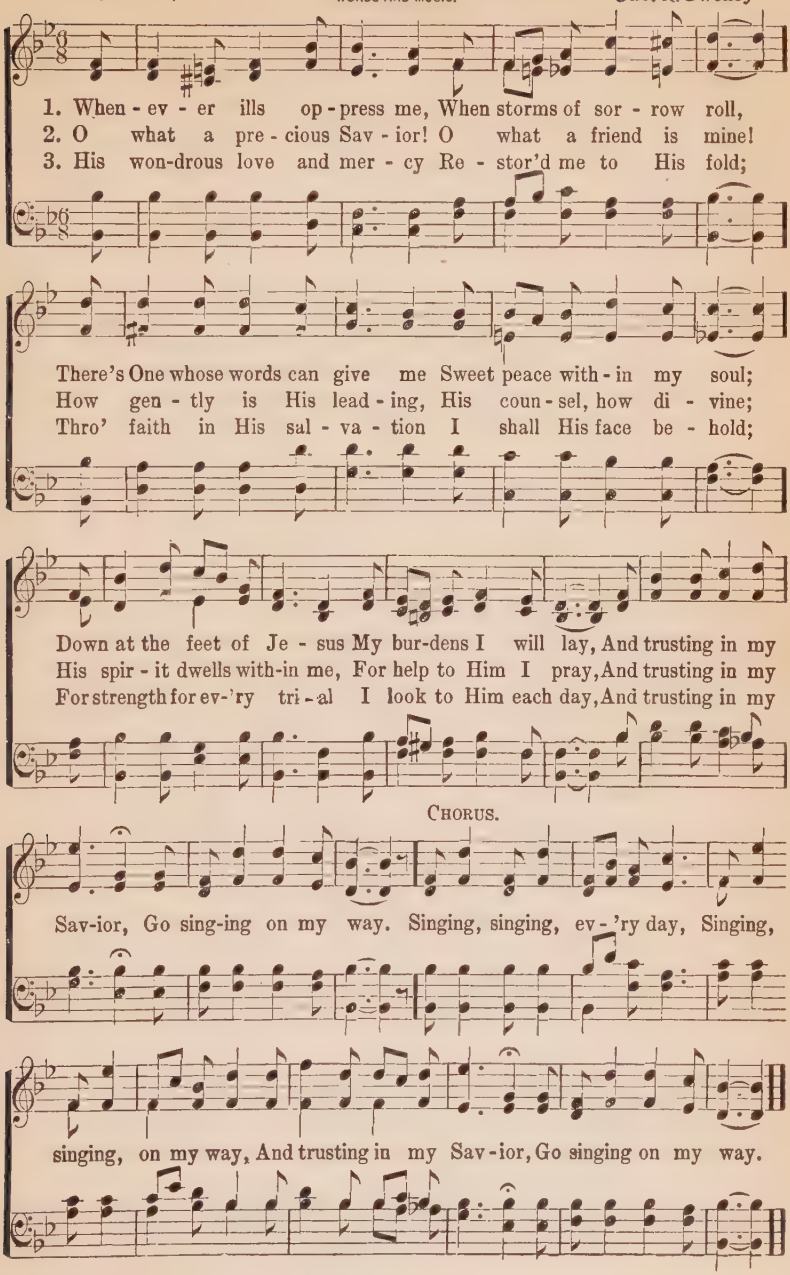
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney



No. 6. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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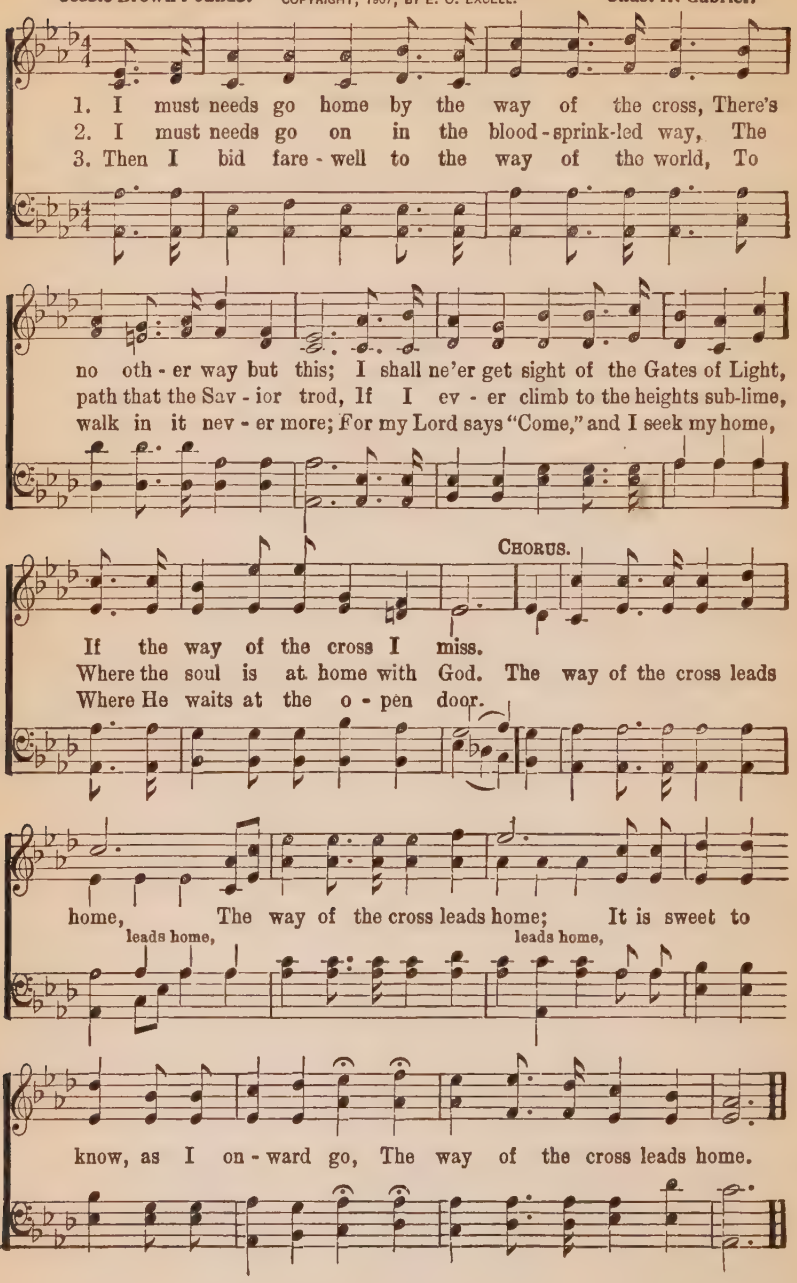
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 7. Jesus is With Me.

Wm. Stevenson.

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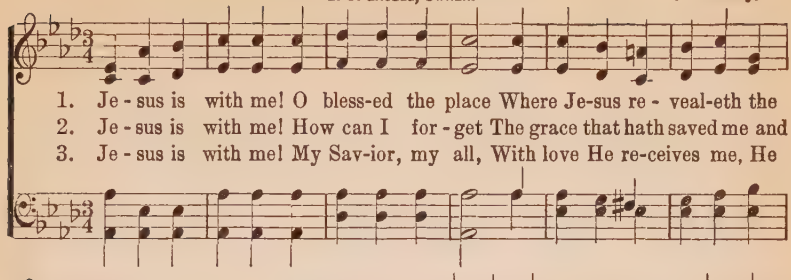
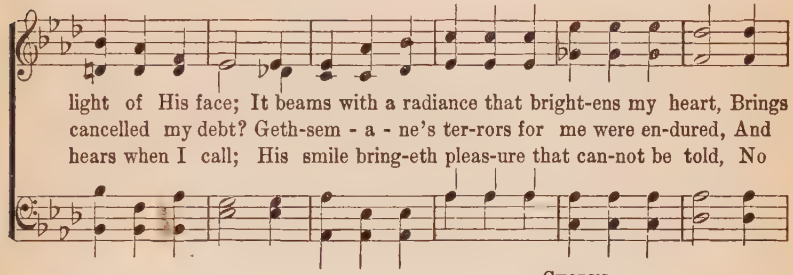
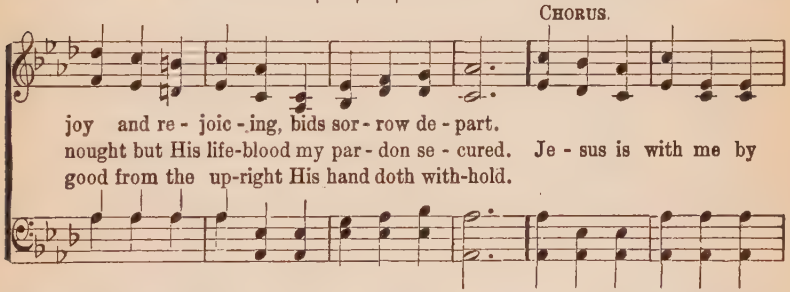


1. Je - sus is with me! O bless-ed the place Where Je-sus re - veal-eth the
2. Je - sus is with me! How can I for - get The grace that hath saved me and
3. Je - sus is with me! My Sav-ior, my all, With love He re-ceives me, He

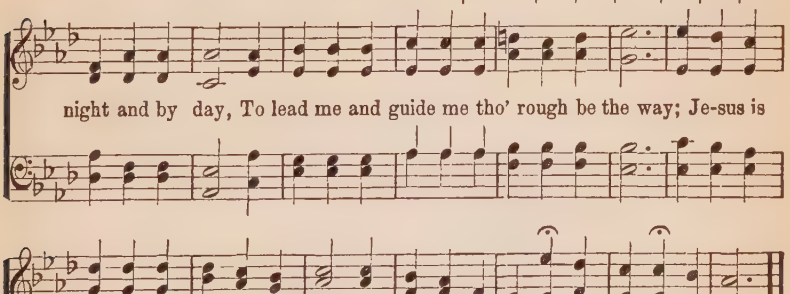


light of His face; It beams with a radiance that bright-ens my heart, Brings
cancelled my debt? Geth-sem - a - ne's ter-rors for me were en-dured, And
hears when I call; His smile bring-eth pleas-ure that can-not be told, No

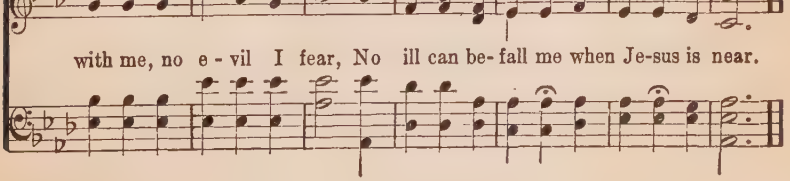


CHORUS.

joy and re - joic - ing, bids sor - row de - part.
nought but His life-blood my par - don se - cured. Je - sus is with me by
good from the up-right His hand doth with-hold.



night and by day, To lead me and guide me tho' rough be the way; Je-sus is



with me, no e - vil I fear, No ill can be- fall me when Je-sus is near.

No. 8. A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

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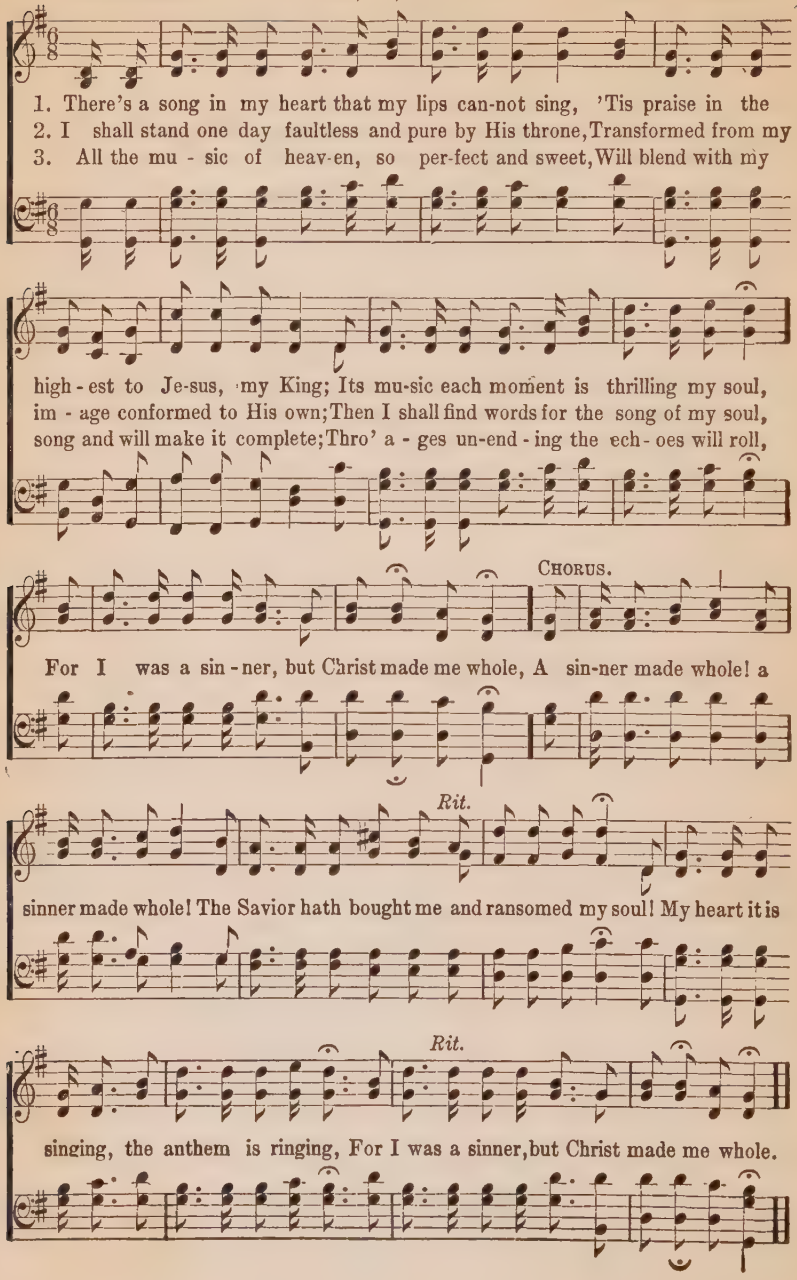
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 9. Wonderful Love.

E. E. Hewitt.

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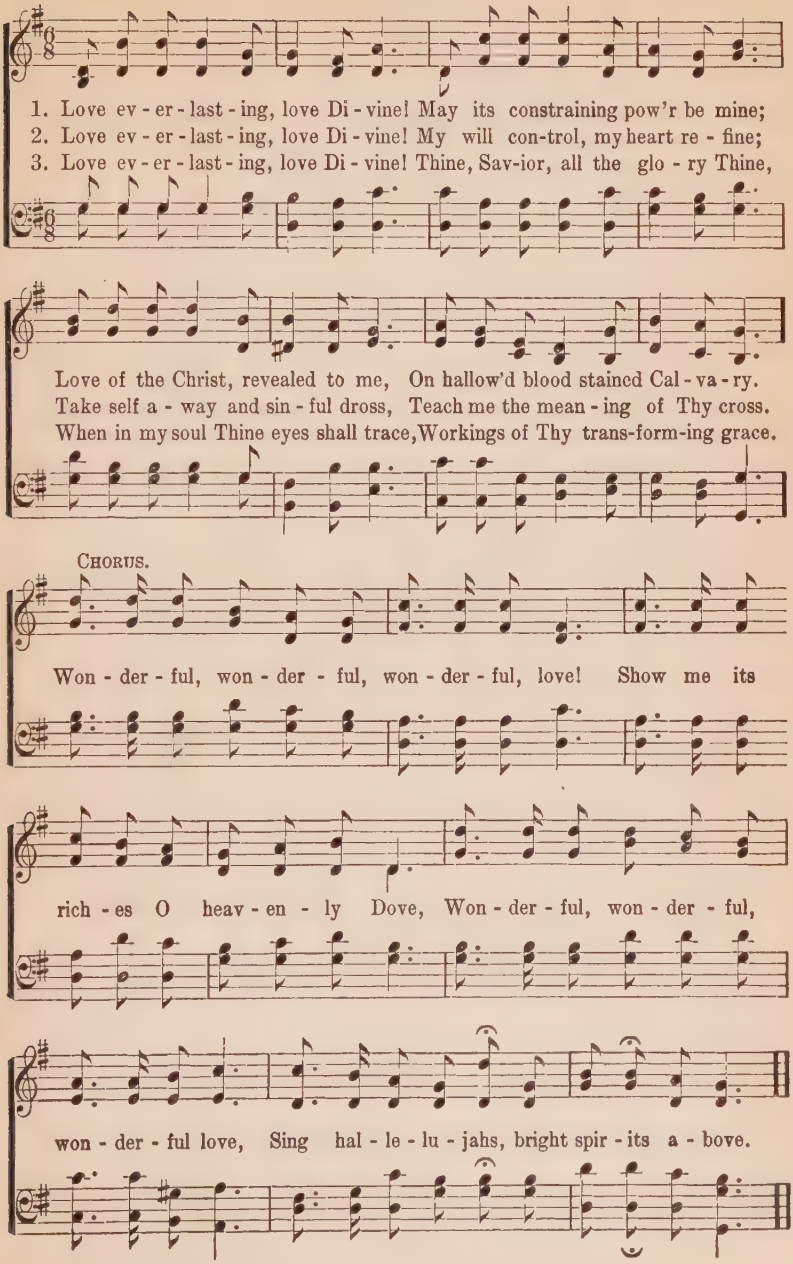
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 10. Open Thy Windows.

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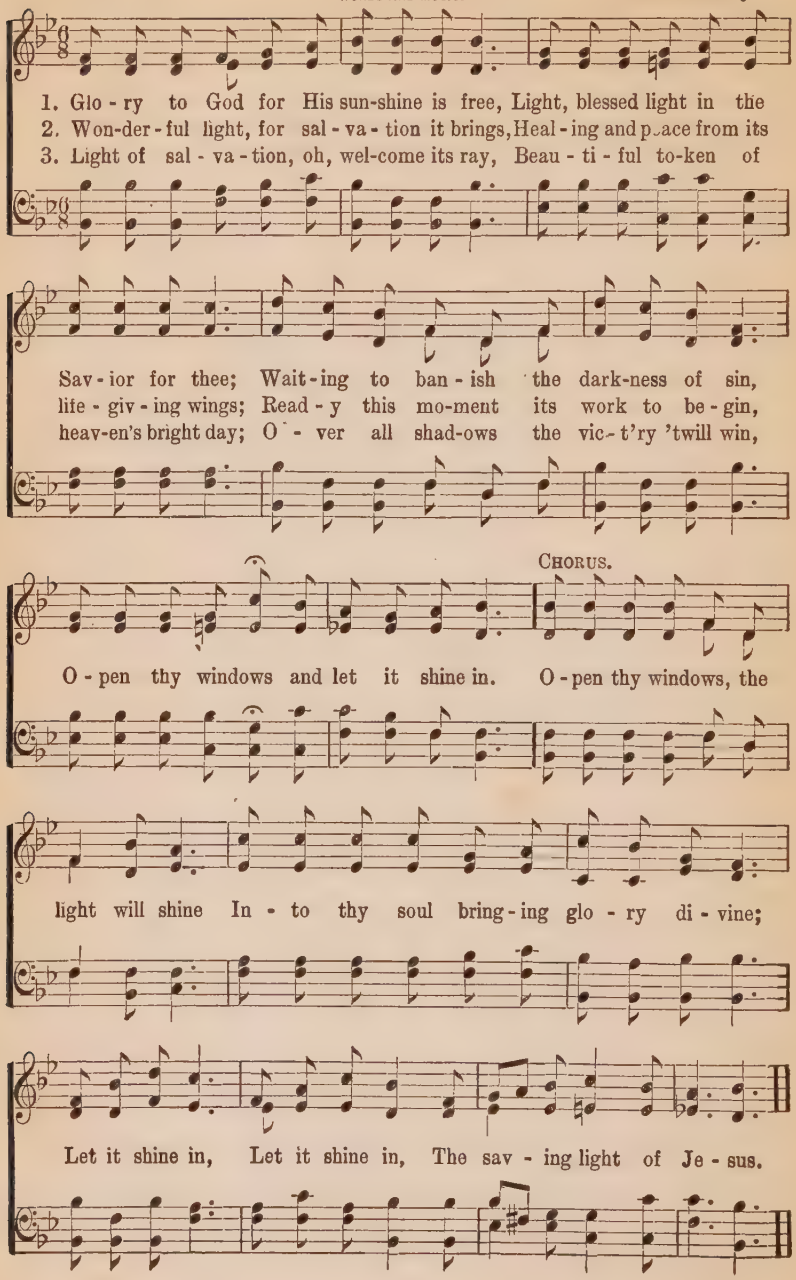

No. 15. He Careth for You.

Helen L. Dungan.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. M. Dungan.

1. Oh heart bowed down with sorrow, with sadness and with weeping, There is a bright to-mor-row Safe in the Fa-ther's keeping. Then look a-bove your sad-ness, Re-mem-ber too with glad-ness That He will bear your bur-dens
2. Your friends may all for-sake you The way seem lone and dreary; Mis-for-tunes o-ver-take you, Your heart be sad and wea-ry. 'Tis then that He is near you, This tho't should ev-er cheer you, That He will bear your bur-dens
3. Then tell the wondrous sto-ry, His love and prais-es sing-ing, 'Twill be a ray of glo-ry, Sweet peace to mor-tals bringing; From that Ce-les-tial Cit-y The song of grace and pit-y, That He will bear your bur-dens

CHORUS.

For He cares for you and me. He careth for you,... He careth for me,....
He careth for you, He careth for me,

1 2

O how sweet is the message bringing comfort and peace;
King of heaven, our Savior (*Omit*) ..... } cares for you and me.
blessed peace;

No. 16. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand - est
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand - est
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y

theme for a mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

CHORUS.

"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - ble to de-
a - ble, He is a - ble

liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-
a - ble, He is a - ble

prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

No. 17. How Sweet is His Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. When troub-led my soul and when peace I would find, How sweet is the
2. When faint-ing and help-less I fall in de spair, How sweet is the
3. When dark is the night and when sore-ly distressed, How sweet is the

love of Je-sus! When lone-ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind,
love of Je-sus! When suf-f'ring with pain, and when sor-row I bear,
love of Je-sus! When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest,

CHORUS.

How sweet is His love to me! O . . . . how sweet, ... O how
O how sweet, how sweet is His love, O how

sweet is His love, ... How sweet is His love to me! When
sweet, how sweet is His love,

friends all have gone, and I suf-fer a-lone, How sweet is His love to me!

No. 18, Let the Sunshine In.

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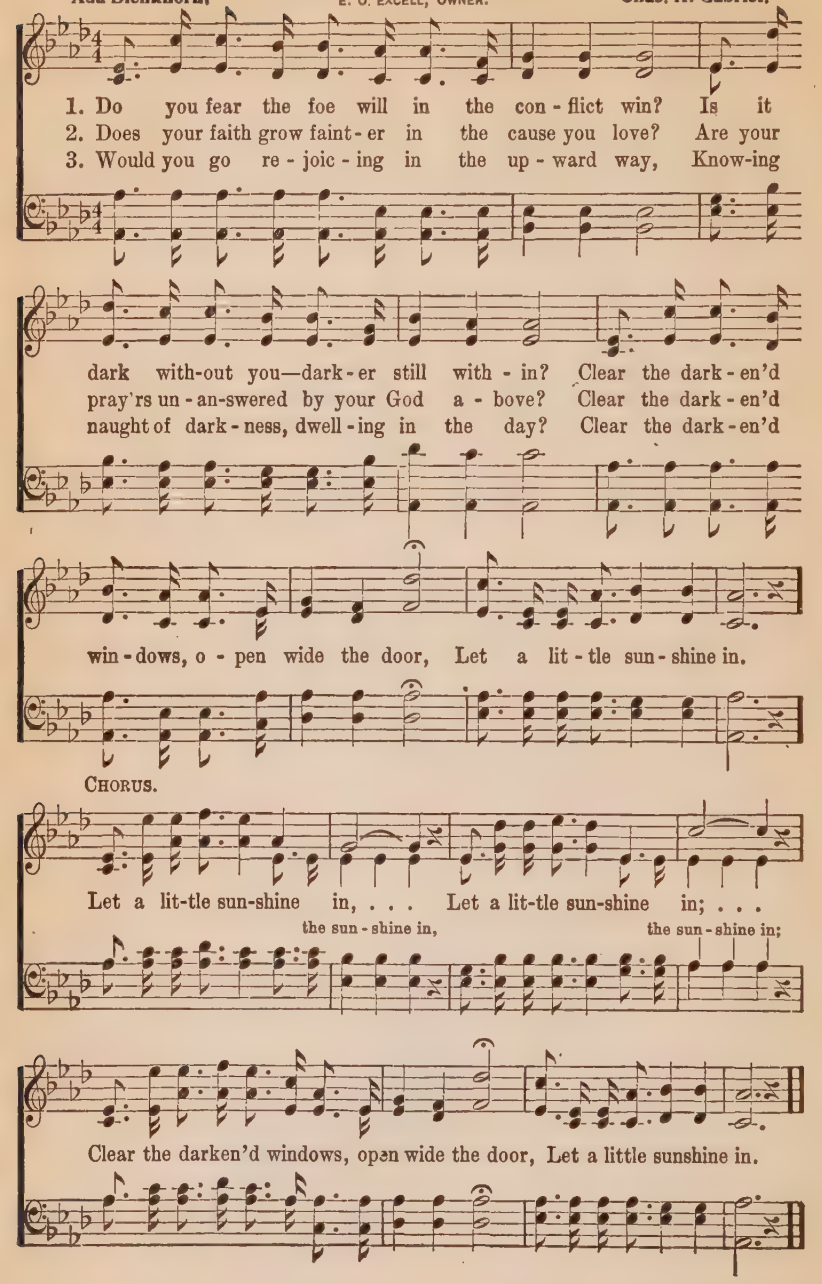
Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 19. That Sweet Story.

James Rowe.

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E. O. Excell.

1. I once heard a sweet sto - ry of won-der-ful love, And it lift - ed the cross that I bore, Made me think of the home and the dear ones a-bove;
2. Tho' a - far I had wander'd in darkness and sin, And tho' helpless, and wea - ry, and poor, This sweet sto - ry left light, hope and gladness with-in;
3. That sweet sto-ry of Je - sus Who died on the tree Will be told on e- ter - ni - ty's shore; How He came as a ran - som for you and for me;

CHORUS.

I am long-ing to hear it once more. I am long-ing to hear it once more; The sto - ry re-peat o'er and o'er;..... It is rapt-ure di- vine, to know He is mine; I am longing to hear it once more.

once more; o'er and o'er;

No. 20. My Savior is Abiding.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Jno. R. Sweney.

DUET.

1. My Sav-ior is a-bid-ing, a-bid-ing in my heart, And from His blessed
2. My Sav-ior is a-bid-ing, a-bid-ing in my heart, Since by His grace He
3. My Sav-ior is a-bid-ing, a-bid-ing in my heart, He comes to me with

pres-ence the shades of sin de-part; His strength within will con-quer the
won me, to choose the bet-ter part; He gives me fresh a-noint-ing, new
bless-ing, He nev-er will de-part; He'll cleanse and use the ves-sel sur-

tempter and his pow'r, His grace will be my com-fort in sor-row's try-ing hour.
measures of His pow'r, He brings to me His Spir-it, the ful-ness of His pow'r.
rendered to His love, And make it meet to en-ter the pal-ace-halls a-bove.

CHORUS.

O sing..... the love of Je-sus, Loud let..... His prais-es roll,
O sing His love, the love of Je-sus, Loud let His prais-es ev-er roll,

The pre-cious "Hope of Glo-ry," He dwells with-in my soul.
The pre-cious Hope, the "Hope of Glo-ry," He dwells, He dwells with-in my soul.

No. 21. What Shall it Profit Thee?

M. P. Ferguson. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY E. O. EXCELL. W. A. Ogden.

1. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Hous-es and a-cres so broad?
2. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Friendships to share and to make?
3. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Earth-ly am-bi-tion and fame?

No ti-tle to man-sions of glo-ry e-ter-nal, And none to the
And know not the friend-ship of Je-sus, the Sav-ior, Of Je-sus who
If Christ in the life-book of glo-ry e-ter-nal, Had nev-er re-

CHORUS.

cit-y of god?
died for thy sake? What shall it prof-it thee then?.....
cord-ed thy name?

prof-it thee then?

Tho' the whole world be thine own..... When the death-an-gel has

The whole world be thine own.

called for thy spir-it, And mer-cy for-ev-er has flown.

No, 22,

Some Happy Day.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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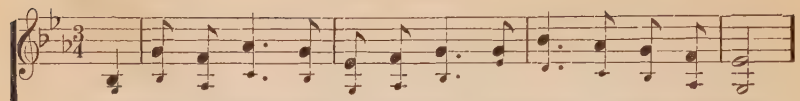
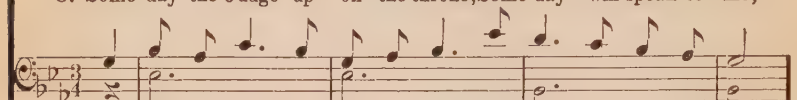
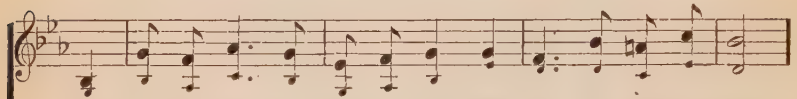
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

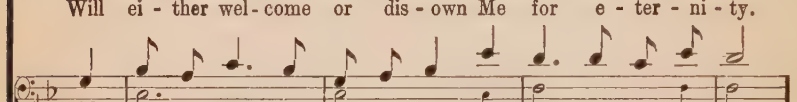


1. Some day I'll reap what I have sown, Some day— I know not when,
2. Some day my deeds of good and wrong, Some day— it may be soon,
3. Some day the Judge up - on the throne, Some day—will speak to me,



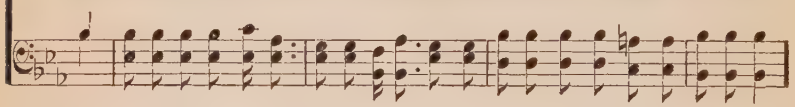


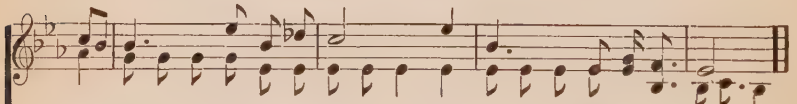
But fruit and tares ma - ture - ly grown Will all be gather'd then.
Will rise be - fore me in a throng, Clear as the light of noon.
Will ei - ther wel - come or dis - own Me for e - ter - ni - ty.



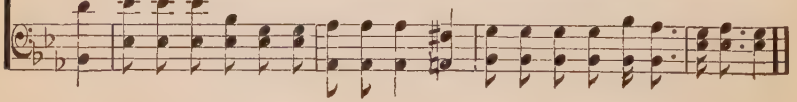
CHORUS.

Some day— I can-not tell ..... Just when, but, Lord, I pray,
Some day—but oh, I can - not tell, I can-not tell Just when 'twill be, but this, O Lord I pray,





That I may go to dwell With Thee some hap-py day.
That I may go, may go to dwell with Thee, With Thee some hap-py, hap-py, hap-py day.



No. 23. They're Singing Over Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

L. H. Edmunds. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. All glo - ry to my Sav-iour, For He hath made me free; There's joy a-
2. There's joy among the an-gels They sweep their harps of gold O'er one poor
3. Sing on, sing on, bright angels, There's pur - er bliss a - bove! My Saviour's

mong the angels, They're singing o-ver me; The pre-cious blood of Calv'ry Is
sin-ner turning To seek the Shepherd's fold; O come, dear friend, to Je-sus, And
joy is great-er, For great-er is His love; When one re-pent-ant sin-ner He

D. S.—*There's joy among the an-gels a-*

FINE.

cleansing me from sin, And in my ransomed spir-it The songs of heav'n be-gin.
you'll be hap-py too, And set the bless-ed an-gels A sing-ing o - ver you!
wel-comes to His breast, In raptured hal-le-lu-jahs He lead-eth all the rest!

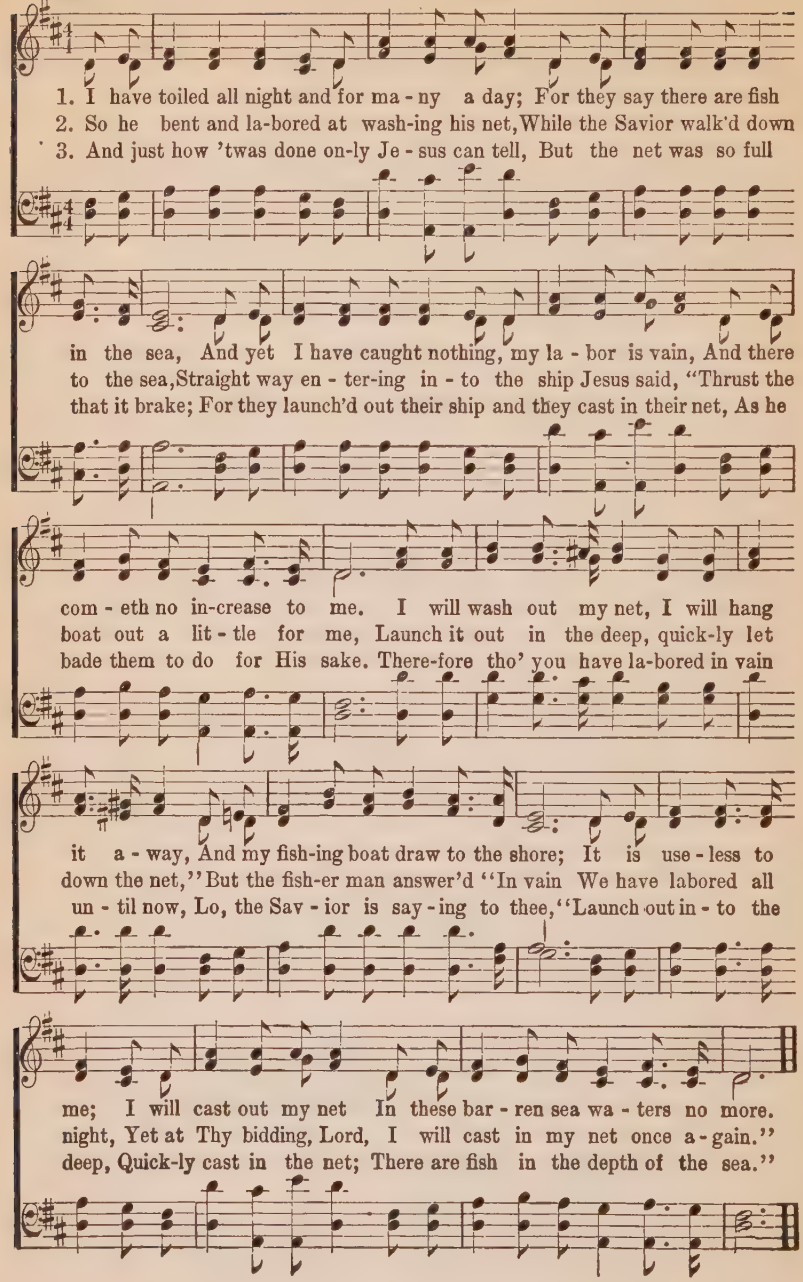
round the cry-stal sea; All glo-ry to my Saviour—They're singing o - ver me!

CHORUS. D. S.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry to my Saviour! Glo-ry, glory, sing His grace so free!

No. 24. Just for His Sake.

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. M. H. Evans.



No. 25. To Calv'ry I will Go.

E. E. Hewitt.

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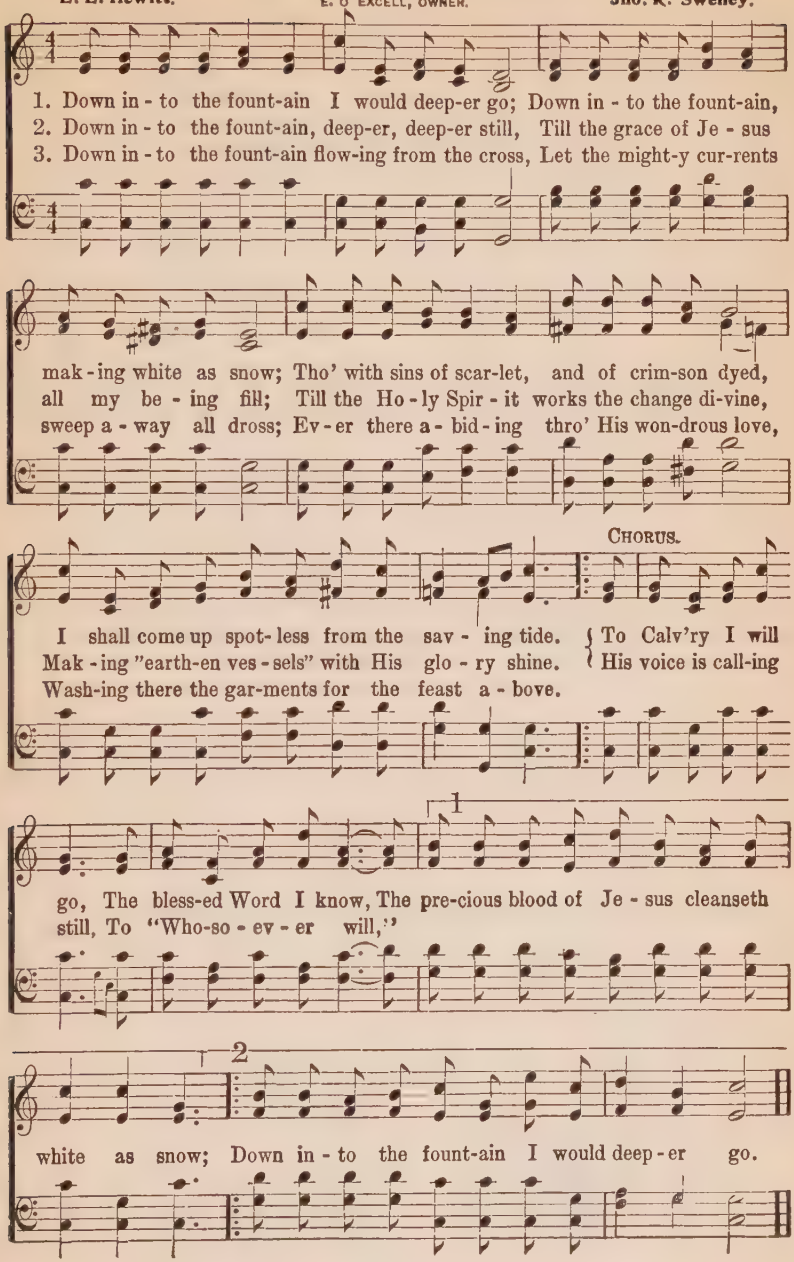
Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 26. Glory, all is Glory.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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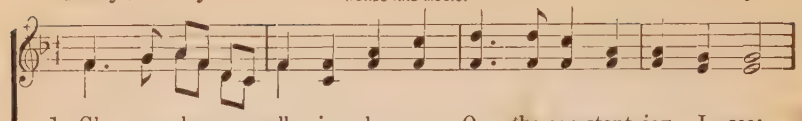
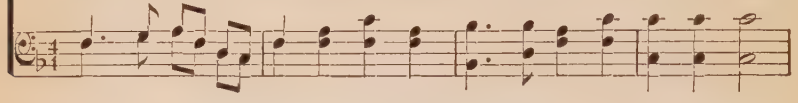
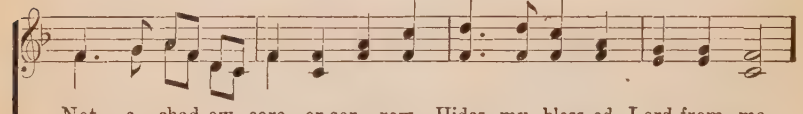
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.



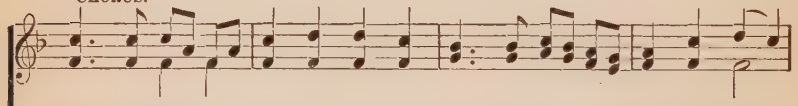
1. Glo - ry, glo - ry, all is glo - ry, O the con-stant joy I see;
2. O the rest-ing and com-mun-ing From the bus - y world a - part;
3. Glo - ry, glo - ry what a Sav - ior, How His ten - der words of love
4. Hal - le - lu - jah, I shall see Him And be - hold Him face to face;



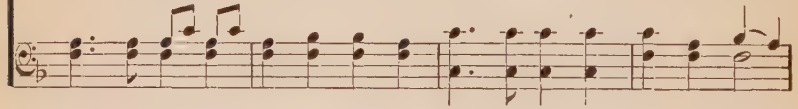


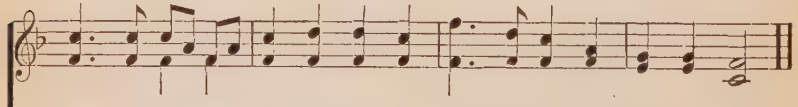
Not a shad-ow care or sor - row Hides my bless-ed Lord from me.
While the Spir - it gen - tly whisp-ers Words of prom-ise to my heart.
Draw me up - ward to the pleas-ures In the Gold - en Land a - bove.
There for - ev - er will I praise Him, For the rich - es of His grace.

CHORUS.

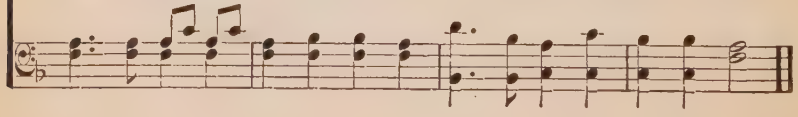


Glo - ry, glo - ry, all is glo - ry, Je - sus dwell - eth in my soul;





From the full - ness of His mer - cy, Floods of rapt - ure o'er me roll.



No. 29. The Fountain of Blessing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney

1. I came to the fountain of bless-ing so free, Glo - ry to Je - sus my
2. I knelt at the fountain of bless-ing to-night, Glo - ry to Je - sus my
3. I love at the fountain of bless-ing to stay, Glo - ry to Je - sus my
4. No place like the fountain of bless-ing to me, Glo - ry to Je - sus my

f.

Sav - ior; And oh, I am hap - py as mor - tal can be, Glo - ry to
Sav - ior; I laved in its wa - ters so hal-lowed that night, Glo - ry to
Sav - ior; And lose in its mur-murs the cares of the day, Glo - ry to
Sav - ior; For there in a vis - ion my home I can see, Glo - ry to

D. S.—*rapture she sings, Glo - ry to*

FINE. CHORUS.

Je - sus my Sav - ior. My heart, o-ver-flow-ing, with mel-o-dy rings, My

Je - sus my Sav - ior.

D .S.

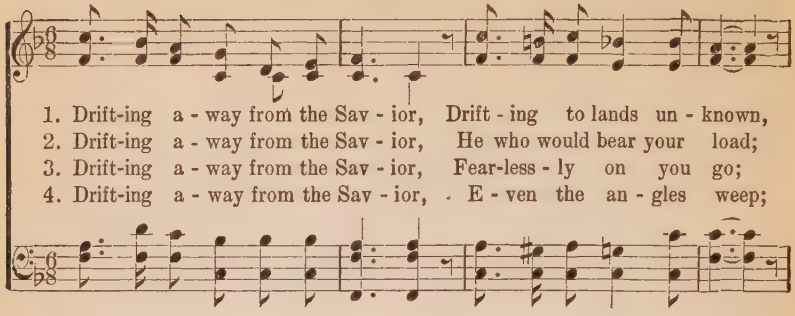
soul is re - joic-ing and spreading her wings, And now in the ful - ness of

No. 30. Drifting Away From God.

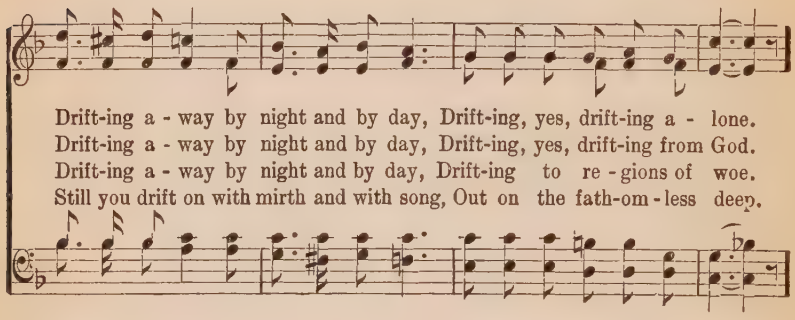
F. A. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank A. Simpkins.

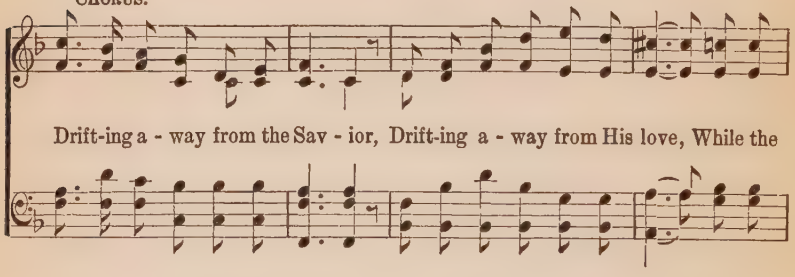


1. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing to lands un - known,
2. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, He who would bear your load;
3. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Fear-less - ly on you go;
4. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, E - ven the an - gles weep;

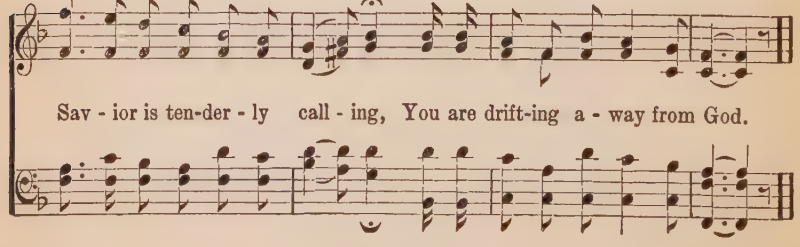


Drift-ing a - way by night and by day, Drift-ing, yes, drift-ing a - lone.
Drift-ing a - way by night and by day, Drift-ing, yes, drift-ing from God.
Drift-ing a - way by night and by day, Drift-ing to re - gions of woe.
Still you drift on with mirth and with song, Out on the fath-om - less deep.

CHORUS.



Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift-ing a - way from His love, While the

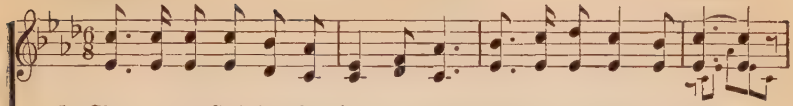


Sav - ior is ten-der - ly call - ing, You are drift-ing a - way from God.

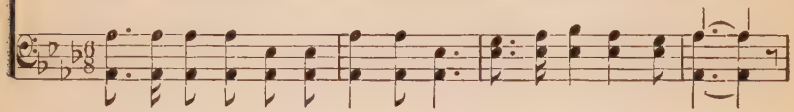
No. 31. The Hour of Prayer.

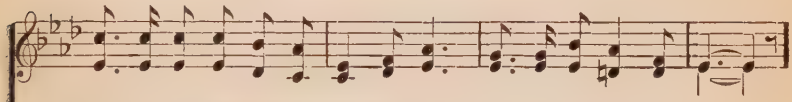
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fanny Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

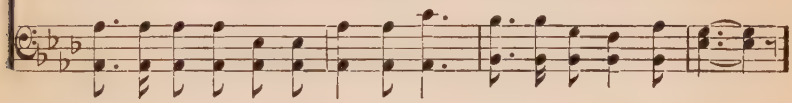


1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re - pose, Here at the hour of prayer;

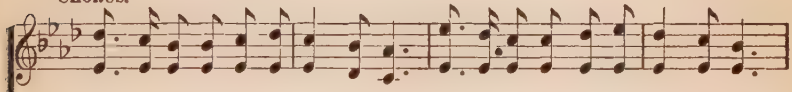




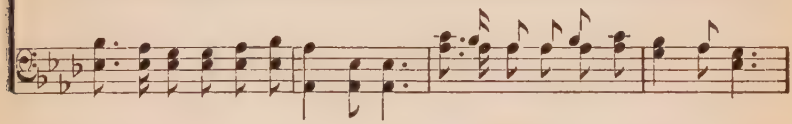
Wel - come the bliss of com-mun - ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
Grace for the wea - ry, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
Love in its ful - ness the heart o'er-flows, Here at the hour of prayer.

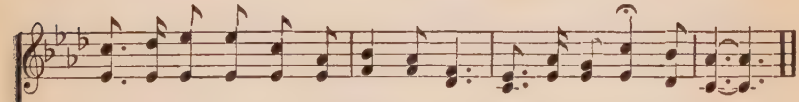


CHORUS.

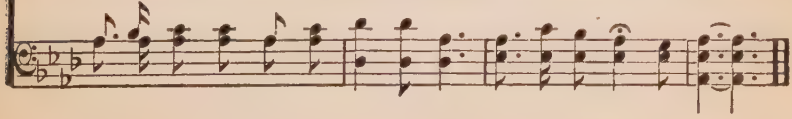


Nearer the gate to the souls bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,



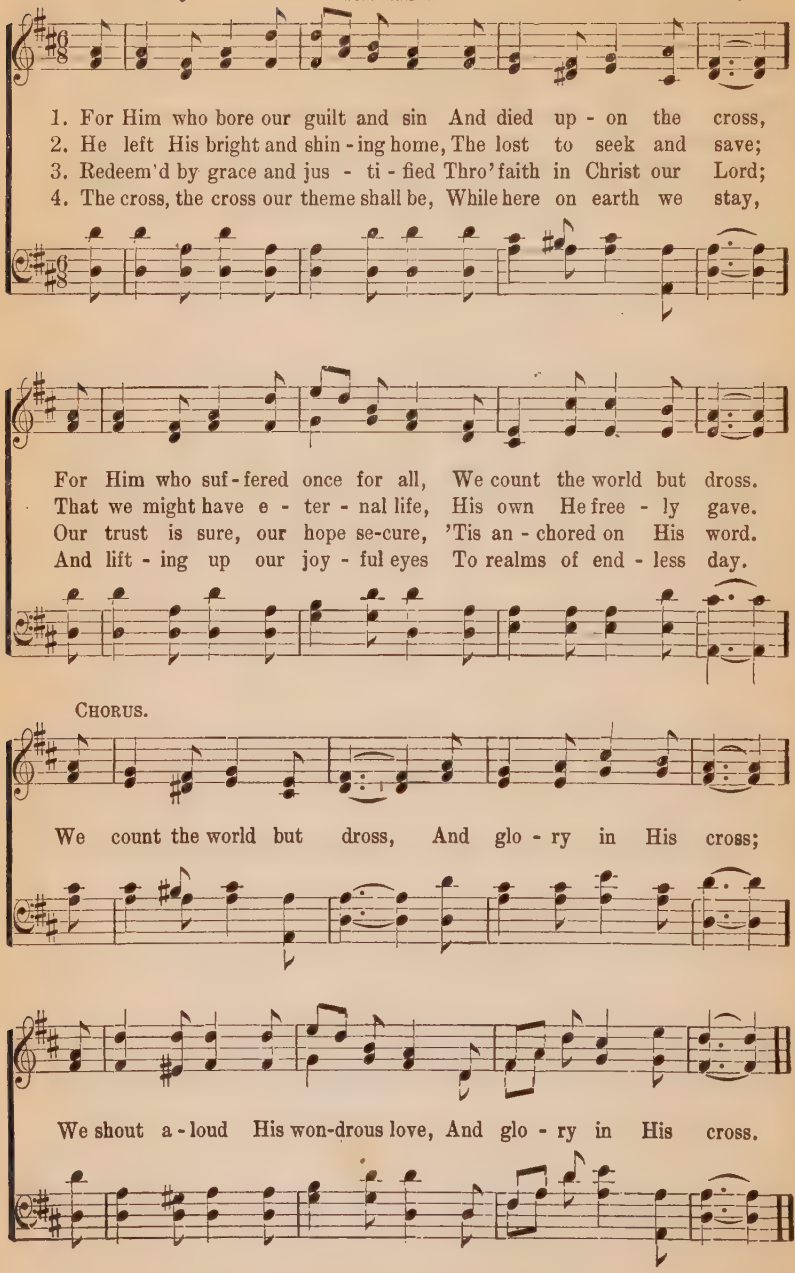


Near - er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer.



No. 32, We Glory in the Cross.

Fannie J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

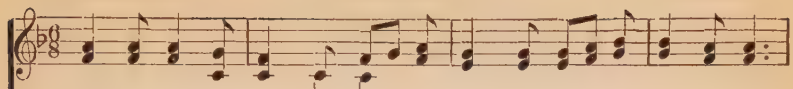


No. 33. Wonderful Grace.

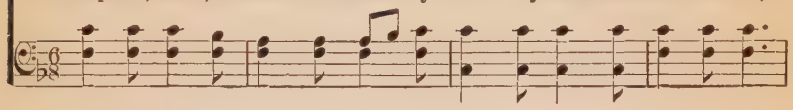
E. E. Hewitt.

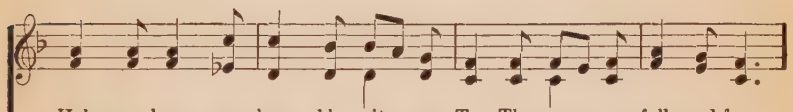
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.

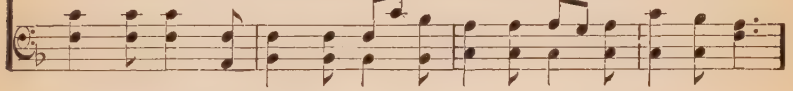


1. Help me, Lord, to tell the sto - ry Of Thy won-drous love to me;
2. Help me tell the heav - y - la - den, Where my bur - den rolled a - way;
3. Help me tell the weak and stumbling, What a might - y Friend Thou art;
4. Help me, Lord, to tell the sto - ry Of Thy won-drous love to all;

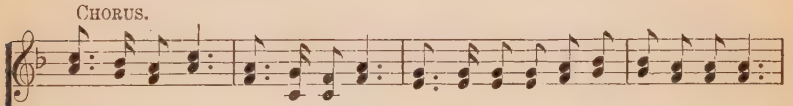




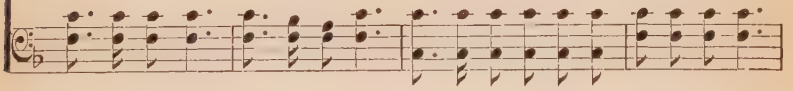
Help me bear my hum - ble wit - ness To Thy grace so full and free.
Find - ing at the feet of Je - sus, Peace and com-fort, day by day.
Read - y to for - give the er - ring, A - ble to re - new the heart.
Love for ev - 'ry con - trite sin - ner, Love, to an - swer ev - 'ry call.

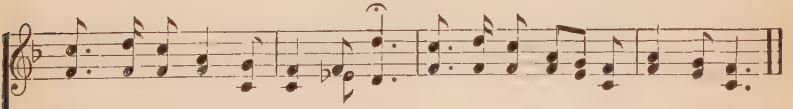


CHORUS.

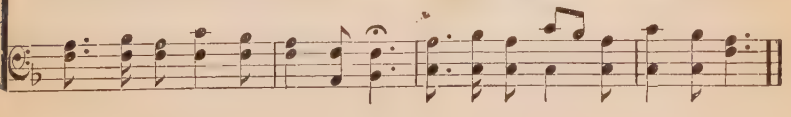


Won-der-ful grace, won-der-ful love! Help me to lift hap-py prais-es a-bove;



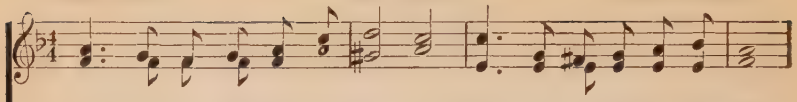


Won-der-ful grace, so full and free, Won-der-ful love that cares for me.

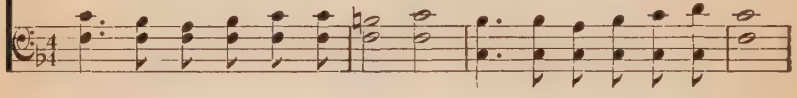


No. 34. Teach Me.

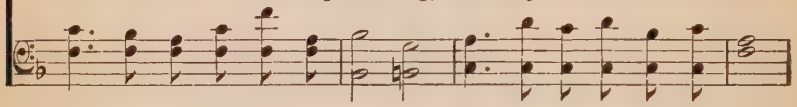
Kate Ulmer. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Victor H. Benke.



1. Teach me, O, Thou Ho - ly Spir - it, How to do my Mas-ter's will;
2. Teach me how to be sub-miss - ive, Free - ly con - se-crat-ing all;
3. Teach me how to trust Him ful - ly, E'en when faith is sore-ly tried;
4. Teach me how to fol - low tru - ly, Nev - er run-ning on be-fore;

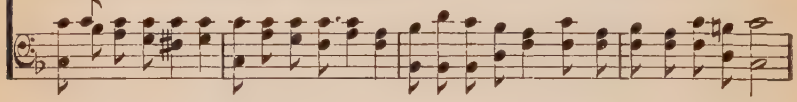


In o - be-dience to His bid - ding, Help me His commands ful - fill.
Fondest hopes with joy re - sign - ing, In sur - ren - der to His call.
Teach me how to tell the sto - ry, Of a Sav - ior cru - ci - fied.
Ev - er in His foot-steps walk-ing, Till my serv-ice here is o'er.

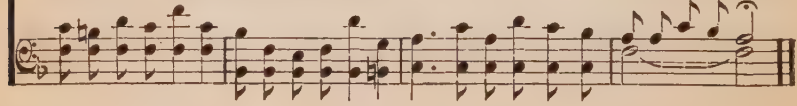


CHORUS.

Teach me, teach me, Teach me ev'ry day what to do and what to say;
Teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it,



Teach me, teach me, How to do my Master's will. . . . . .
Teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, my Master's will.



No. 35. Bring Peace to My Soul.

Helen M. Dungan.

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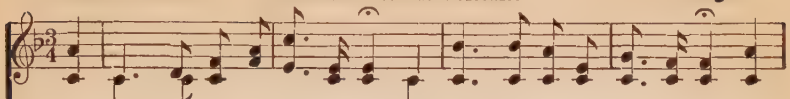
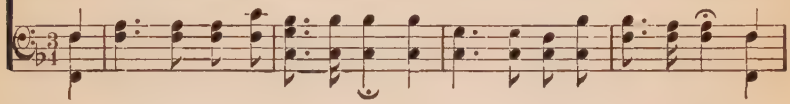
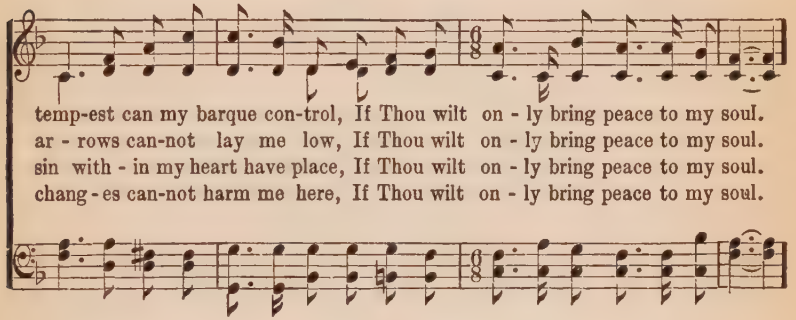
J. M. Dungan.



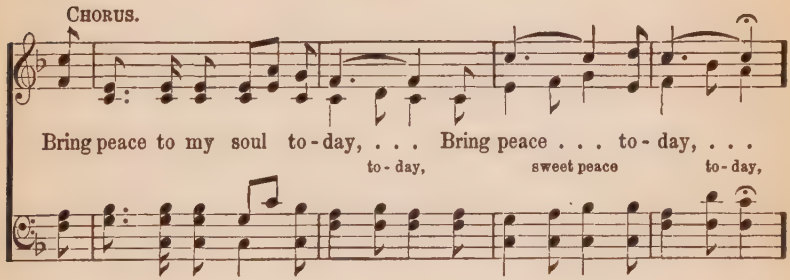
1. When earth-ly cares and sorrows roll Like o-cean's bil-lows o'er my soul No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I on-ward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's



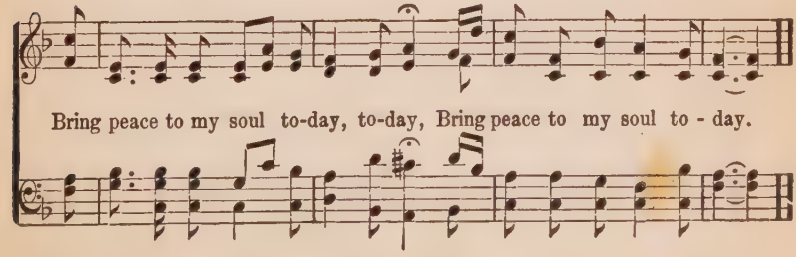


temp-est can my barque con-trol, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
ar-rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
sin with-in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
chang-es can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.

CHORUS.



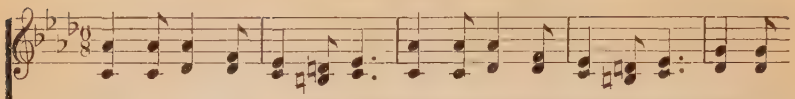
Bring peace to my soul to-day, . . . Bring peace . . . to-day, . . .
to-day, sweet peace to-day,



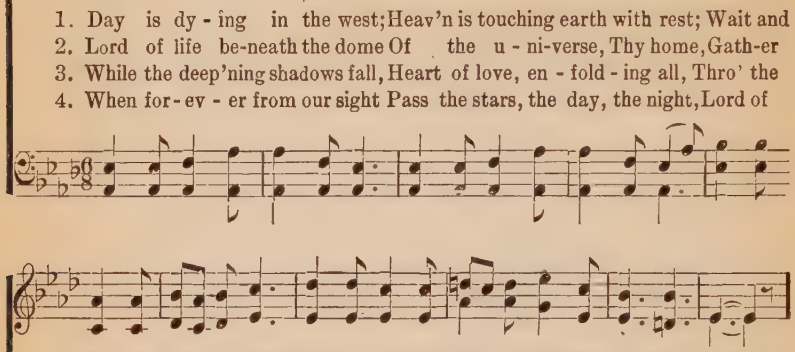
Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to-day.

No. 36. Day is Dying in the West.

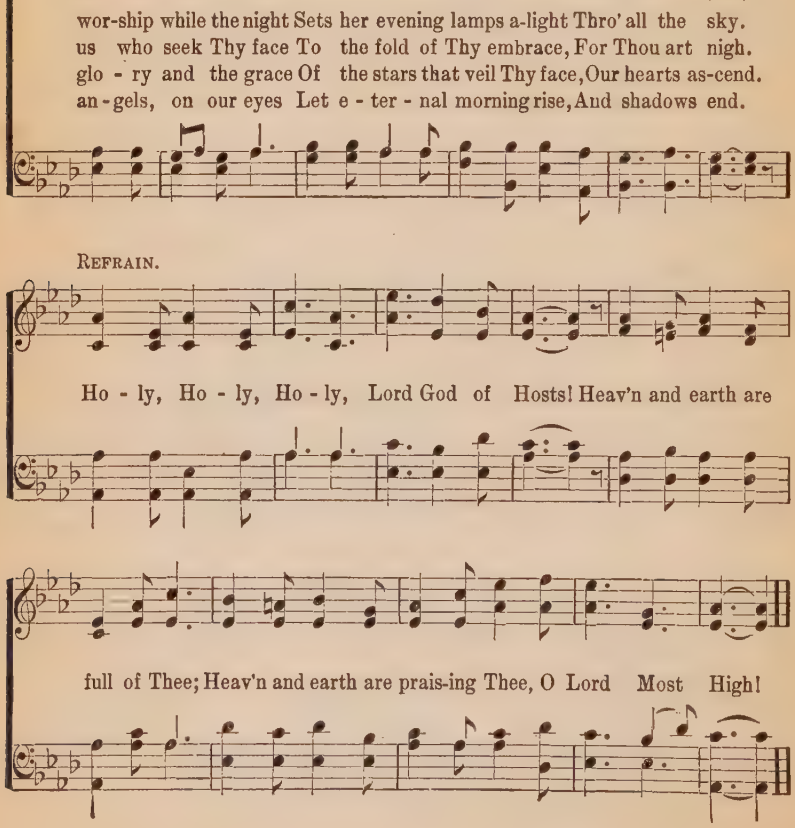
Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.



1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.



REFRAIN.

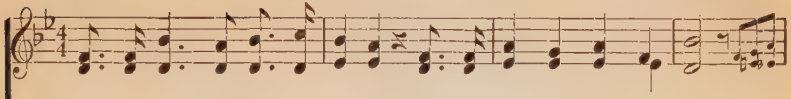


Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

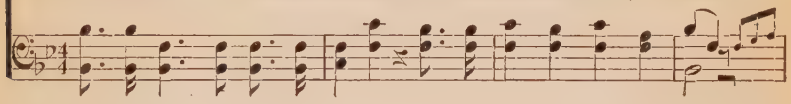
No. 37. Silently the Shades of Evening.

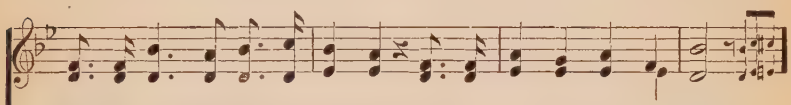
Dedicated to the Hillside Services.

C. C. Cox. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY E. O. EXCELL. Carey Boggess.

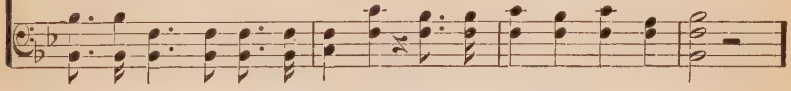


1. Si - lent - ly the shades of evening Gath-er 'round my low - ly door,
2. Oh, the lost, the un - for-got-ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
4. How such ho - ly memories cluster, Like the stars when storms are past,

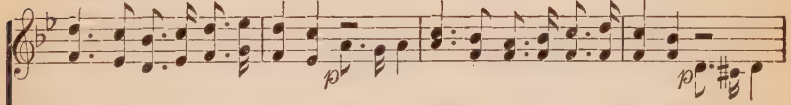




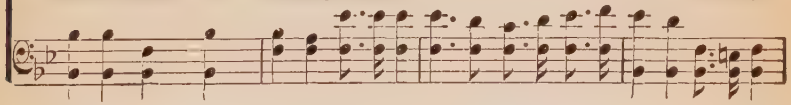
Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me, Fac - es I shall see no more.
Oh, the shroud-ed and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.
They unlinked with earth - ly troub-le, We, still hop - ing for its end.
Point-ing up to that fair heav-en, We may hope to gain at last.

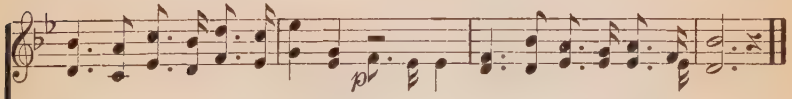


CHORUS.

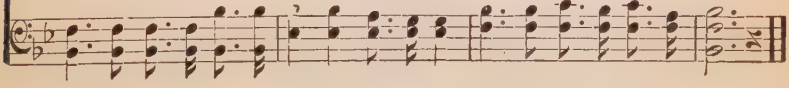


Come the silent shades of evening, Holy mem'ries cluster 'round me,
Come the shades of eve-ning si - lent - ly, si-lent-ly,





Point-ing up to that fair heaven, We may hope to gain at last.
si - lent - ly



No. 38. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav - ior There is glo - ry
2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blind-ness, There is glo - ry
3. Since with God I've walk'd, hav-ing sweet com-mun-ion, There is glo - ry
4. Since I en - ter'd Canaan on my way to heav - en, There is glo - ry

in my soul! Since by faith I sought and ob-tain'd God's fa-vor, There is
in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov - ing kind-ness, There is
in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'n - ly un - ion, There is
in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv - en, There is

CHORUS.

glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my

soul! Ev-'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo - ry,

glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! There is glo-ry in my soul!

glo - ry in my soul!

No. 39. How the Fire Fell.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Miriam E. Oatman.

1. O I love to tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Since the Lord
2. All my doubts and fears are gone for - ev - er, Since the Lord
3. To the world no more my heart is turn - ing, Since the Lord
4. There's a crown a - wait - ing me in heav - en, Since the Lord

sanc-ti - fied me; For my soul re - ceived a flood of glo - ry,
sanc-ti - fied me; For His peace flow'd o'er me like a riv - er,
sanc-ti - fied me; For on me His Spir - it fell with burn - ing,
sanc-ti - fied me; For a heart made clean to me was giv - en,

CHORUS.

When the Lord sanc - ti-fied me. O I nev - er can for-get how the

fire fell, How the fire fell, how the fire fell, O I

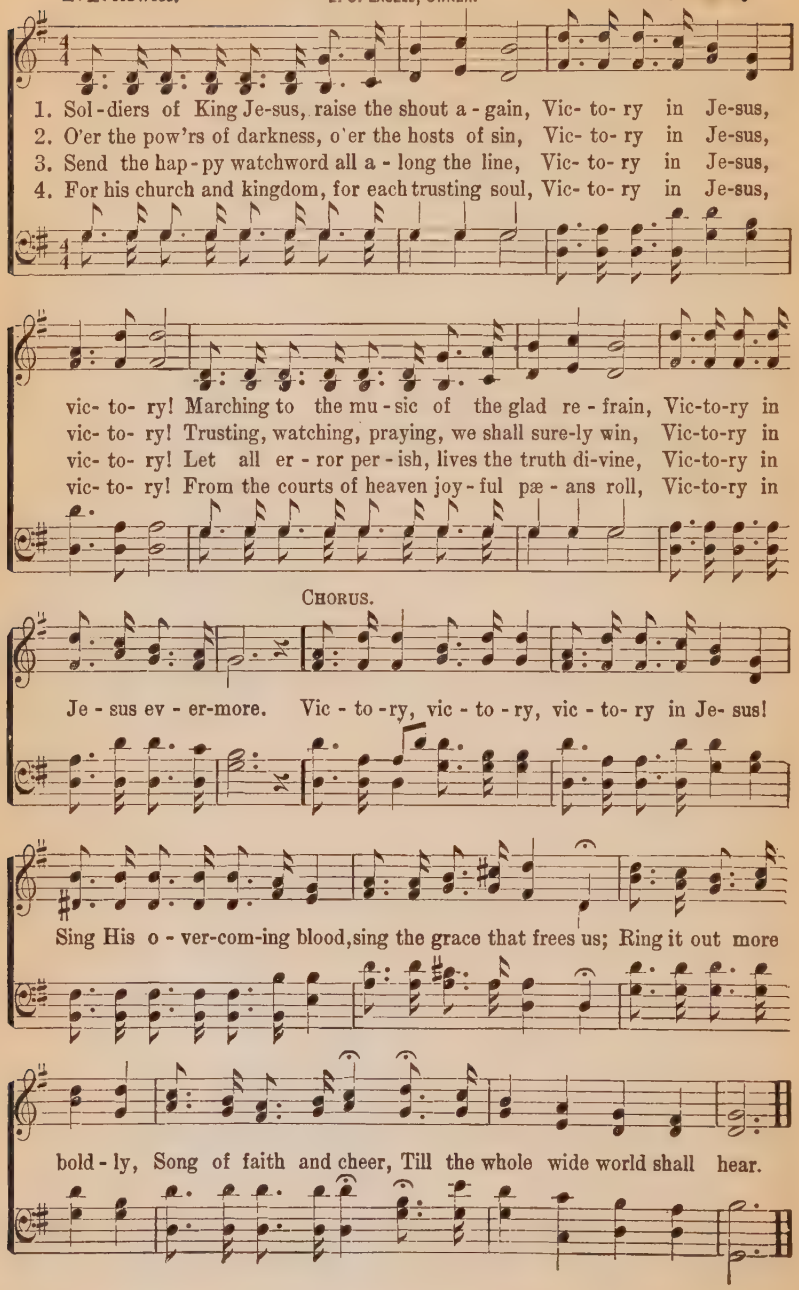
nev - er can for-get how the fire fell, When the Lord sanc-ti-fied me.

No. 40. Victory in Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 43. Coming to Thee,

E. F. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Too long have I wandered, too long roamed afar, Un-heeding the beams of the bright Morning Star; But still its fair beau-ty is shin - ing for me, So now I am com-ing, my Sav - ior, to Thee.

2. Thy sweet in - vi - ta - tion is cheer-ing my soul, Like music from heav-en the soft ech-oes roll; Thy cross in my ref - uge, Thy promise my plea, For com-ing to Thee, . . . Com - - ing to Thee; . . . . Whilst com-ing to Thee, Com-ing to Thee, I am com-ing to Thee; Whilst Thou art call - - ing me, I'm com-ing my Sav-ior, to Thee.

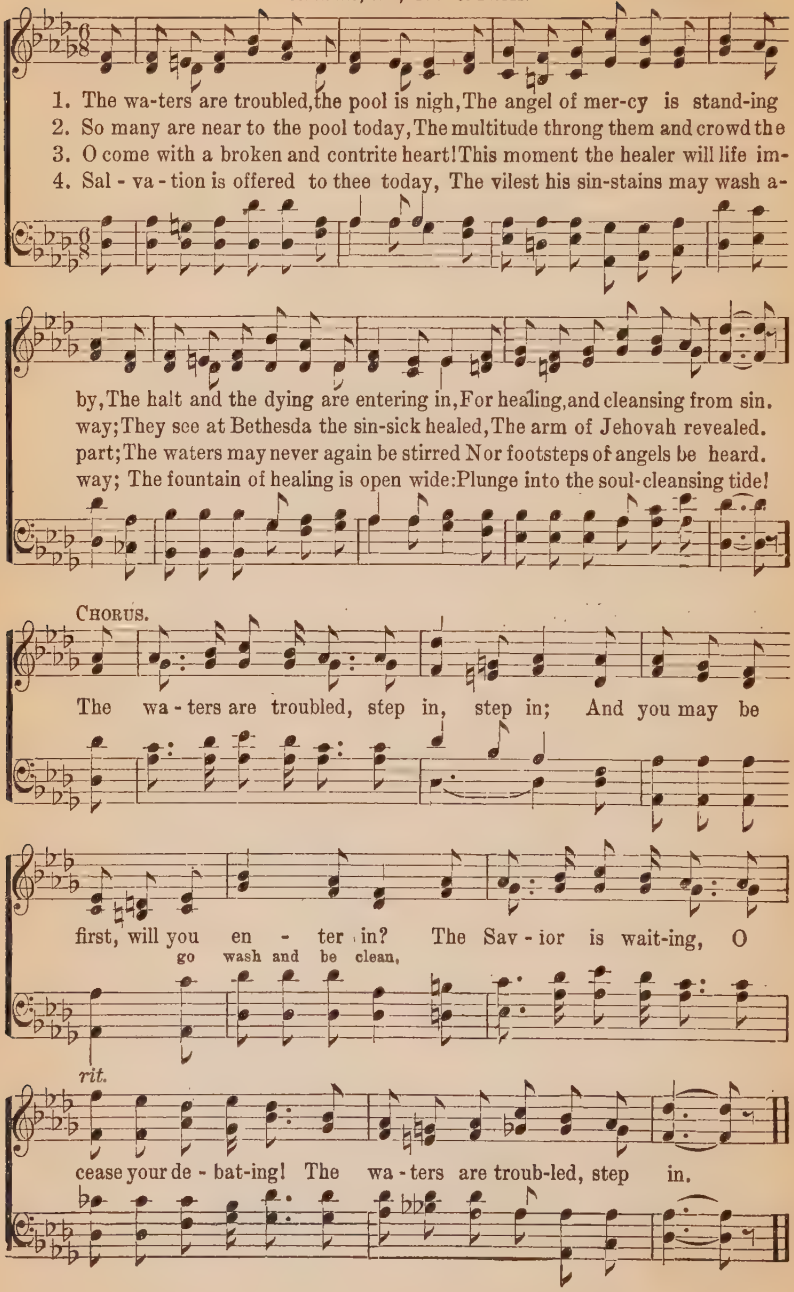
3. I need the full cleans-ing of Cal - va - ry's tide; The robe, fair and spotless, Thy grace will pro-vide; Thy riches are boundless, Thy mer - cy is free, So com-ing to Thee, I am com-ing to Thee; Whilst Thou art call-ing, art call-ing for me.

4. Oh, make me so steadfast, so true and sin - cere, I'll fol-low Thee whol-ly, dis - miss - ing all fear; My strength and salvation, my vic - to - ry be, For

CHORUS.

No. 44. Bethesda.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL. Thoro Harris.



No. 45. Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,

CHORUS.

Of loy-al-ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to

victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" .... We'll move at His command,
great Commander: "On!"

We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

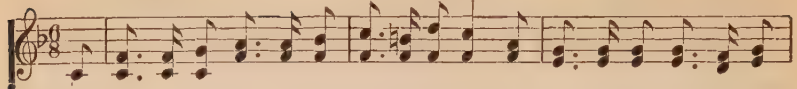
No. 46. Saved By the Blood.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

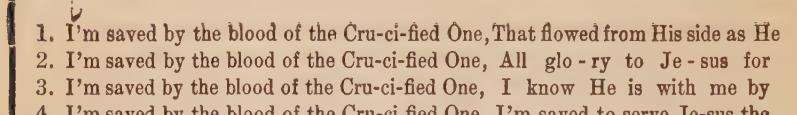
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

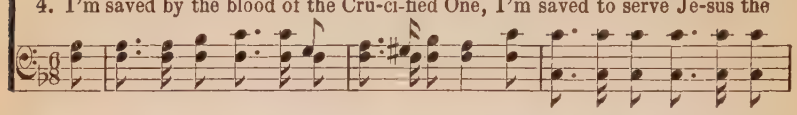
Daniel W. Milan.



1. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, That flowed from His side as He
2. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, All glo-ry to Je-sus for
3. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, I know He is with me by
4. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, I'm saved to serve Je-sus the



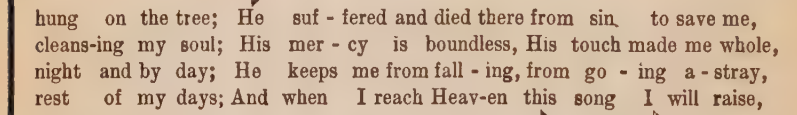
hung on the tree; He suf-fered and died there from sin to save me,
cleans-ing my soul; His mer-cy is boundless, His touch made me whole,
night and by day; He keeps me from fall-ing, from go-ing a-stray,
rest of my days; And when I reach Heav-en this song I will raise,



CHORUS.

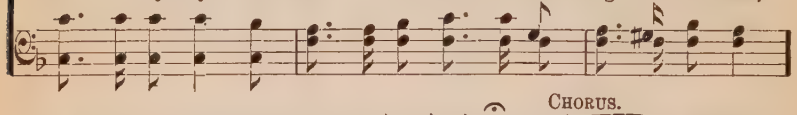
I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One. Saved..... by the

Saved by the blood,

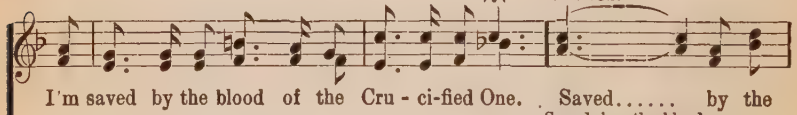


blood,..... Saved..... by the blood,..... I'm saved by the

Saved by the blood. Saved by the blood, Saved by the blood.



blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb!



No. 47. Strait is the Gate.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. E. Hewitt. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. God tells us in His word Two ways be - fore us lie,
2. His Spir - it pleads with - in, O, list - en to His voice;
3. What-ev - er foes a - rise, You meet them not a - lone;
4. Then dai - ly walk with God, And nev - er turn a - stray;

One leads to sor-row, shame and death, One to His Home on high.
His grace will help the yield-ing soul To make the hap-py choice.
The bless - ed hand that bled for you, Will guide you to the throne.
For those who lean up - on His arm, He keeps from day to day.

CHORUS.

"Strait is the gate and nar-row is the way, Strive to en - ter in," O hear the Mas-ter say; Strait is the gate and nar-row is the way,

rit.

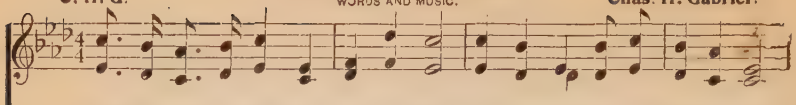
Lead - ing to the land of ev - er - last - ing day.

No. 48. Safe On the Rock.

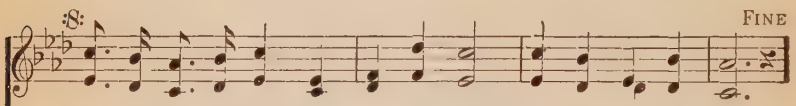
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

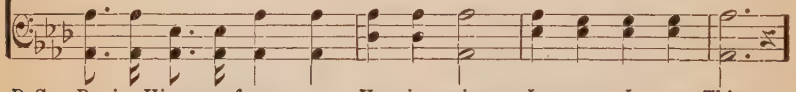


1. There is great re-joic-ing in my soul, O - ver me waves of glo-ry roll;
2. I am sing-ing now a glad new song, Praising Je-sus the whole day long;
3. Days of gloom and doubting now are past, I am safe on the Rock at last;
4. While I live on earth my song shall be, Of this Sav-ior who died for me,



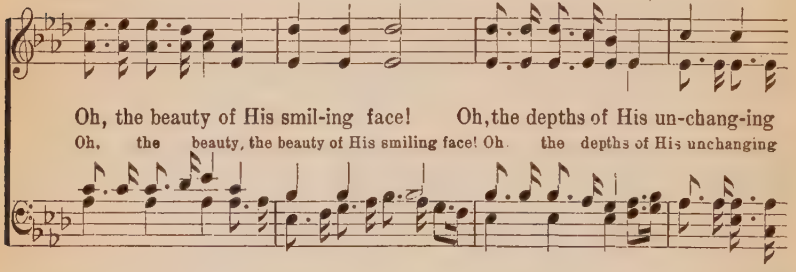
:S: FINE

For I feel the joy of par-doned sin,— Je - sus dwells with - in.
For it was to save the lost He came, Glo - ry to His name.
Leaning on His ev - er - last-ing arm, Death no more can harm.
And at last on heav'n's e - ter - nal shore, Praise Him ev - er - more.

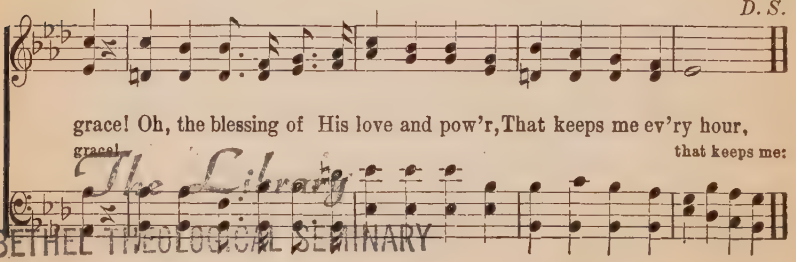


D. S.—*Praise His name for-ev - er, He is mine, Je - sus I am Thine.*

CHORUS.



Oh, the beauty of His smil-ing face! Oh, the depths of His un-chang-ing
Oh, the beauty, the beauty of His smiling face! Oh the depths of His unchanging



D. S.

grace! Oh, the blessing of His love and pow'r, That keeps me ev'ry hour,
grace! that keeps me:

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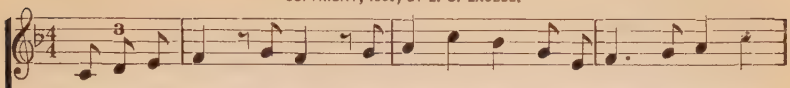
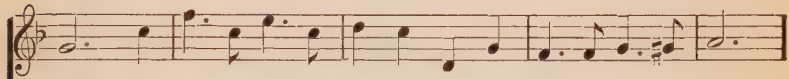
No. 51. Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lost is Found.

Written expressly for E. O. Excell.

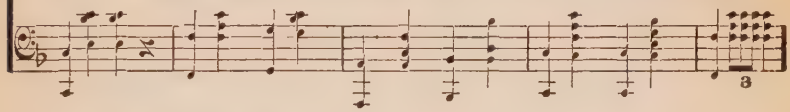
F. L. B. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. Frank L. Bristow.



1. Joy - ful - ly march a - long, and shout the song To the earth's re-mot-est
2. Wan-der-er, far a - way from love to - day, In the sea of sin so
3. Joy - ful - ly an - gels bring the sig - net ring Of a Fa-ther's pard'ning
4. Heav-en-ly home! sweet home! we soon shall roam Thro' thy realm of beauty

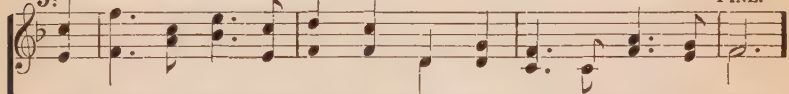


bound, "Sal-va-tion's come, the wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found;"
low, A call from home now bids you "come," A - rise and say "I'll go;"
grace, And roy - al fare, they now pre - pare, Be - fore His smil-ing face,
rare, With an-gel throng, join in the song Of joy be - yond com-pare.

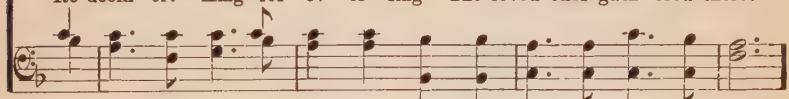


Sing in unison except the D. S.

FINE.

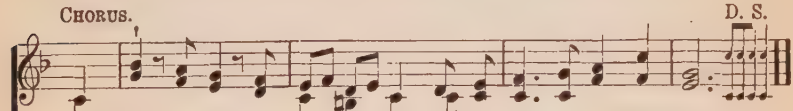


Re - joice! re - joice! with heart and voice; Re - peat the wel - come sound!
A crown of life is wait - ing there, And rai - ment white as snow!
A - way with fears! a - way with tears! Re - ceive His fond em - brace!
"Re-deem - er!" "King" for - ev - er sing The loved ones gath - ered there!

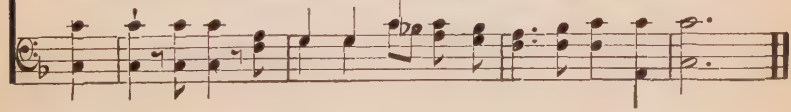


D. S.–*Sal-va - tion's come! the wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found!*

CHORUS. D. S.



With songs of joy, Your tongues employ, And repeat the wel - come sound;



No. 52,

Let Him In.

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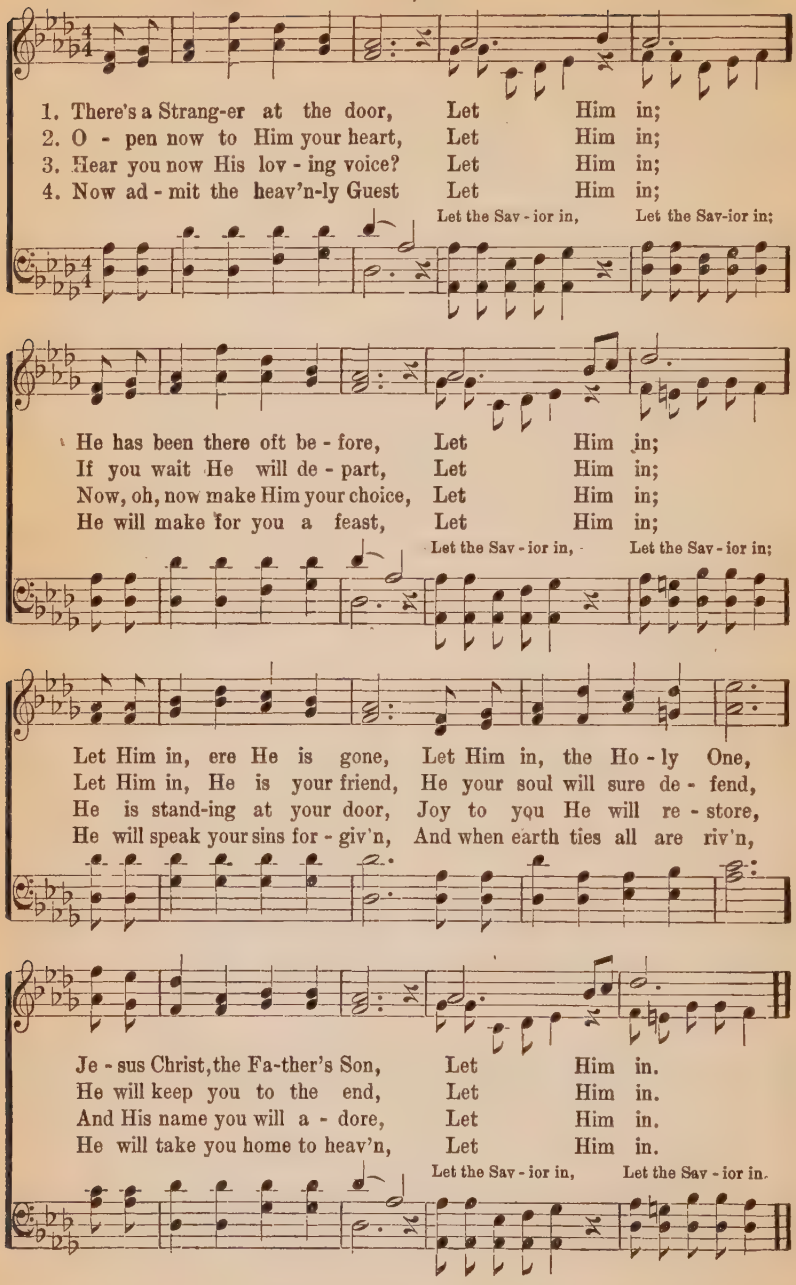
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.



No. 53. Eternity.

F. A. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank A. Simpkins.

1. There is a Cit - y, I am told Where all the
2. Me thinks I hear the heav'n-ly song, In hal - le-
3. Our loved ones who have gone be - fore, Are beck-'ning
4. Some day my bless - ed Lord will call, In tones that

streets are paved with gold; A Home pre - pared for you and
lu - jahs loud and long: Come float-ing o'er the might-y
us to that bright shore; That we may from our cares be
gen - tly rise and fall; And He will say "Come home with

me, Where we may spend e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
sea, A mes-sage from e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
free, And sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty..... E - ter - ni-
me, To dwell in blest e - ter - ni - ty"..... E - ter - ni-

E - ter - ni - ty

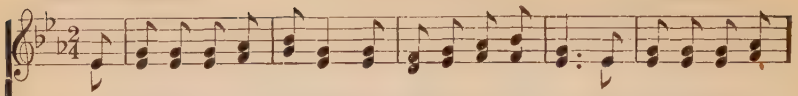
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, Where we may spend e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, A mes-sage from e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, And sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, And dwell in blest e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 54. Messengers of Jesus.

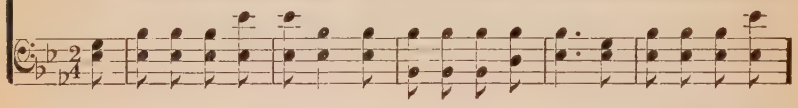
Julia H Johnston.

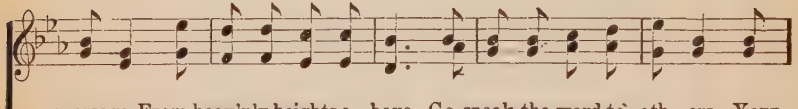
COPYRIGHT 1908, BY E. O EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. E. Delmarter.

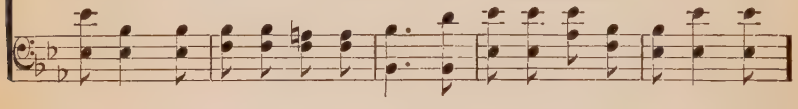


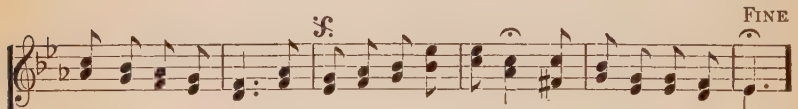
1. O mes-sen-gers of Je-sus, Who know His pow'r and love, To you rings out His
2. In doubt and fear and darkness, Perhaps in careless ease, Are souls im-mor-tal
3. In ten-der-est compassion, In love and longing true, Come close to souls in
4. Go, set be-fore the halt-ing The on-ly Way of Life, And take the word un-



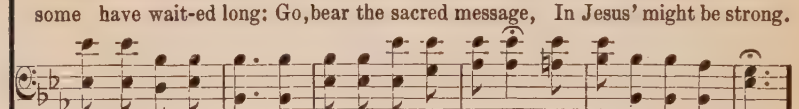


message, From heav'nly heights a-bove. Go, speak the word to oth-ers, Your
near you? Go, quick, and speak to these. The Gos-pel light is shin-ing, But
dark-ness Who wait the word from you. Stay not the hu-man bid-ding When
fail-ing To con-quer sin and strife. In Je-sus' name O has-ten, For

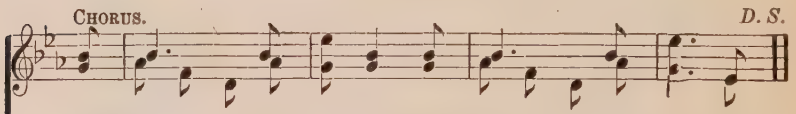




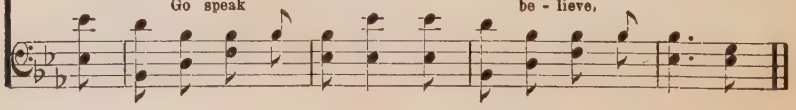
list'ning hearts have heard; Be swift to share the blessing By love divine conferr'd.
they have lost the way: Go, lead them to the brightness Of love's e-ter-nal day.
Christ, the Master calls. On those who hear but go not, A dark'ning shadow falls.
some have wait-ed long: Go, bear the sacred message, In Jesus' might be strong.



D. S.—He is with you al-way To tell you what to say.



Go speak for Je-sus Be-lieve, o-bey; Lo,
Go speak be-lieve,



No. 55. What More Can He Do.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rachel Rivers. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O lost ones, in dan-ger no long-er re-main! The Sav-iour is call-ing a-gain and a-gain; Re-mem-ber the an-guish He suf-fered for you; His life paid your ran-som—what more can He do?

2. He calls thro' the Gos-pel, re-pent and be-lieve; He calls and en-treats you His grace to re-ceive; He of-fers full par-don, and on-ly de-mands Your lov-ing sub-miss-ion to all He commands.

3. He calls thro' His mer-cy, and still you de-lay; He calls by His Spir-it, you grieve Him a-way; Ah, soon your pro-ba-tion per-haps may be o'er, And then your Re-deem-er will call you no more!

4. O haste, He is wait-ing, you can-not re-fuse The way of sal-va-tion with glad-ness to choose! His blood of a-tone-ment is flow-ing for you, He of-fers it free-ly—what more can He do?

ad lib. ..... FINE.

D. S.—*His life paid your ran-som—what more can He do?*

CHORUS.

What more can He do, what more can He do—His hands and His feet to the cross nailed for you? What more can He do, what more can He do—

D. S.

No. 56. In Thy Love.

Neal A. McAulay. COPYRIGHT, 1889 BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

Unison.

1. Fa - ther, I am weak and sin - ful, Ev - er prone to go a - stray;
2. In the bil - lows of temp-ta-tion, When its waves are run - ning high,
3. Fa - ther, when the shades are fall-ing, And the night of death is near,
4. O - pen, then, the pearl - y por-tals, That un - wor - thy though I be,

Like a way - ward child of er - ror, I so oft - en lose my way.
Bear me o'er life's sea of troub - le, Leave me not to sink and die.
Guide me thro' the gloomy val - ley, With Thy light my jour - ney cheer.
I may join the ran-somed le-gions, There to dwell e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

In Thy love, O God, have mer - cy; In Thy grace re - deem my soul; Bring me back, O gentle Shepherd, keep me safe within Thy fold.

In Thy love, O God, have mer - cy, In Thy grace re- deem my soul; Bring me back,

No. 57. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

John Burton. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

Slow, with dignity.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas-ure, thou art mine,
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav-iour's love,
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suff-'ring in this wil - der - ness,
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom;

Rit.

Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am!
Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas-ure, thou art mine!

CHORUS.

Mine, mine, Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
Ho - ly Bi - ble,

O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

No. 58. Come Today.

R. L. B.

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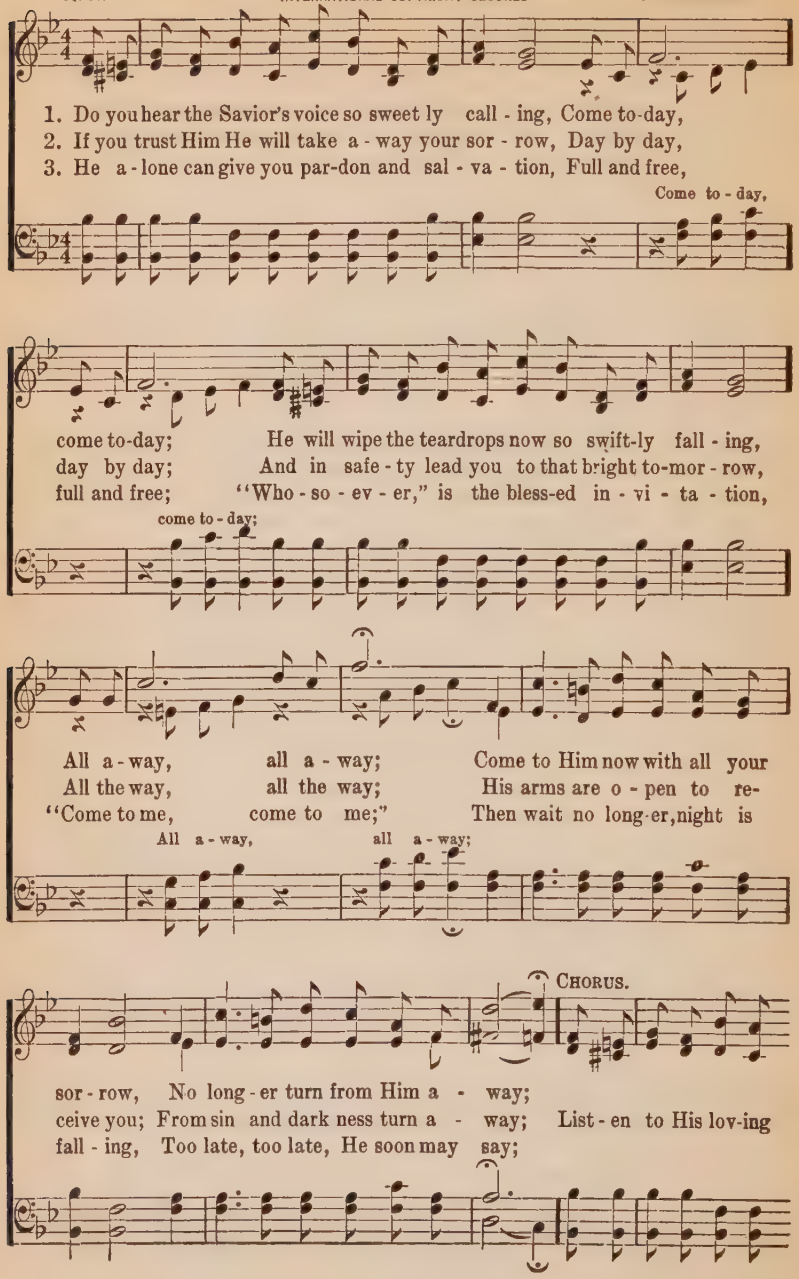
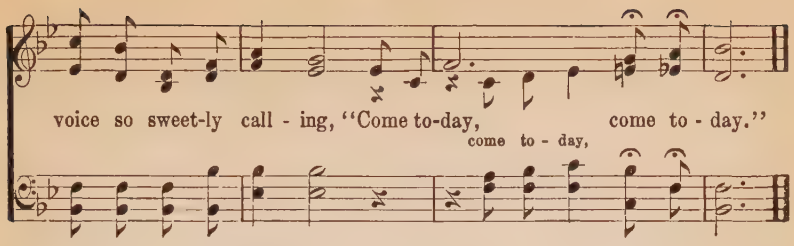
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

R. L. Blowers.

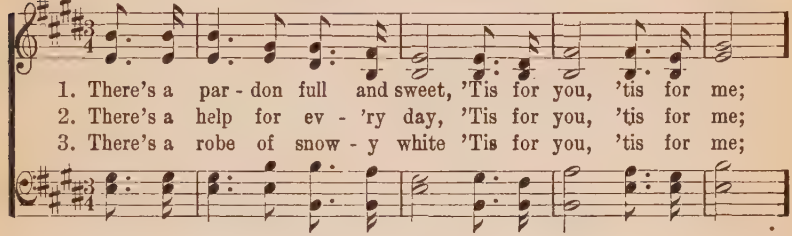


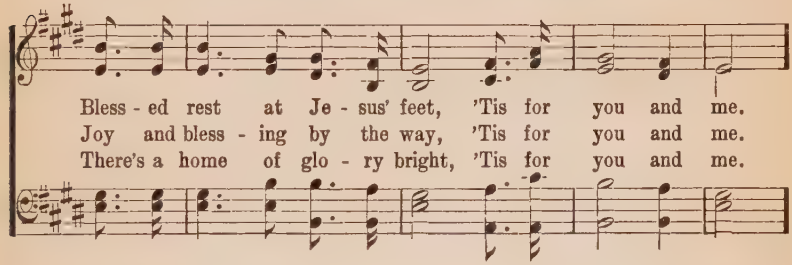
Come Today.

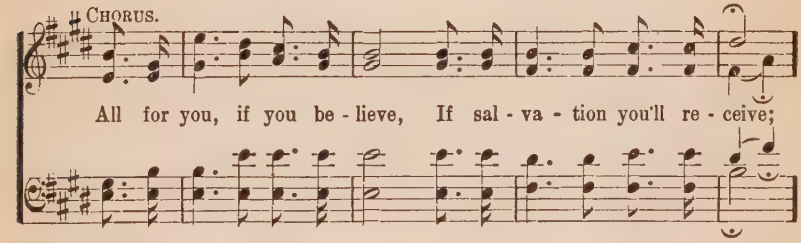


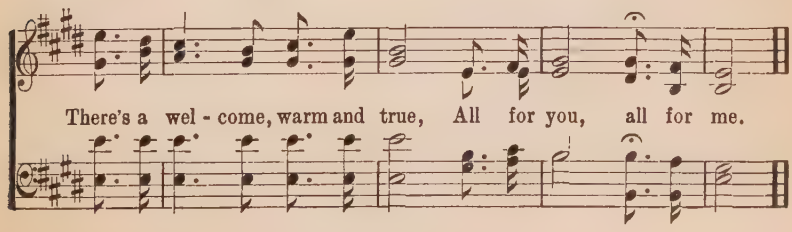
No. 59. 'Tis For You and Me.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.





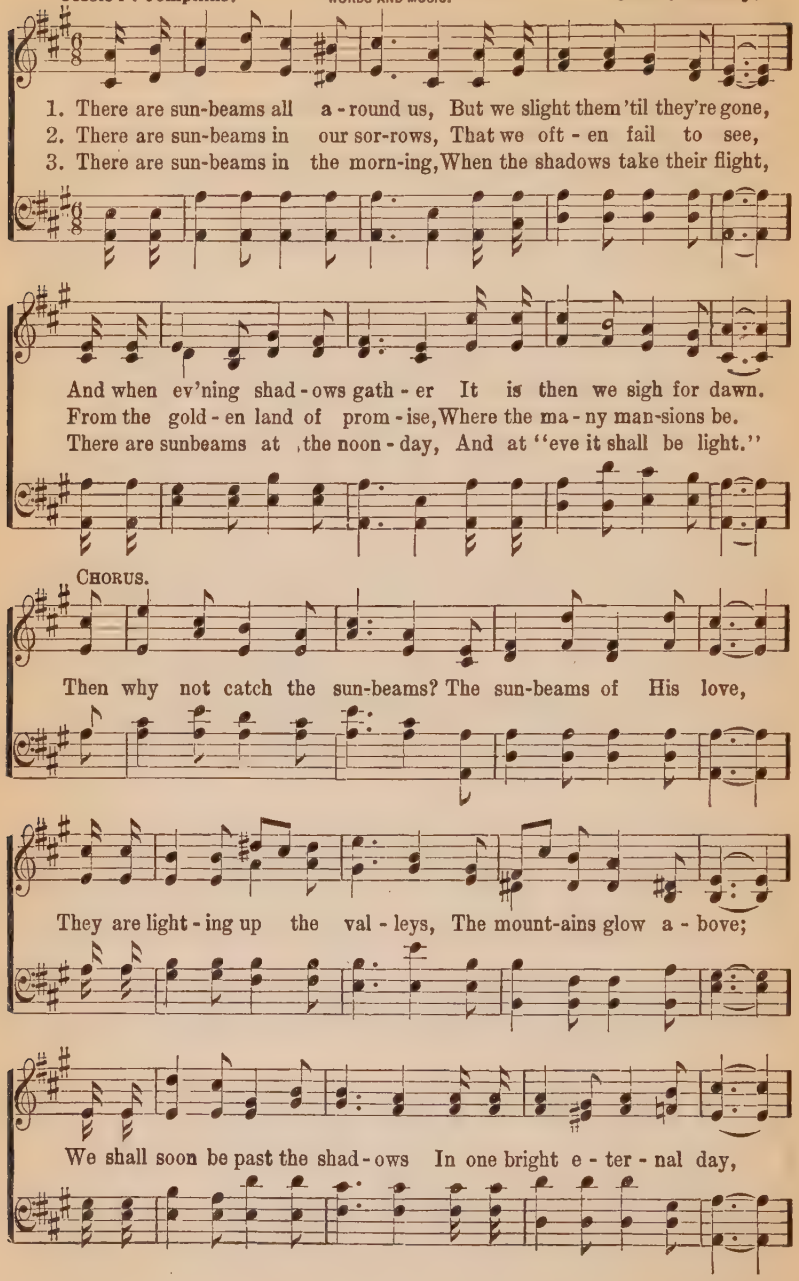




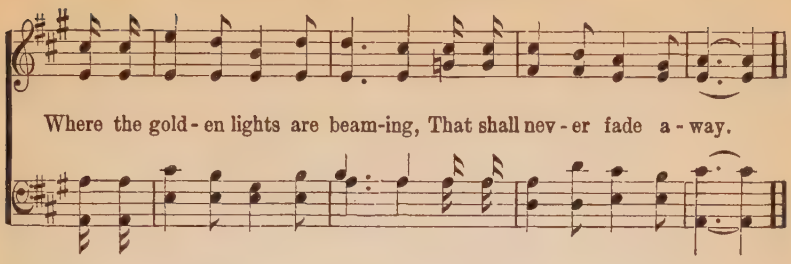
No. 60. Why Not Catch the Sunbeams?

Jessie P. Tompkins. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL. Jno. R. Sweney.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

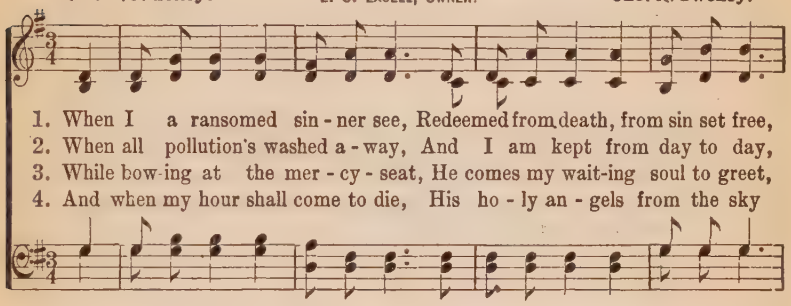


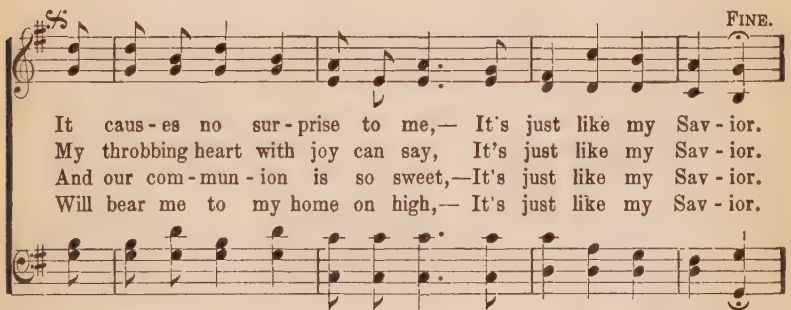
Why Not Catch the Sunbeams?

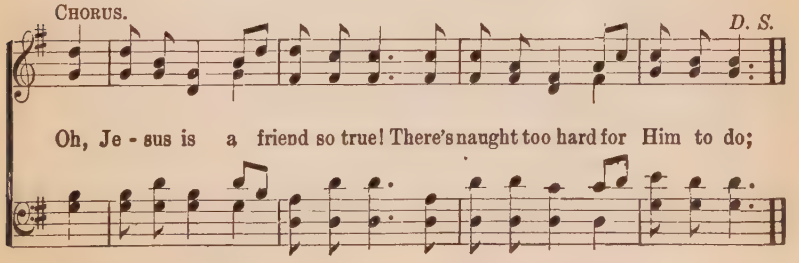


No. 61. It's Just Like My Savior.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Jno. R. Sweney.

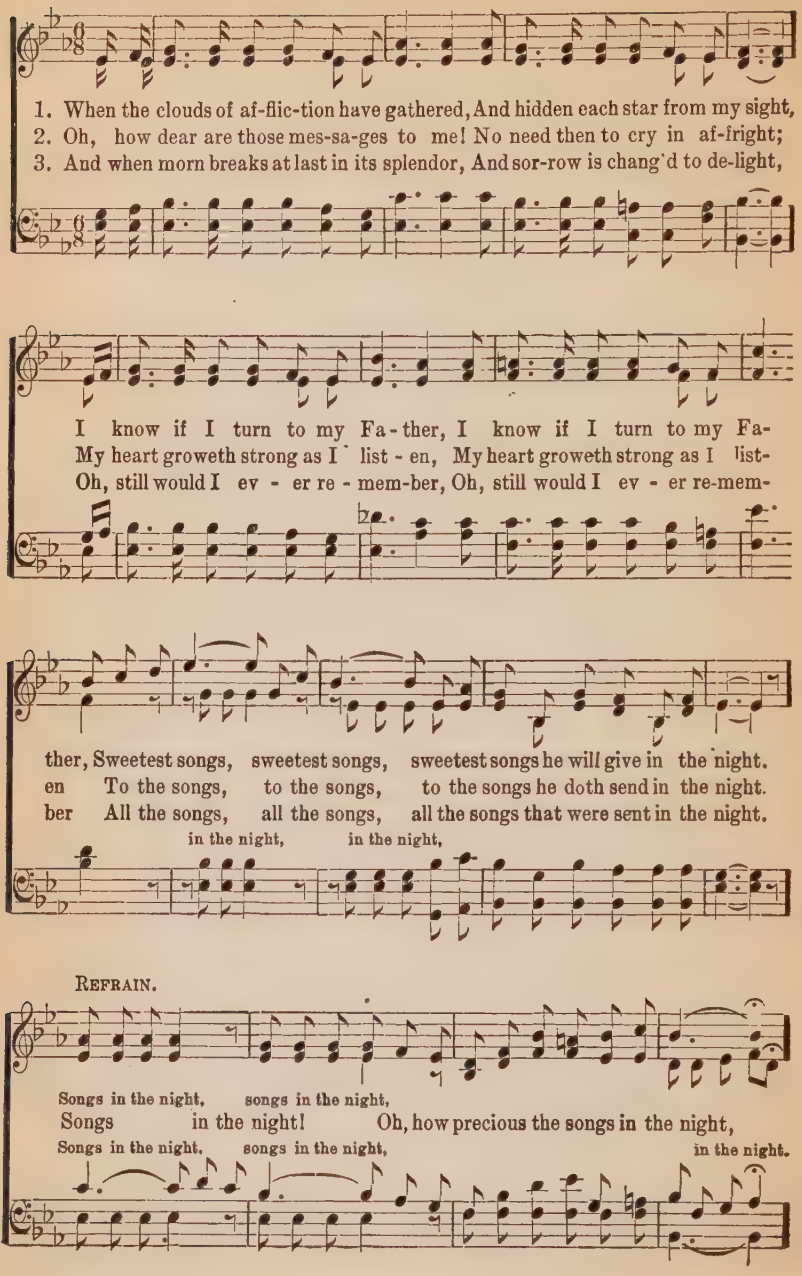




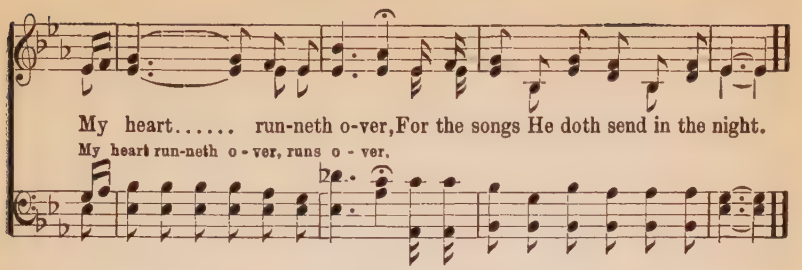


62. **Songs in the Night.**

Nellie A. Montgomery. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.



Songs in the Night.



No. 63. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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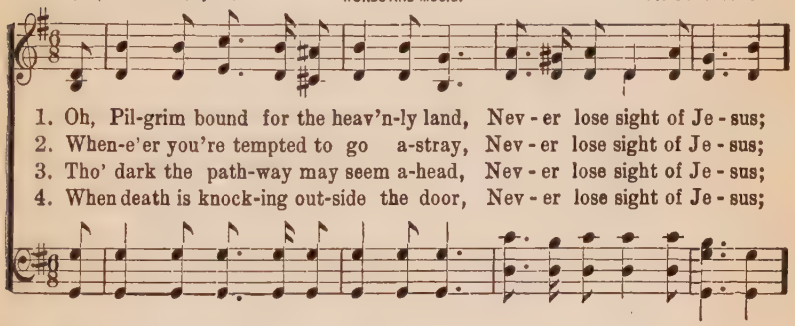
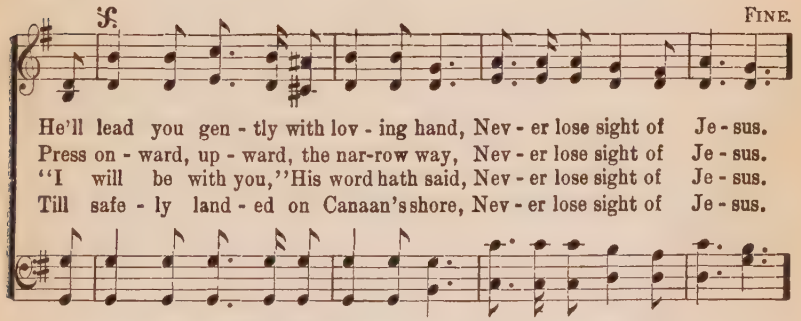
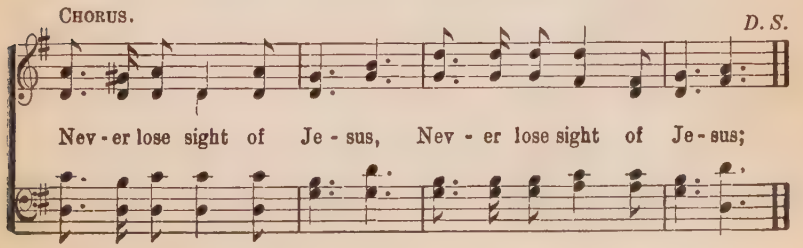
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.





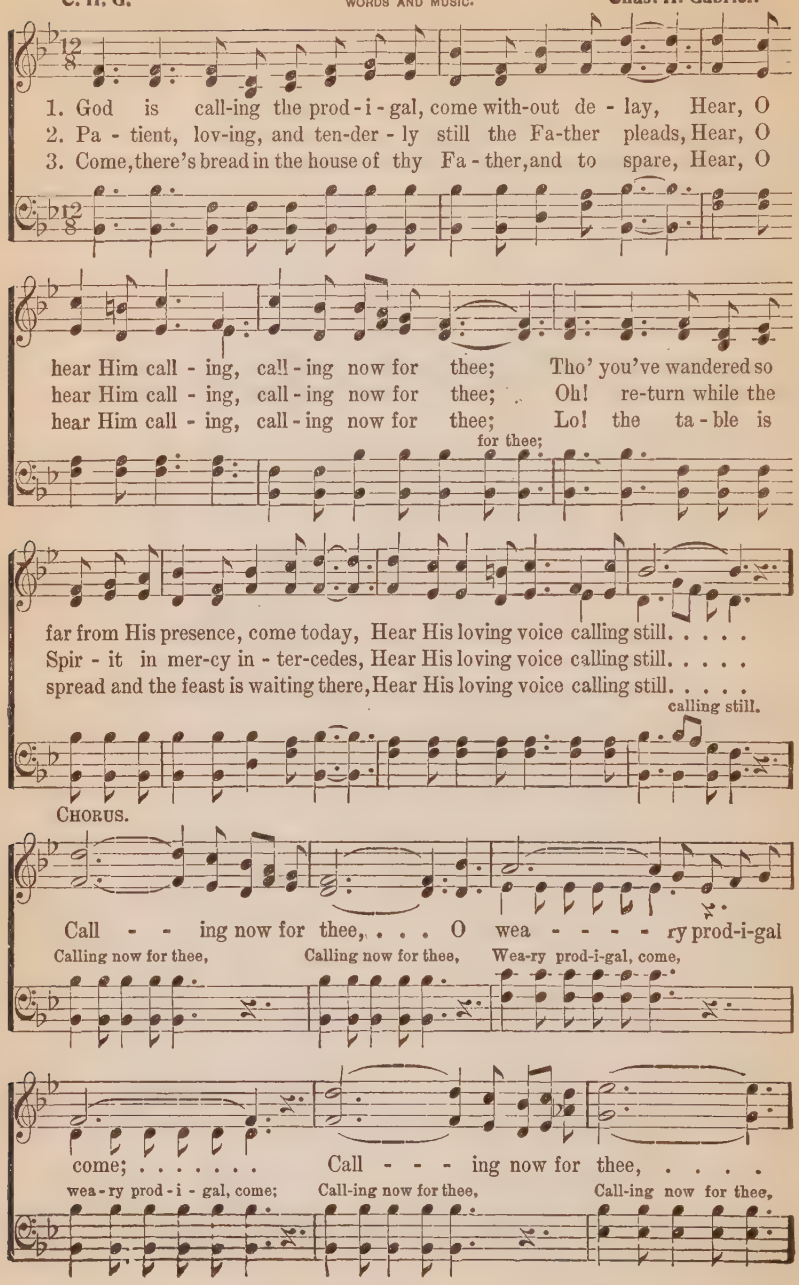
D. S.—*Day and night He will lead you right, Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus.*



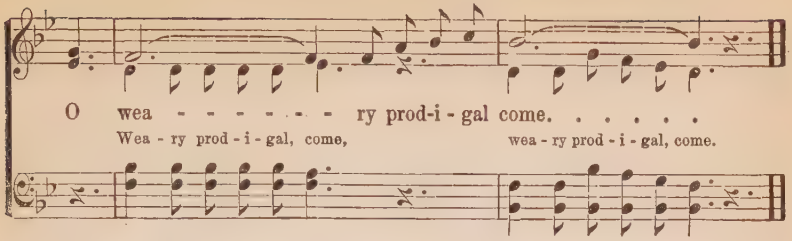
No. 64. Calling the Prodigal.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.



Calling the Prodigal.



No. 65. More Like Jesus.

J. M. S.

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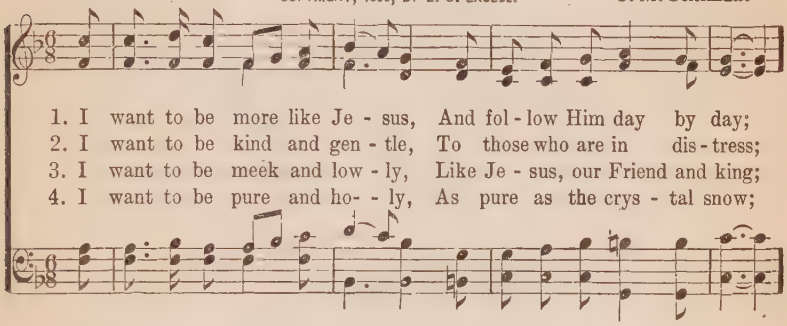
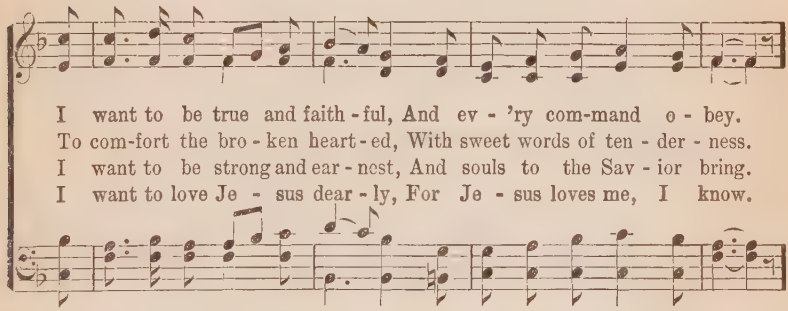
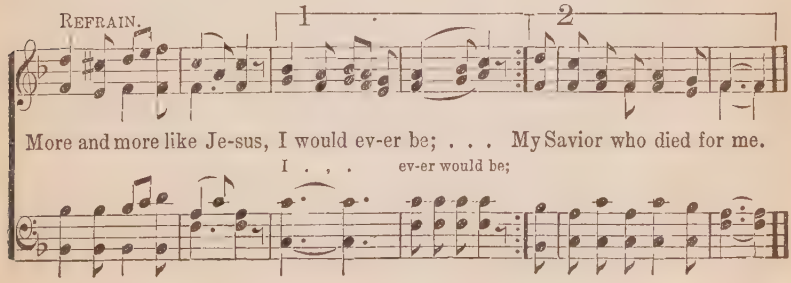
J. M. Stillman.







No. 66. If We Only Had the Time.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY DE LOSS SMITH.
WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. De Loss Smith.

1. In the try-ing race of life, ma-ny souls we meet each day; Who have
2. There are those who wait in vain for a word of hope and cheer, Sad, un-
3. Groping in the vales of night, there are souls for whom He died; They are

wear-ied of the run and have fall-en by the way; We would like to
loved and lone-ly souls, pass-ing life on des-ert drear; You and I could
long-ing for the light, but no friend is near to guide; We could save these

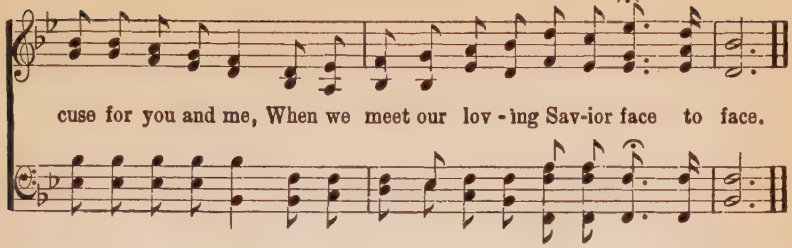
cheer their hearts, Like to comfort them we say, If we on-ly had the time.
share their woes, Make their lives more pleasant here, If we on-ly had the time.
err-ing souls, Lead them to the Sav-ior's side, If we on-ly had the time.

CHORUS.

If we on-ly had the time— It is your ex-cuse and mine, So we

pass the need-y by with quickened pace; Nev-er thinking this will be no ex-

If We Only Had the Time.



No. 67. Peace to My Soul.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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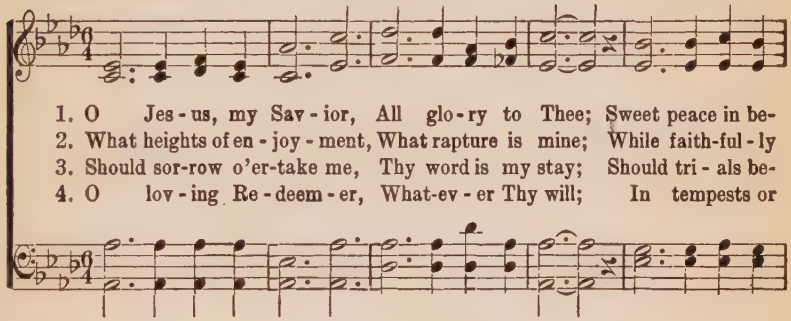
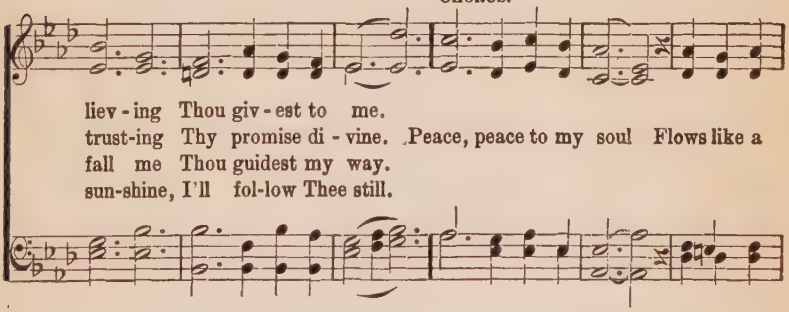
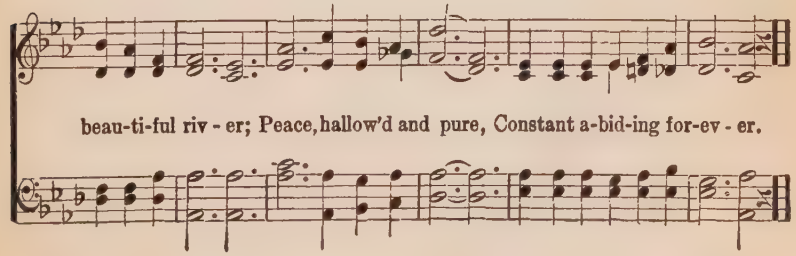
WORDS AND MUSIC

Jno. R. Sweney.



CHORUS.





No. 68. The Homeland of the Heart.

Eben E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Heav'n is the Christian's Fa - ther-land—The heart's dear home, Where
2. Oh, Fa - ther-land, up - on thy hills What glo - ry lies; In
3. Oh, dear, dear Fa-ther-land of ours, We long for thee! Thy

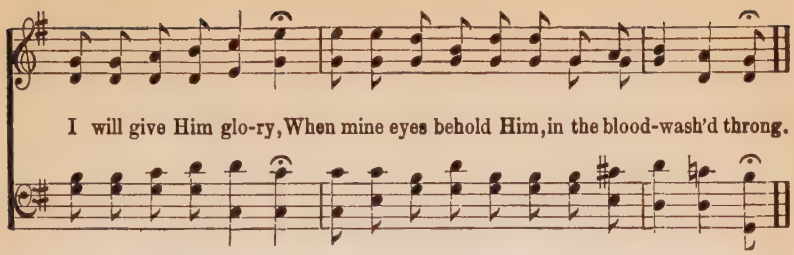
friends reach out a beck'ning hand To those who roam; And lov - ing
dreams of thee what rap-ture thrills Our hearts, our eyes; And when we
mead - ows fair, thy fade-less flow'rs We long to see; But know - ing

voic - es, sweet and low, As in a dream, We oft - en
wake, we soft - ly say, What rest shall come To us that
that God know-eth best, Life's hills we climb, And say, He'll

CHORUS.

hear, when soft winds blow A - cross the stream.
hap - py, hap - py day When we get home. Oh, Heav'n's the homeland of the
call us home to rest, In His good time.

I Have a Friend.



No. 73. I Do, Don't You?

Melville W. Miller. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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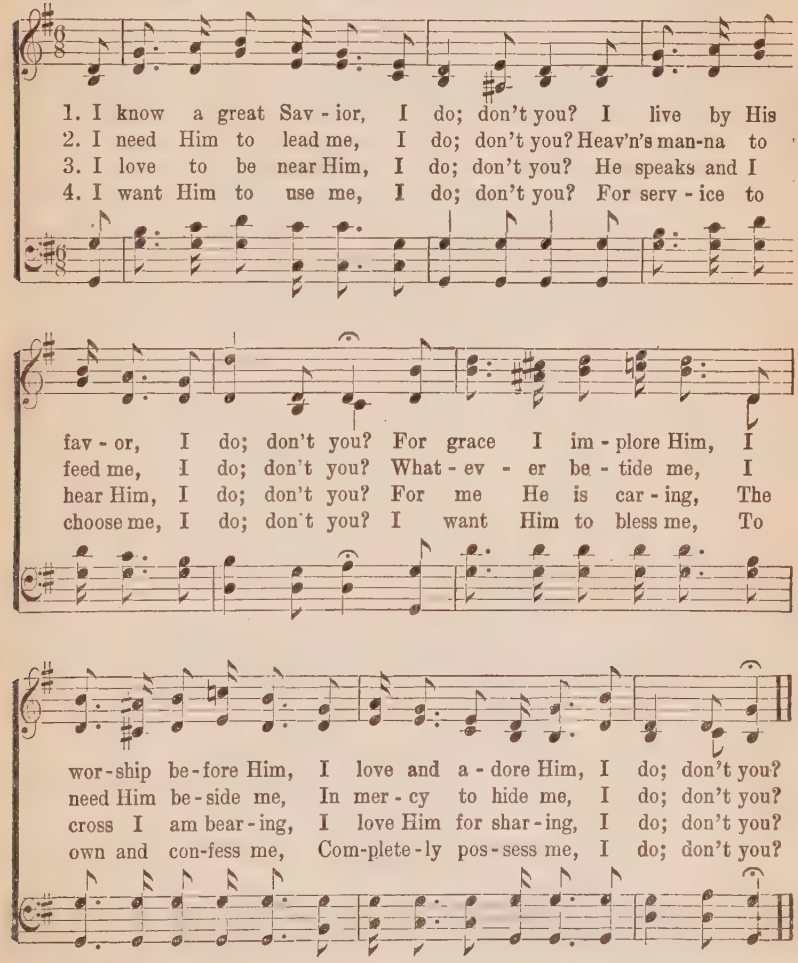

No. 68. The Homeland of the Heart.

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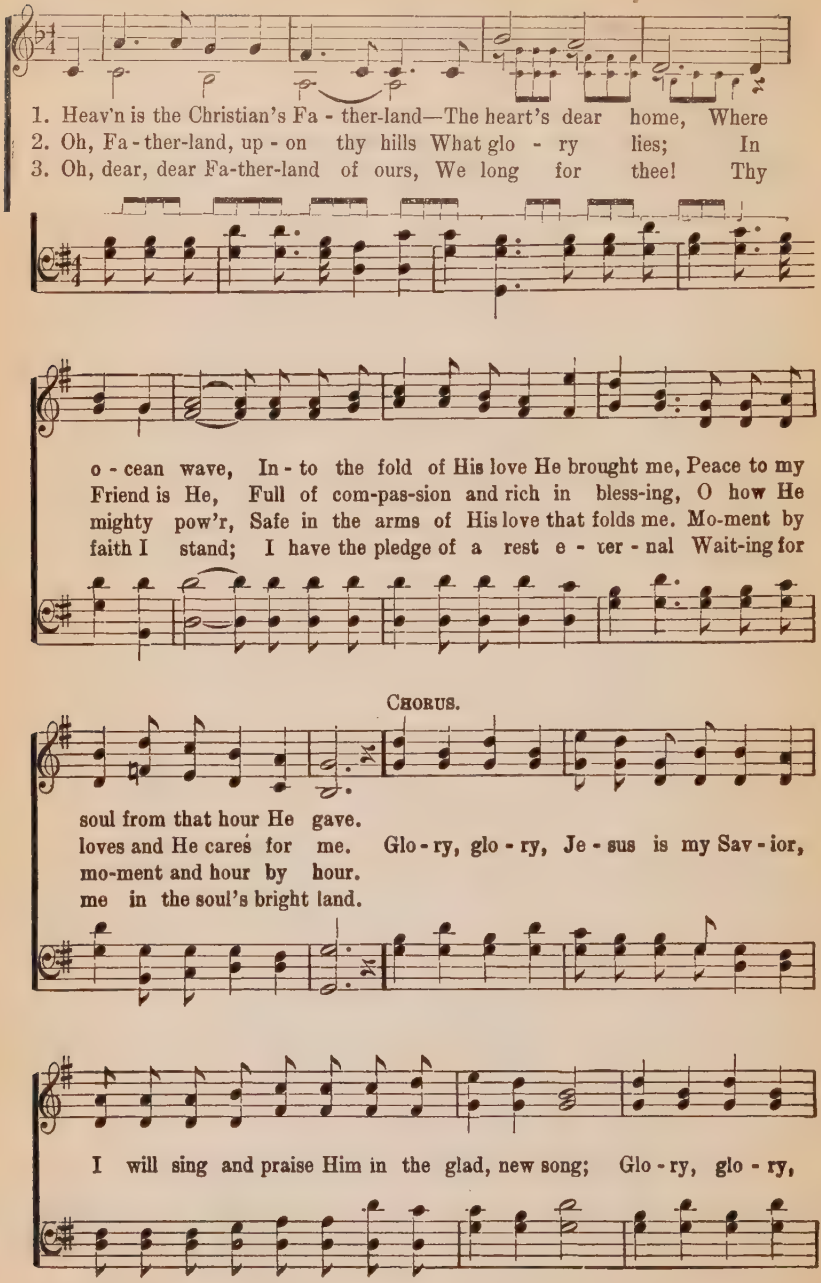
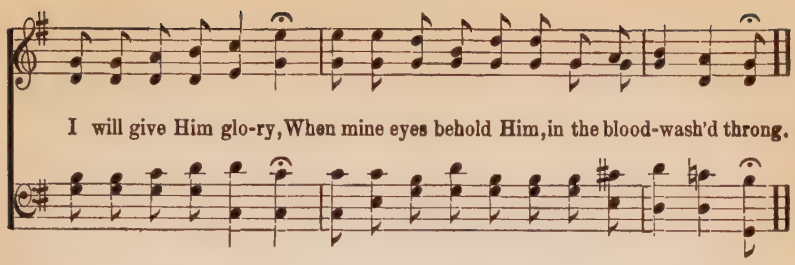
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



I Have a Friend.



No. 75. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

E. O. E.

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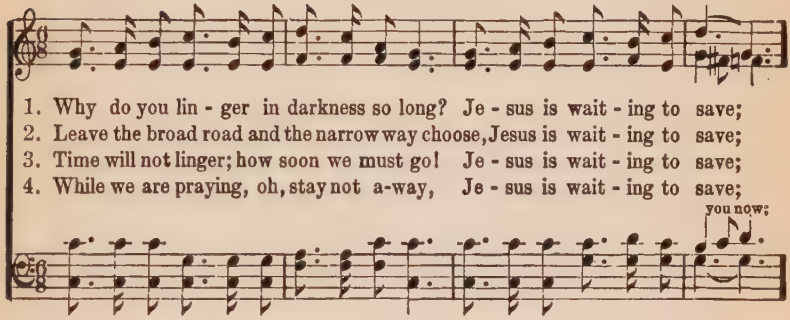
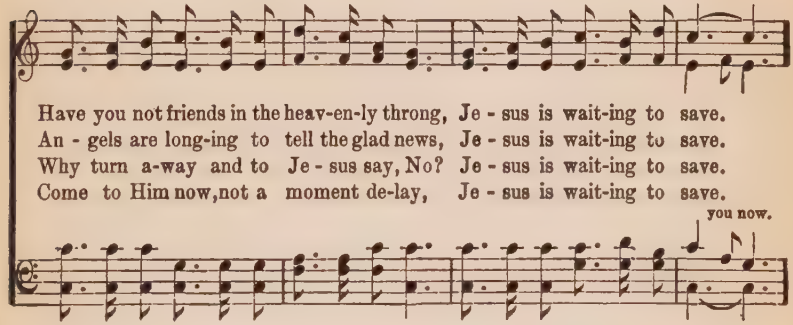
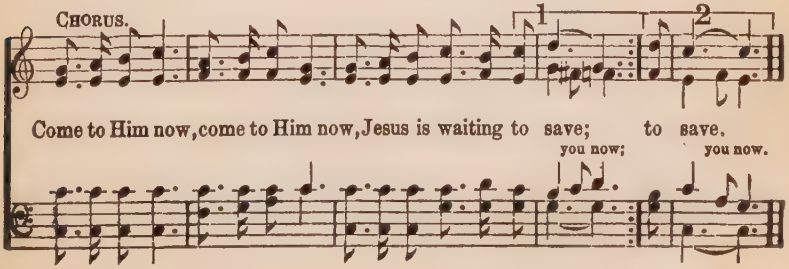
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



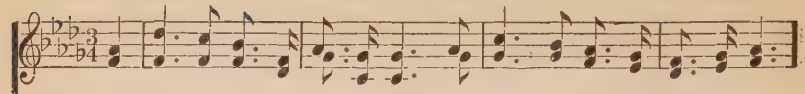




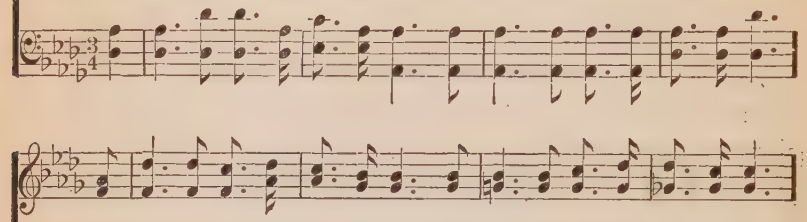
No. 76. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

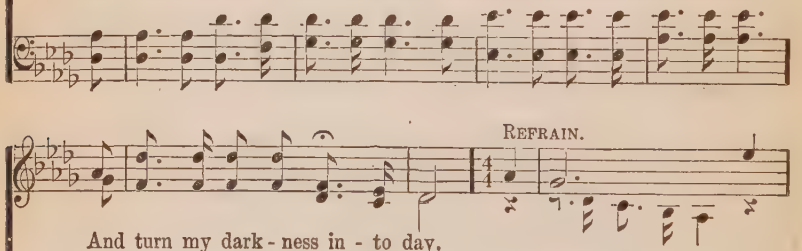
WORDS AND MUSIC.



1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,



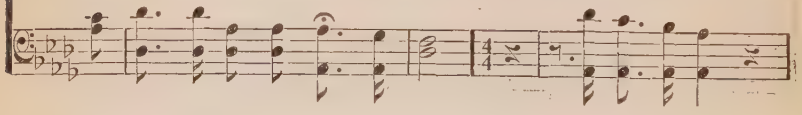
But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up-hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,



REFRAIN.

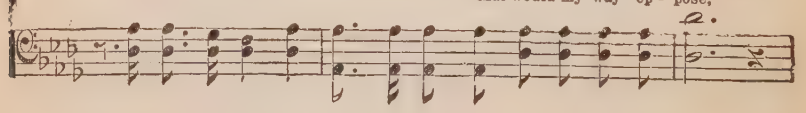
And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wound-ed soul of mine. He knows, He
Up-hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

My Fa-ther knows.

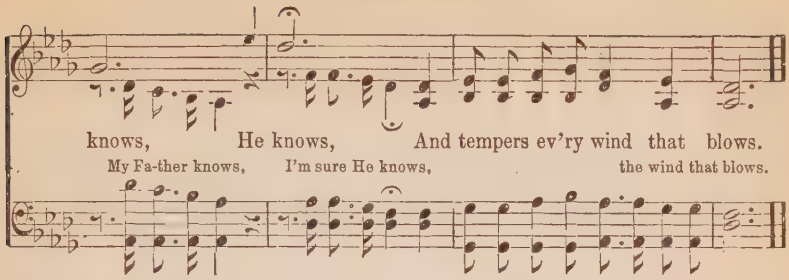


knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He

I'm sure He knows that would my way op-pose;



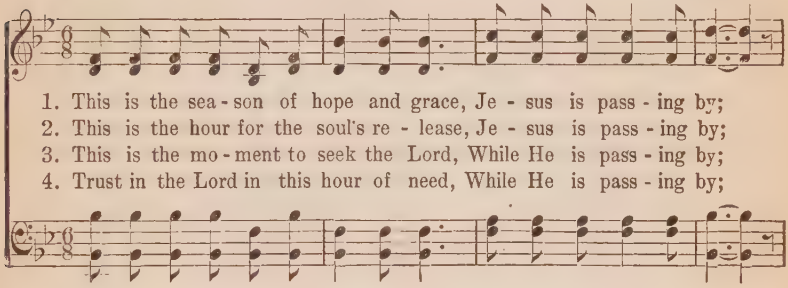
My Father Knows.

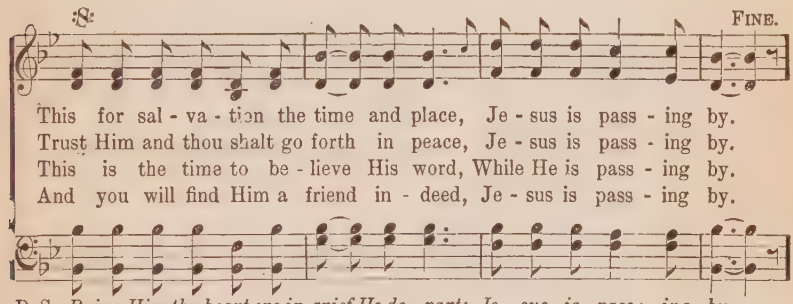


No. 77. Jesus is Passing By.

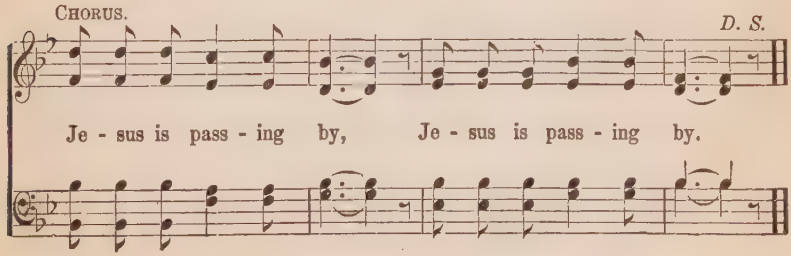
COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. A. H. WORDS AND MUSIC. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.





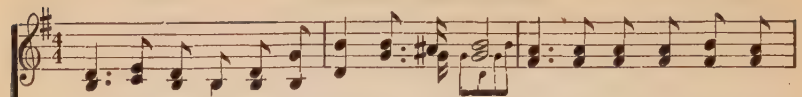
D. S.–*Bring Him thy heart ere in grief He de - part; Je - sus is pass - ing by.*



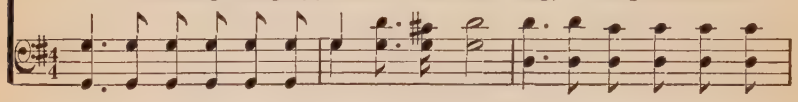
No. 78. The Evangel Age.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

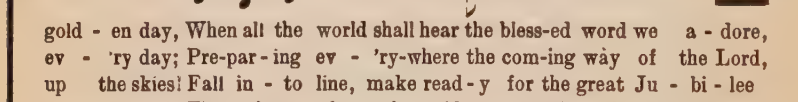
Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.



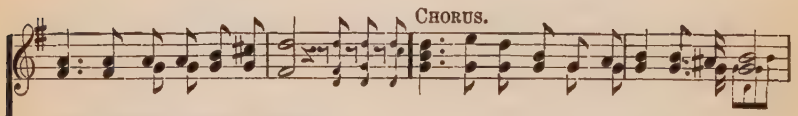
1. O 'tis coming! night is break-ing a - way; 'Tis the dawn-ing of the
2. See the might-y hosts of God in ar - ray, Stron-ger, stron-ger grow-ing
3. O ye slumb'ring ones, a - wake and a - rise! See, the sun is mount-ing
4. O 'tis coming! bringing peace in its train; Sing, O sing the sweet e-



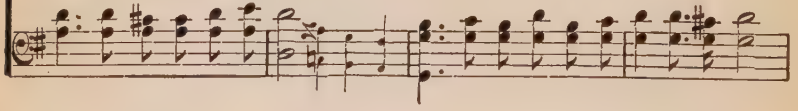
gold - en day, When all the world shall hear the bless-ed word we a - dore,
ev - 'ry day; Pre-par - ing ev - 'ry-where the com-ing way of the Lord,
up the skies! Fall in - to line, make read - y for the great Ju - bi - lee
van - gel strain That ush - ers in the gold-en age, tri-umph-ant in love;



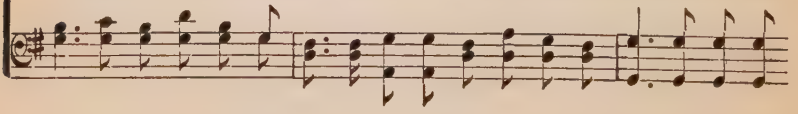
CHORUS.

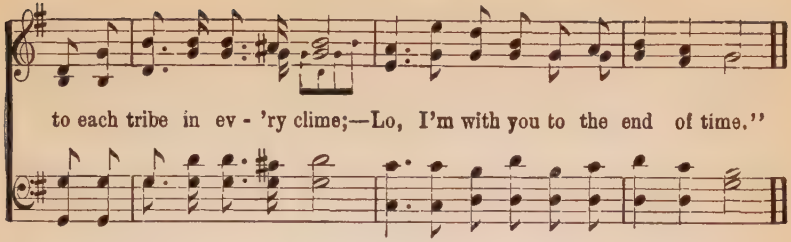


Ech-o-ing from shore to shore.
Spreading ev'rywhere His word. Sounds the great Evangel's word of command,
That is coming full and free.
Sing, ye an-gel host a - bove!



"Go ye in - to ev - 'ry na-tion, ev - 'ry land, And preach the gos-pel message

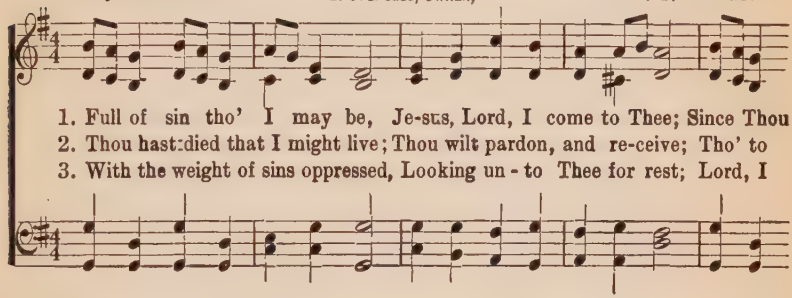


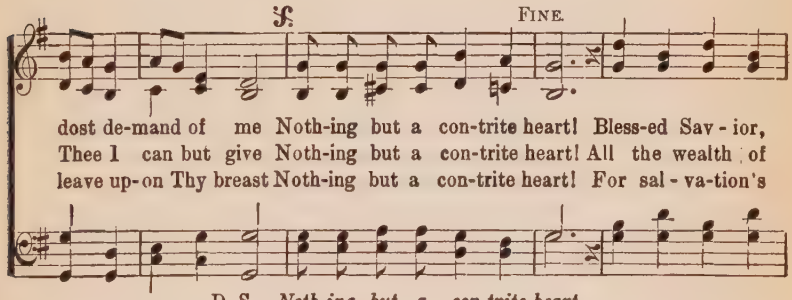


No. 79. Nothing But a Contrite Heart.

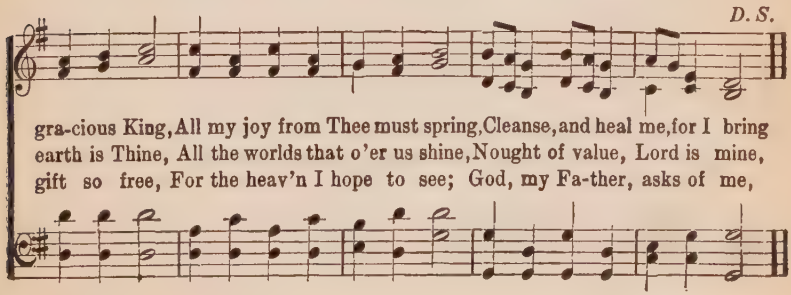
COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY THEO. E. PERKINS.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER,

Josephine Pollard. Theo. E. Perkins.



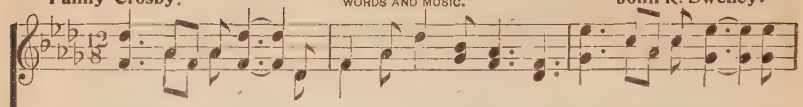


D. S.—*Noth-ing but a con-trite heart.*

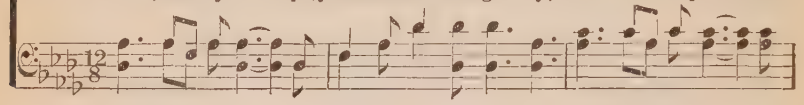


No. 80. Praise Ye The Lord

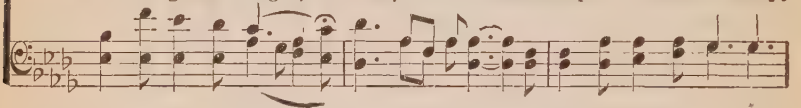
Fanny Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. John R. Sweney.



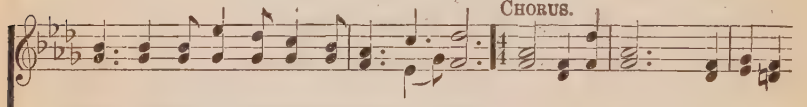
1. Praise ye the Lord, the God of our sal-va-tion, Lift up your hearts and
2. Praise ye the Lord whose truth a-bid-eth ev - er, I rust in His word who
3. Praise Him, ye stars, the arch of night a-dorn-ing, Ye who be - held the
4. Strike, strike your harps, ye sainted ones in glo - ry, Ye who have pass'd with-



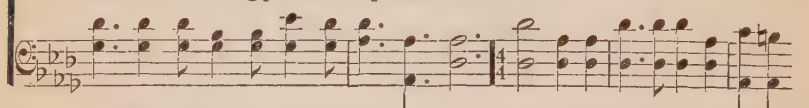
mag - ni - fy His name; Praise ye the Lord with ho - ly a - do - ra-tion,
marks the sparrows' fall; Hope in His love whose mer-cy faileth nev - er,
new cre - a - tion's worth; Ye who re-joiced to ush - er in the morning,
in the gates of light; Shout, shout a-loud redemption's hallowed sto-ry,

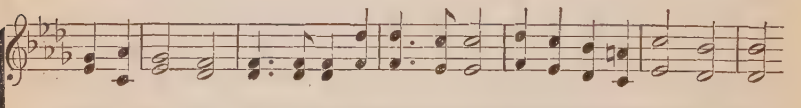


CHORUS.

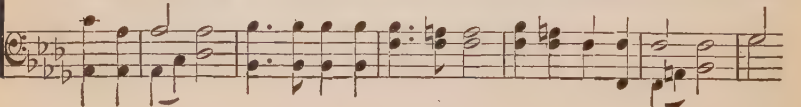


Tell of His pow'r His mighty works proclaim.
Look un - to Him who watcheth o - ver all. Praise ye the Lord, ye an-gel
Bright with the smile that hail'd Messiah's birth. the Lord,
While with the King ye walk in spotless white.

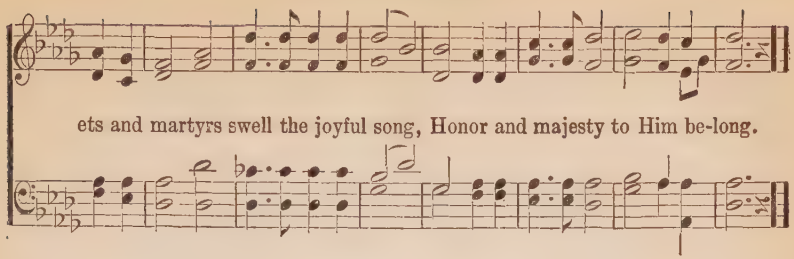




choirs a-dore Him, Cherubim and seraphim cast your crowns before Him; Proph-

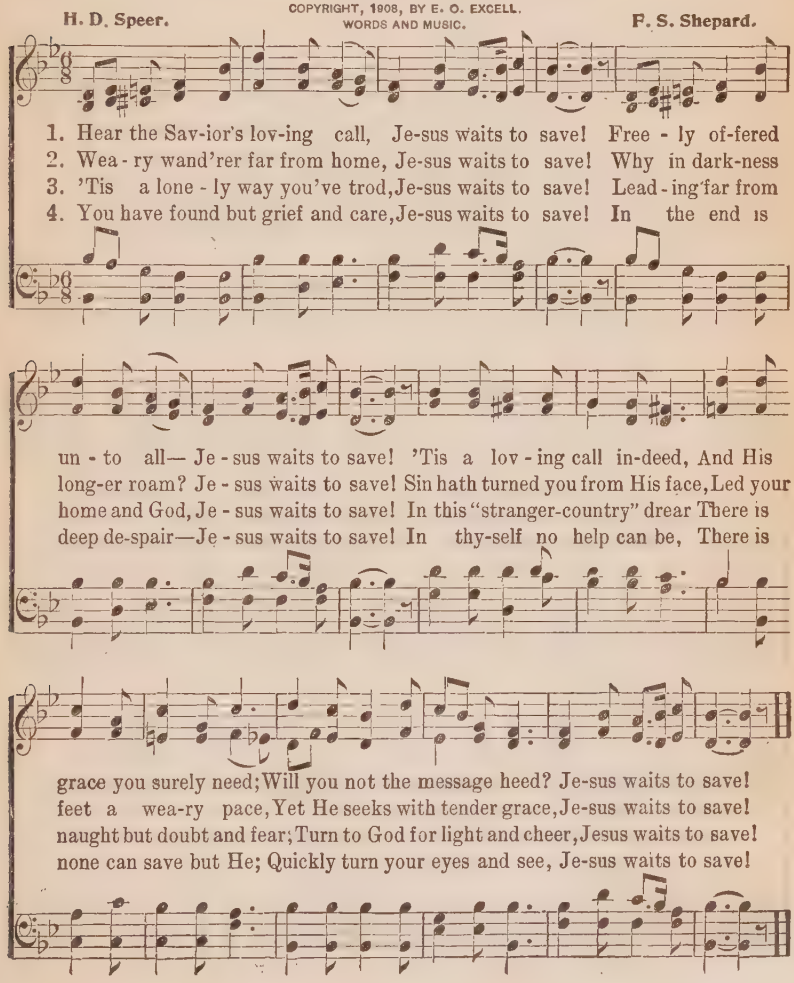


Praise Ye the Lord.



No. 81. Jesus Waits to Save.

H. D. Speer. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. F. S. Shepard.

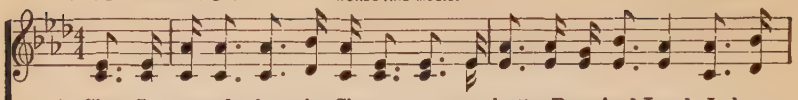


No. 82. All the Way.

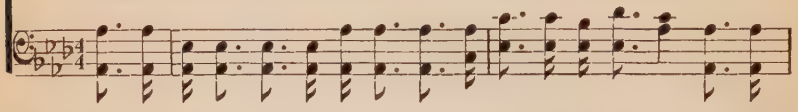
To the Singing Bishop C. C. McCabe,

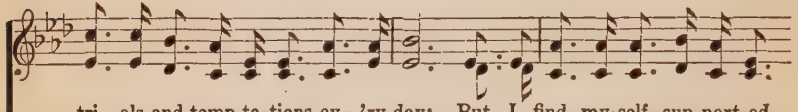
COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

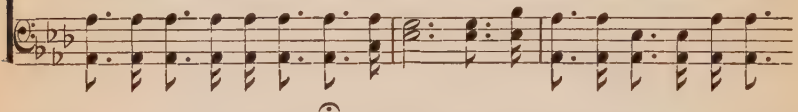


1. Since I start-ed for the Cit-y o - ver in the Promised Land, I have
2. There are ma-ny snares and pit-falls all a - long the pil-grim road, I can
3. When the clouds of darkness gather and the sunshine all has fled, Then He
4. When I reach the si - lent riv-er, with its cold and chilling tide, Je - sus

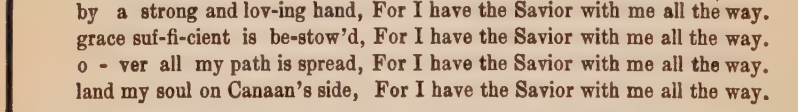




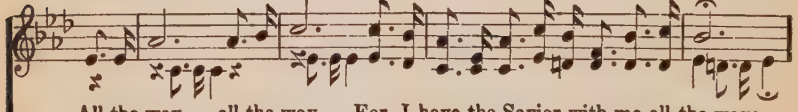
tri - als and temp-ta-tions ev - 'ry day; But I find my-self sup-port-ed
o - ver-come them if I watch and pray; In the hour of pain and sor-row,
guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray, And the bless-ed light of heav-en
will be there, my helper and my stay; I will sail a - way tri-um-phant,



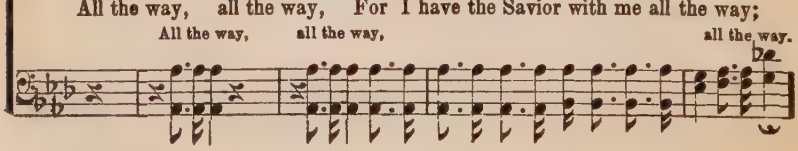
by a strong and lov-ing hand, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
grace suf-fi-cient is be-stow'd, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
o - ver all my path is spread, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
land my soul on Canaan's side, For I have the Savior with me all the way.



CHORUS.



All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way;
All the way, all the way, all the way.



All the Way.

All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way.

All the way, all the way,

No. 83. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un-to you I'll give,
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A message, O my friend, for you,
3. Life is of-fer'd un-to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-ter-nal life thy soul shall have,
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Jesus when He made me whole:

:S: FINE.

'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
'Tis a message from above, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Jesus who a-lone can save.
'Twas believing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trusted and He sav'd my soul.

D.S.-*'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

"Look and live" . . . my brother, live, Look to Je-sus now and live,

"Look and live," my brother live, "Look and live,"

No. 84. If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.

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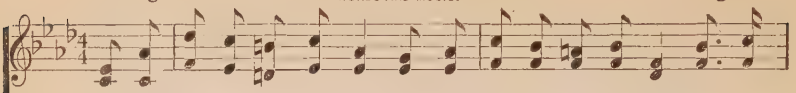
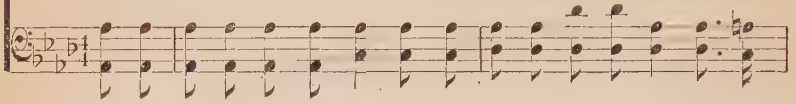
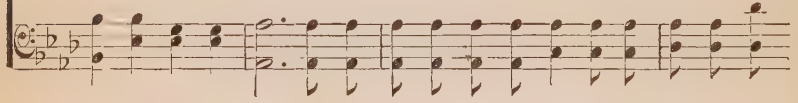
Helen Dungan. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. M. Dungan.



1. You can make the pathway bright, Fill the soul with heaven's light, If there's
2. You can speak the gen - tle word To the heart with anger stirred, If there's
3. You can do a kind - ly deed To your neigh-bor in his need, If there's
4. You can live a hap - py life In this world of toil and strife, If there's

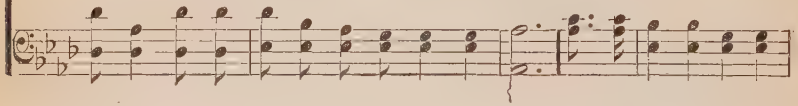


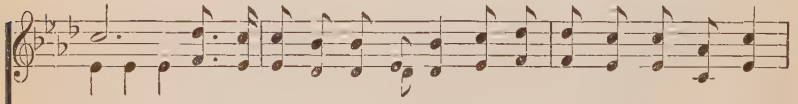
sun-shine in your heart; Turning darkness in - to day, As the shad-ows fly
sun-shine in your heart; Tho' it seems a lit - tle thing It will heaven's bless-
sun-shine in your heart; And his bur-den you will share As you lift his load
sun-shine in your heart; And your soul will glow with love From the perfect Light



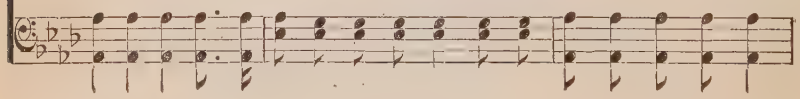
CHORUS.

a - way, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.
ing bring, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day. If there's sunshine in your
of care, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day. sunshine
a - bove, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.

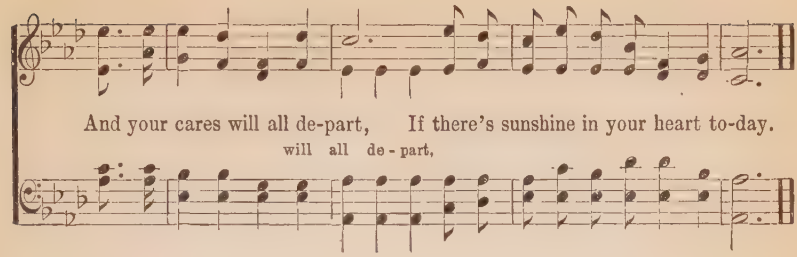




heart, You can send a shin-ing ray That will turn the night to day;
in your heart,

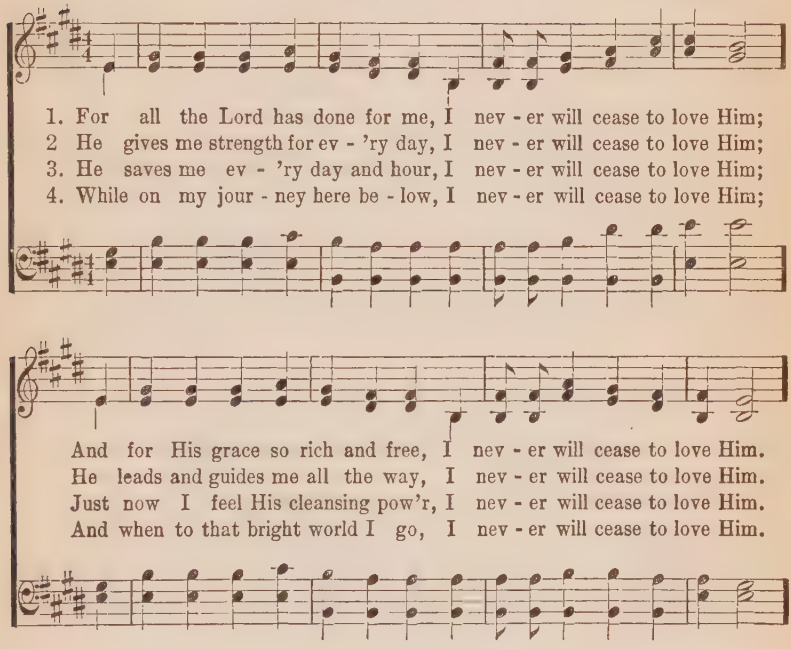


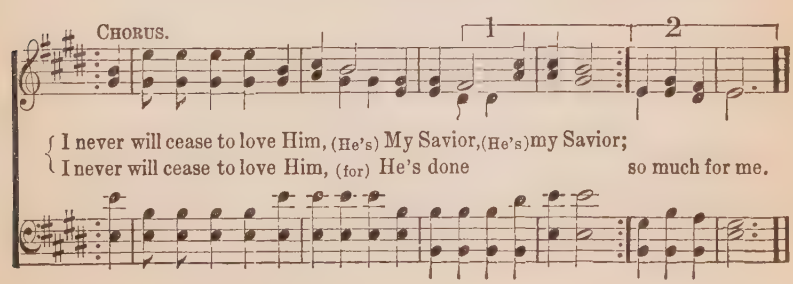
If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.



No. 85. I Never will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.





No. 86. The Lord's My Shepherd.

Francis Rous. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain: And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk thro'death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;
4. A ta - ble Thou hast fur-nished me In pres-ence of my foes;
5. Good-ness and mer - cy all my life Shall sure - ly fol - low me;

In past-ures green; He lead - eth me the qui - et wa - ters by.
With - in the paths of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake.
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com - fort still.
My head Thou dost with oil a - noint, And my cup o - ver - flows.
And in God's house for ev - er - more My dwelling place shall be.

Acc. Voices. *p.*

BASS OBLIGATO. *Prominent.*

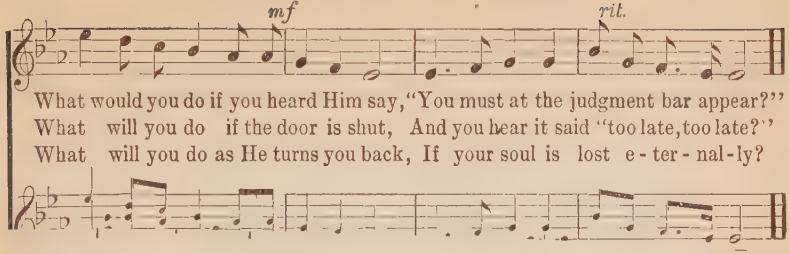
He lead-eth me gen-tly, He lead - eth me kind - ly,

He lead - eth me, ... He lead - eth me, ... In

In pastures green, safely He leadeth me; He leadeth me surely,

past - ures green .... He lead - eth me: He lead - eth me He

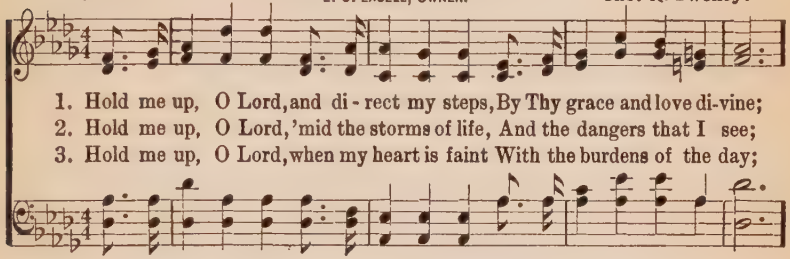
What Will You Do?

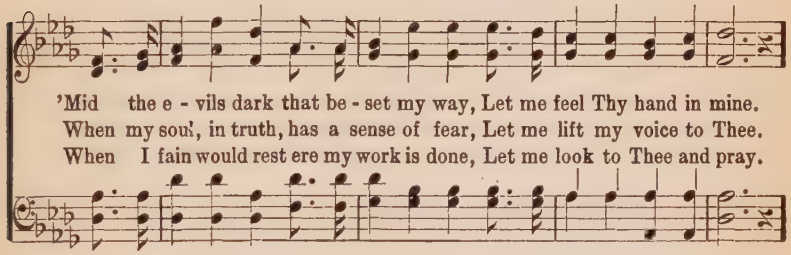


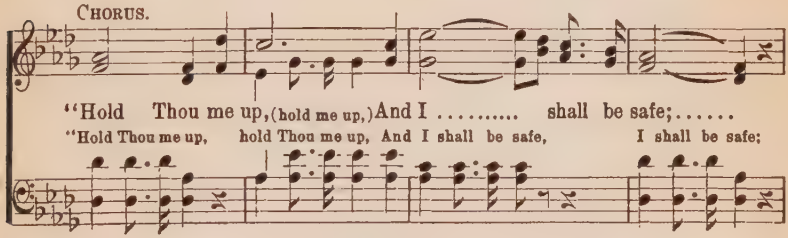
No. 91. Hold Me Up, O Lord.

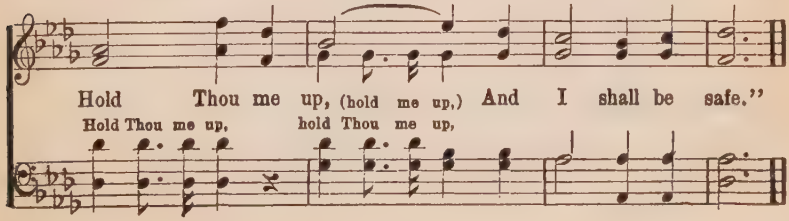
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. A. Barnes. Jno. R. Sweney.



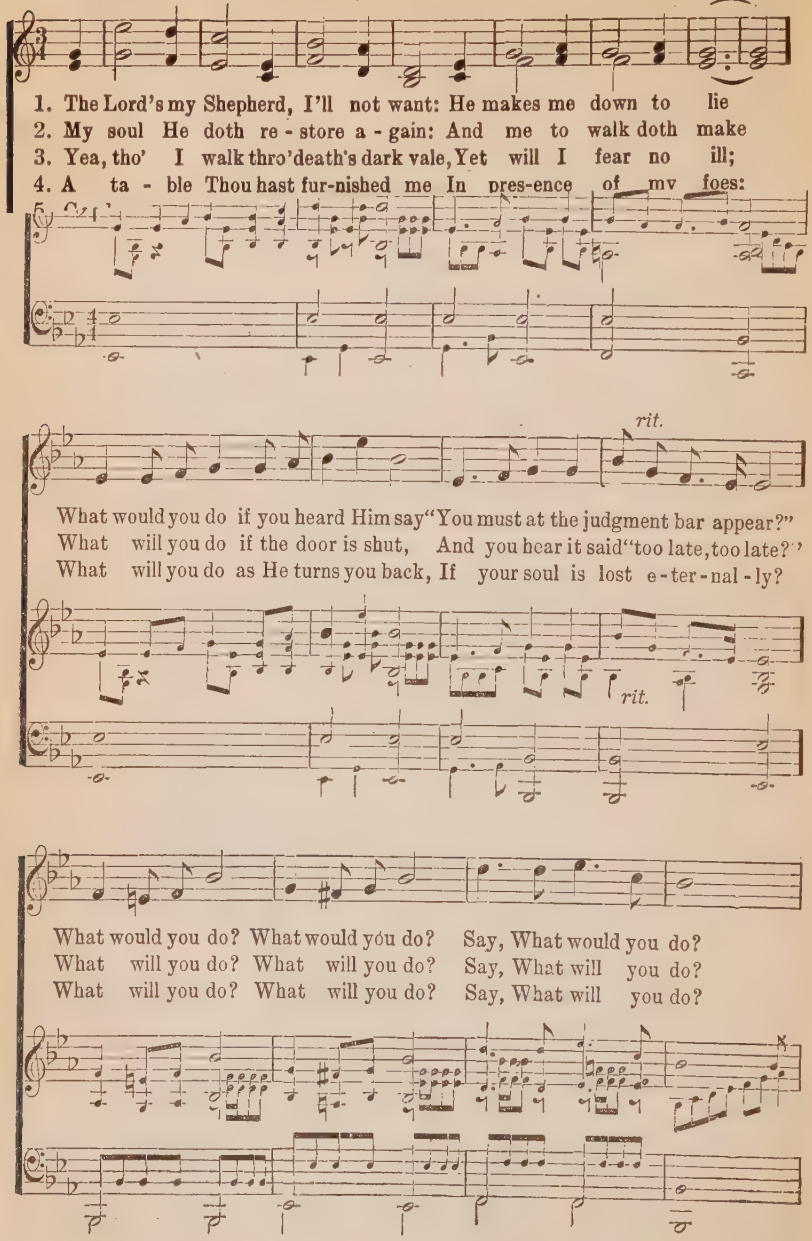






No. 86. The Lord's My Shepherd.

Francis Rous. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.



What Will You Do?

mf *rit.*

What would you do if you heard Him say, "You must at the judgment bar appear?"
What will you do if the door is shut, And you hear it said "too late, too late?"
What will you do as He turns you back, If your soul is lost e - ter - nal - ly?

mf *rit.*

No. 93. Anywhere With Jesus.

John R. Clements. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. E. O Excell

1. I'll go an - y-where, my Sav-ior, If Thou wilt make it clear; I will
2. I'll do an - y-thing, my Sav-ior, That hon - or brings to Thee; I will
3. I'll be an - y-thing, my Sav-ior, In sta - tion high or low; I will
4. I'll hold ev-'ry-thing, my Sav-ior, A sa - cred trust of Thine; And the

CHORUS.

tell sal - va - tion's sto - ry To lost ones far and near.
fol - low close Thy lead - ing Wher-e'er it tak - eth me. An-y-where, my
toil, or wait, or suf - fer, If Thou dost will it so.
tal - ents to me giv - en, I'll count them not as mine.

Sav-ior, Anywhere for Thee, Anywhere and ev'rywhere, As Thou leadest me.

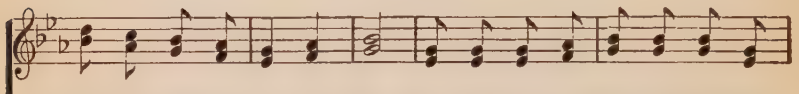
No. 94, Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

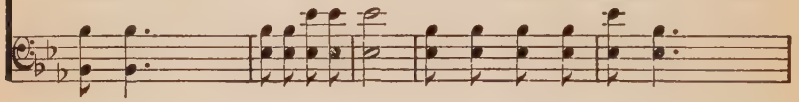
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

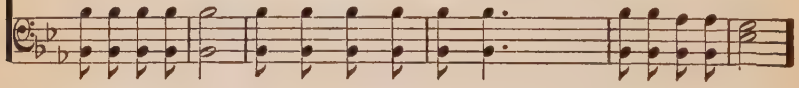
1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest-tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-



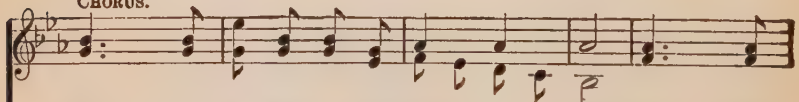
cour - aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry
prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y blessings, mon - ey
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels



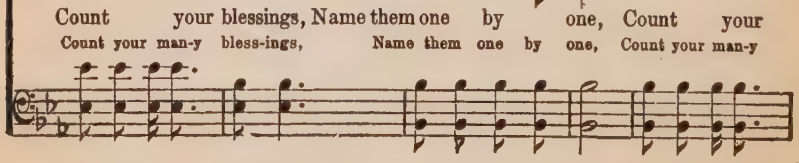
one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.



CHORUS.



Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your man-y



Count Your Blessings.

bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,

bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your ma - ny bless-ings

rit.

Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 95. Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. CHORUS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil reign'd with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth-ly store,

I am counting all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweetly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol-ly Thine for - ev - er-more.

Hal - le-lu - iah!

CHORUS.

Un-der the cross I lay my sins, Un-der the cross, my cry; cross I'll die.

No. 96. I Have Cast My Anchor.

(To Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.)

E. O. E.

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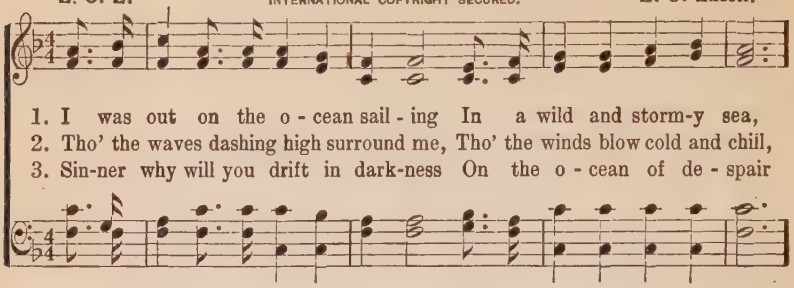
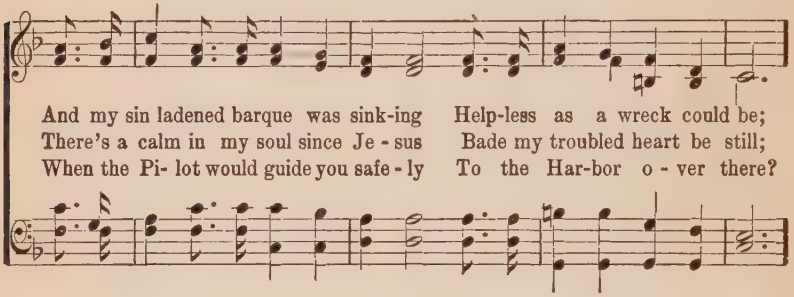
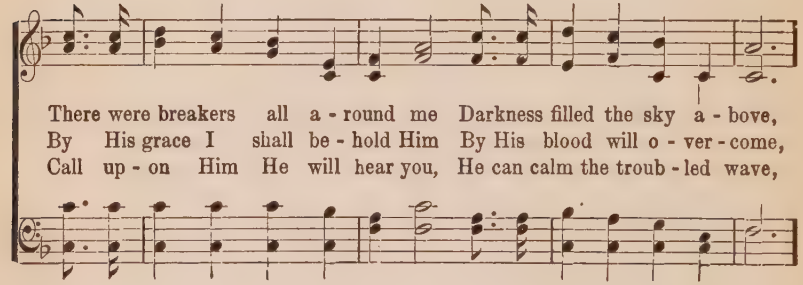
E. O. Excell.



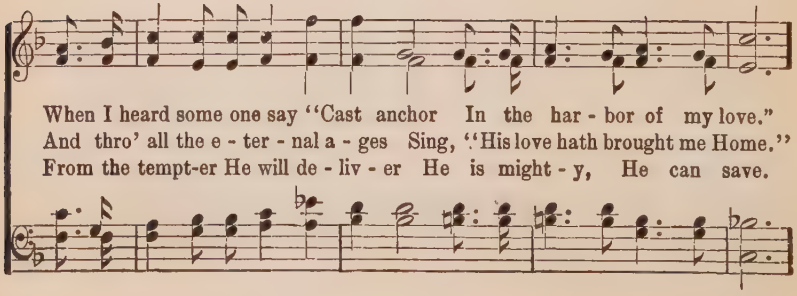
1. I was out on the o - cean sail - ing In a wild and storm-y sea,
2. Tho' the waves dashing high surround me, Tho' the winds blow cold and chill,
3. Sin-ner why will you drift in dark-ness On the o - cean of de - spair



And my sin ladened barque was sink-ing Help-less as a wreck could be;
There's a calm in my soul since Je - sus Bade my troubled heart be still;
When the Pi- lot would guide you safe - ly To the Har-bor o - ver there?

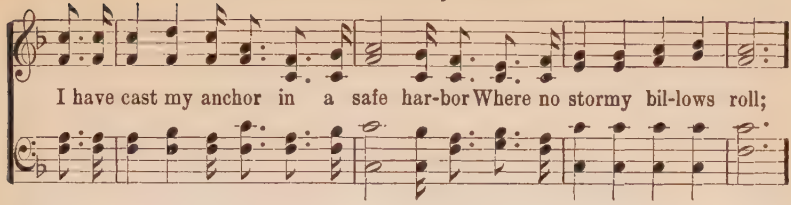


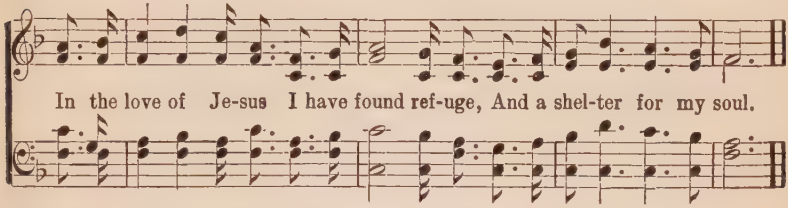
There were breakers all a - round me Darkness filled the sky a - bove,
By His grace I shall be - hold Him By His blood will o - ver - come,
Call up - on Him He will hear you, He can calm the troub - led wave,



When I heard some one say "Cast anchor In the har - bor of my love."
And thro' all the e - ter - nal a - ges Sing, "His love hath brought me Home."
From the tempt-er He will de - liv - er He is might - y, He can save.

I Have Cast My Anchor.





No. 97. Why Not Come to Him Now.

F. A. S.

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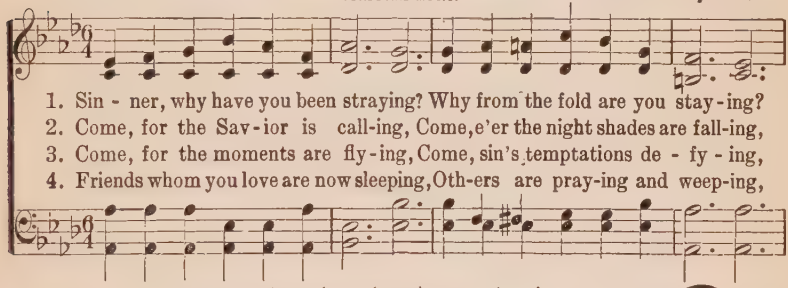
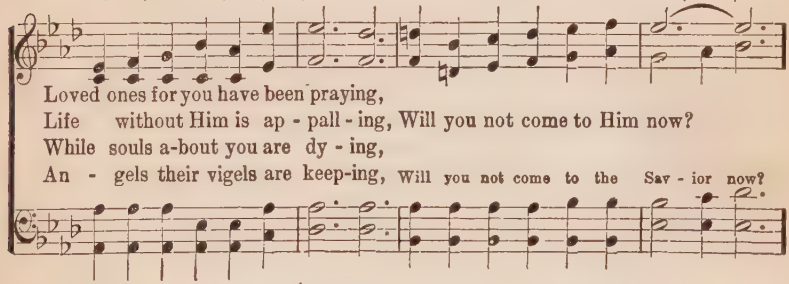
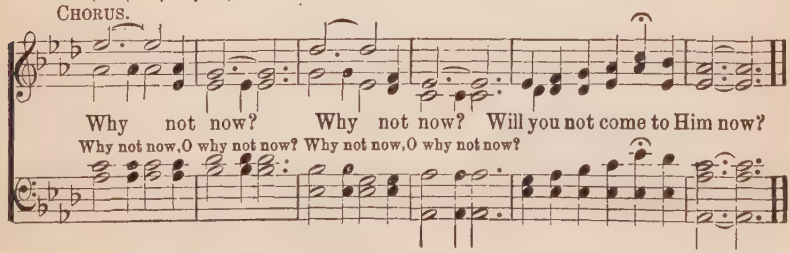
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank A. Simpkins.





CHORUS.



No. 98. On to the Land of Glory.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. On to the land of glo - ry, On to the home of light,
2. Loy - al to Christ our Lead - er, Trust - ing His boundless might,
3. On to the land of glo - ry, On to the home so dear,

Sing - ing the dear old sto - ry, On to the man-sions bright;
March-ing in Zi - on's ar - my, Bat - tling for God and right;
Help - ing each oth - er up - ward, On with a song of cheer;

Joy-ful - ly shout-ing ho - san - na, Prais-ing the name of our King,
Vic-to - ry on - ly thro' Je - sus, This is the watchword of faith,
Glo-ri - ous hopes are be - fore us, Yon - der the crown and the palm,

Fol-low-ing af - ter His ban - ner, Glad - ly our voic - es ring.
Cer-tain-ly He will be with us, With us in life and death.
Join in the ju - bi-lant cho - rus, Join the thanks-giv - ing psalm.

CHORUS.

On! on! on! On to the land of glo - ry! On! On!
Marching, marching, marching on, Marching, marching,

On to the Land of Glory.

on! On to the home of light! On! on! on! Singing the
marching on, Marching, marching marching on,

dear old sto - ry; On! on! on! On to the mansions bright.
Marching, marching, marching on,

No. 99. Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.

1. Some-body did a gold - en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-body tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will - ing - ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-body i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs,
4. Some-body fill'd the day with light, Con-stant-ly chased a - way the night;

Some-body sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Some-body fought a val - iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-body made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-body's work bore joy and peace, Sure - ly his life shall nev - er cease,—

rit.

Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?

No. 100. I Will Meet You There.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. You told me the sto - ry of Christ and His love, You showed me the path-way to man - sions a - bove; I called to the Sav - ior, He an - swered my pray'r; You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.
2. You show'd me the fount-ain that cleanseth the soul, The streams of sal- va - tion that won - drous - ly roll; I sought the Great Healer, the bless - ing to share; You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.
3. You told me of mer - cies that fail nev - er - more, Of grace all - suf- fi - cient, of love's bound-less store: And now I am trust-ing the Fa - ther's kind care: You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.
4. The light of that coun-try shall nev - er grow dim, So bright is the glo - ry that stream - eth from Him; O joy ev - er-last - ing, be yond all com-pare! You led me to Je - sus, I will meet you there.

I Will Meet You There.

I will meet you there, I will meet you there; Is an-y-one saying, I will meet you there?

In the beautiful city so bright and so fair; You led me to Jesus, I will meet you there.

No. 101, I Come to Thee.

Anna Marlim.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

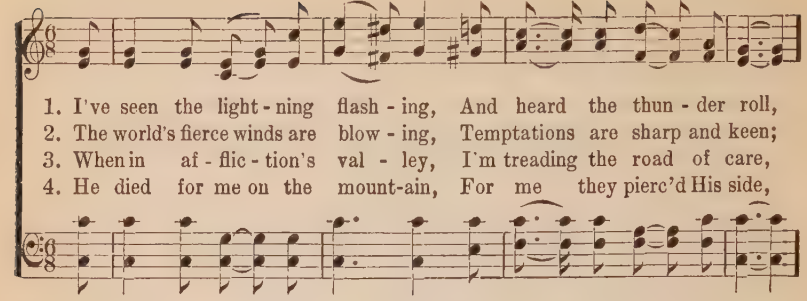
1. Thou art my strength and shield, My ref-uge and my grace; When earthly help-ers flee, Thou art my hid-ing place.
2. A home for wea-ry souls, A Rock my trust to stay, My Shepherd and my Guide, Who on-ly knows the way.
3. My sins how man-i-fold, Yet Thou canst cleanse them all; Oh, lead me to Thy home, And keep me lest I fall.

CHORUS.

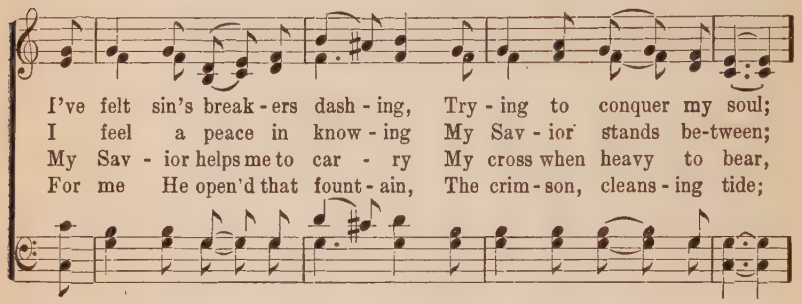
I come, I come, to Thee, to Thee, In sor-row and in my distress; To Thee for ho-li-ness.

No. 102. Never Alone.

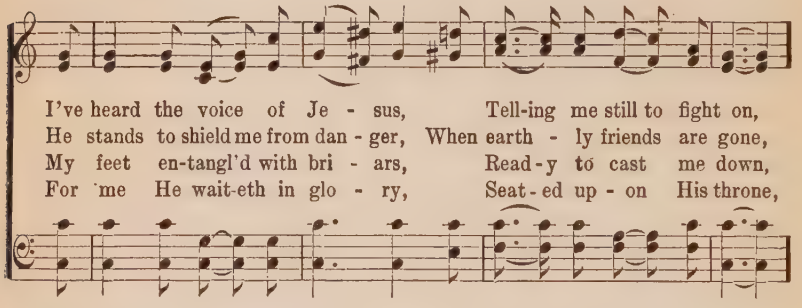
Unknown. COYPRIGHT, 1900, BY W. A. HEMPHILL. USED BY PER. W. A. Hemphill.



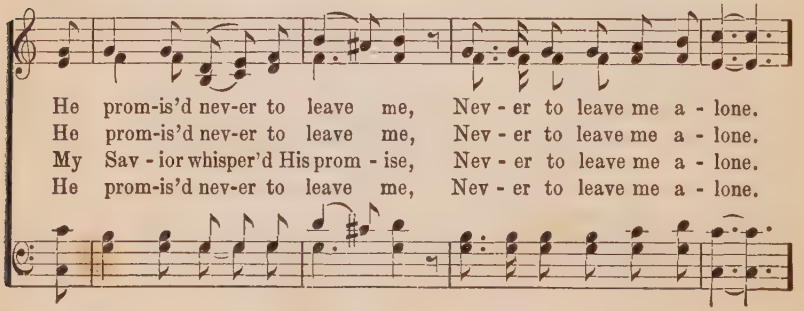
1. I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll,
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temptations are sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm treading the road of care,
4. He died for me on the mount-ain, For me they pierc'd His side,



I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Try - ing to conquer my soul;
I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav - ior stands be-tween;
My Sav - ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear,
For me He open'd that fount - ain, The crim - son, cleans - ing tide;



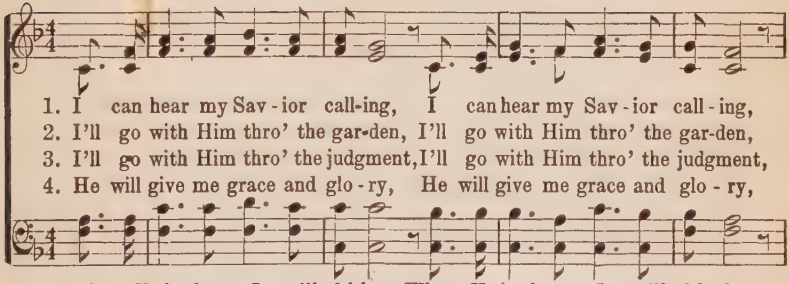
I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Tell-ing me still to fight on,
He stands to shield me from dan - ger, When earth - ly friends are gone,
My feet en-tangl'd with bri - ars, Read - y to cast me down,
For me He wait-eth in glo - ry, Seat - ed up - on His throne,



He prom-is'd nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He prom-is'd nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
My Sav - ior whisper'd His prom - ise, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He prom-is'd nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

No. 109. Where He Leads Me.

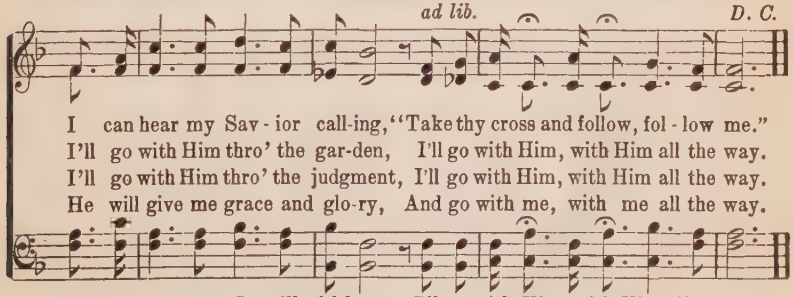
E. W. Blandly. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS. USED BY PER. J. S. Norris.



1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

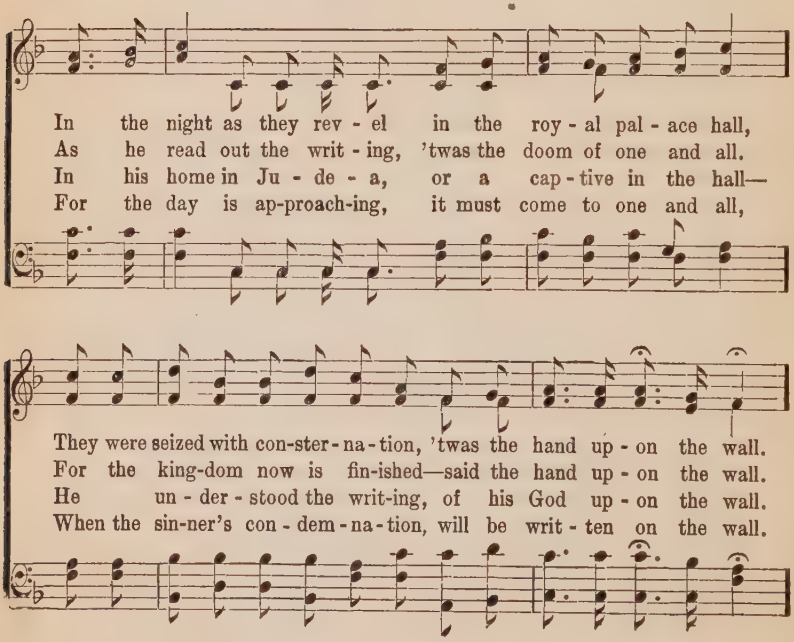
D.C.-Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

ad lib. *D. C.*



I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.


In the night as they rev - el in the roy - al pal - ace hall,
As he read out the writ - ing, 'twas the doom of one and all.
In his home in Ju - de - a, or a cap - tive in the hall—
For the day is ap-proach-ing, it must come to one and all,
They were seized with con-ster - na - tion, 'twas the hand up - on the wall.
For the king-dom now is fin-ished—said the hand up - on the wall.
He un - der - stood the writ-ing, of his God up - on the wall.
When the sin-ner's con - dem - na - tion, will be writ - ten on the wall.

The Handwriting on the Wall.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the hand of
'Tis the hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall; 'Tis the hand of

God on the wall; Shall the re-cord be, "Found wanting," or
God that is writ-ing on the wall,

shall it be "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall.
writ-ing on the wall.

No. 111. Only a Word.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. M. Dungan.

1. On-ly a word for the Mas-ter, Lov-ing-ly, qui-et-ly said;
2. On-ly a look of re-mon-strance, Sor-row-ful, gen-tle and deep;
3. On-ly one cry from the sin-ner, Bit-ter-ly, ear-nest and wild;
4. On-ly an hour with the chil-dren, Pleas-ant-ly, cheer-ful-ly giv'n;

On-ly a word! Yet the Mas-ter heard; And some faint-ing hearts were fed.
On-ly a look! Yet the strong man shook; And He went a-lone to weep.
"Help, Lord! I die!" Rose in ag-o-ny; And the Sav-ior sav'd His child.
Still seed was sown In that hour a-lone, Which would bring forth fruit for heav'n.

No. 112. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

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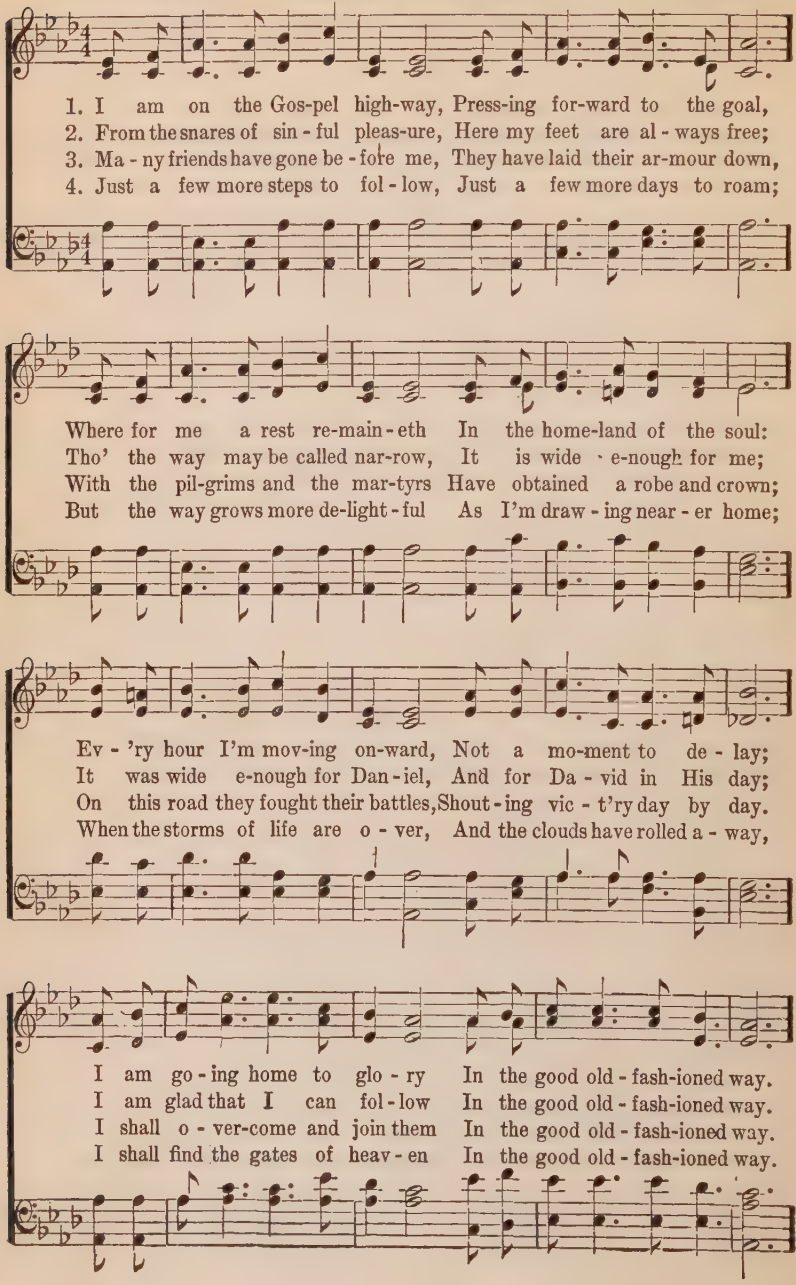
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.



The Good Old Fashioned Way.

CHORUS.

In the good old - fash-ioned way, In the good old - fash-ioned way,

D. C.

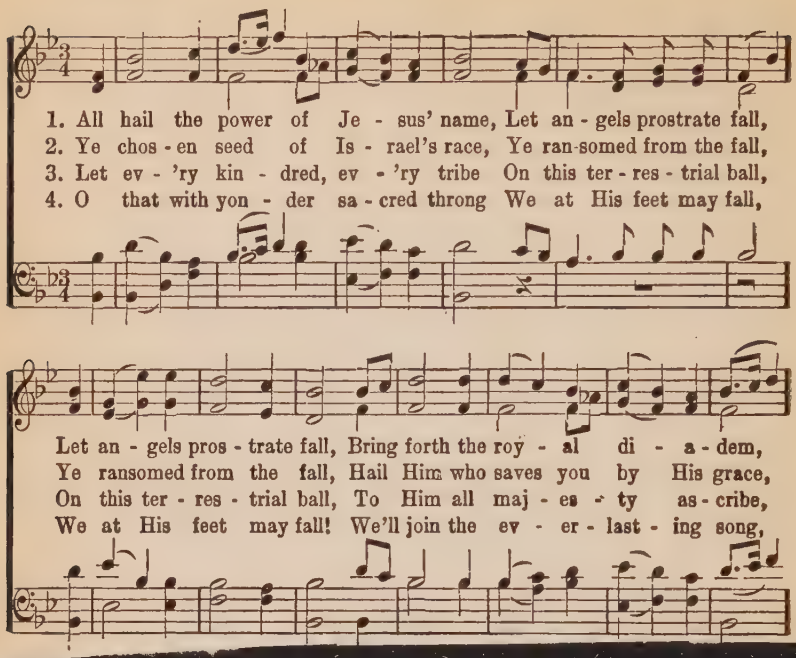
I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fash-ioned way.

CODA.

Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to - ry I shall wear.

No. 114. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet.

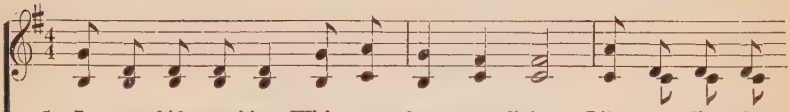


CHILDRENS SONGS

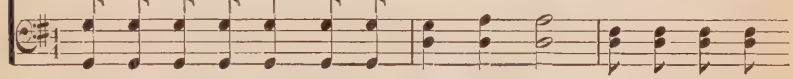
No. 115. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

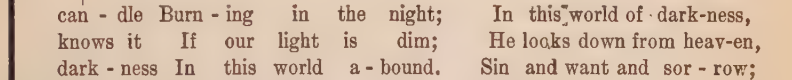
E. O. Excell.



1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that



can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark-ness,
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav-en,
dark - ness In this world a - bound. Sin and want and sor - row;
wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,



We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

No. 116. Little Stars.

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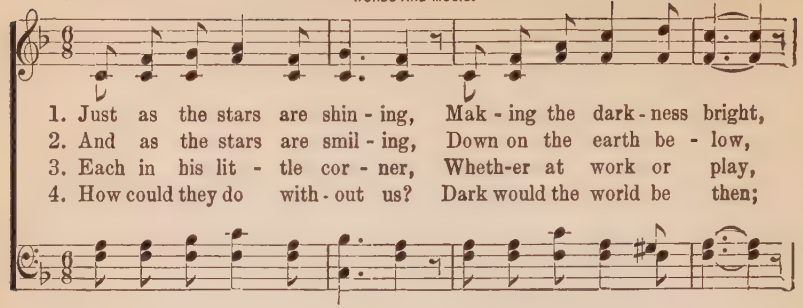
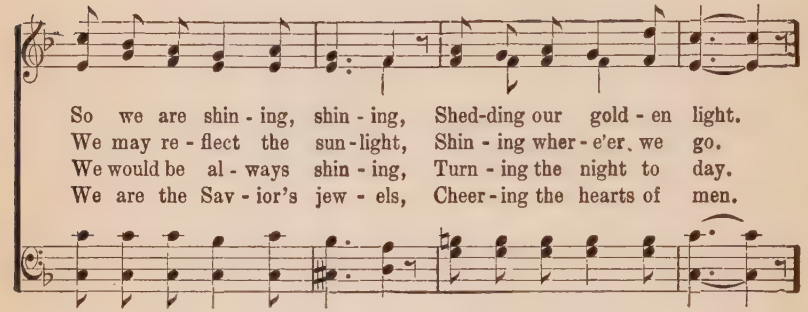
H. H. Pierson. J. S. Fearis.

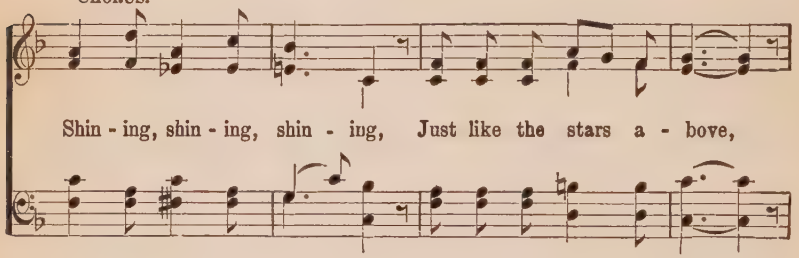


1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak - ing the dark - ness bright,
2. And as the stars are smil - ing, Down on the earth be - low,
3. Each in his lit - tle cor - ner, Wheth-er at work or play,
4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;

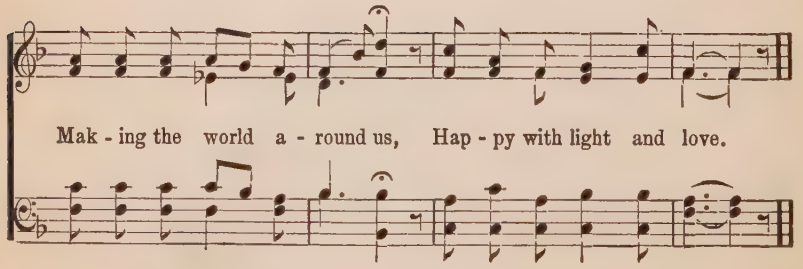


So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed-ding our gold - en light.
We may re - flect the sun - light, Shin - ing wher - e'er we go.
We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
We are the Sav - ior's jew - els, Cheer - ing the hearts of men.

CHORUS.



Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, Just like the stars a - bove,



Mak - ing the world a - round us, Hap - py with light and love.

No. 117, I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;

In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleasant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun - beam for Him.

No. 118. Luther's Cradle Hymn.

Martin Luther.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - way in a man-ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle were low-ing—The poor ba - by wakes: But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-

rit. *A tempo.*

Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav-ens Look'd
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil-dren In

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A-sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra-dle, To watch lul - la - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav-en, To live with Thee there.

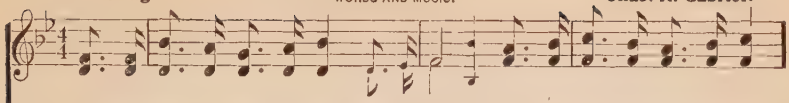
CHORUS.

A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, The Sav - ior, in a stall!
A - sleep, a - sleep,

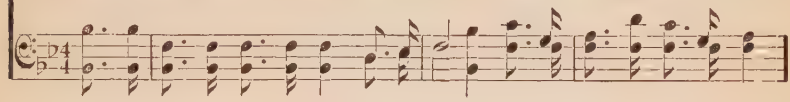
A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, The Lord of all! . . . .
A - sleep, a - sleep, The Lord of all!

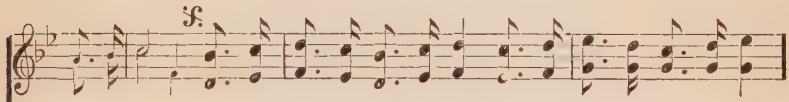
No. 119. Be A Hero.

Adam Craig. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

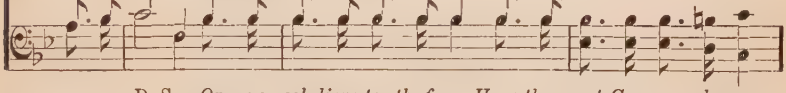


1. On the bat-tle field of life, Be a he-ro! In its tur-moil and its strife,
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he-ro! In the strength of Jesus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he-ro! Lend a help-ing hand to all,

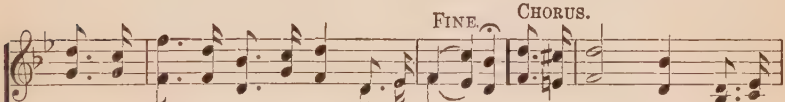




Be a he-ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And with sword and armor bright,
Be a he-ro! In the darkness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he-ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,

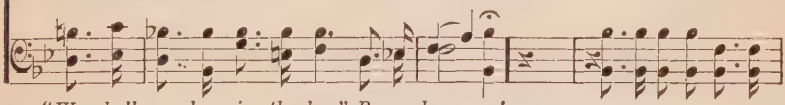


D. S.—*On, ye sol-diers to the fray, Hear the great Com-man-der say,*

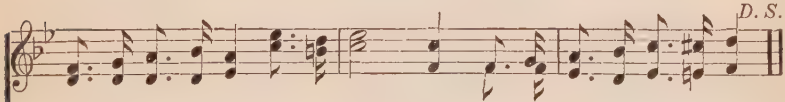


Strike out bravely for the right, Be a he-ro!
Stay the temp-ter in his might, Be a he-ro! Be a he-ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here, Be a he-ro!

Be a he-ro!

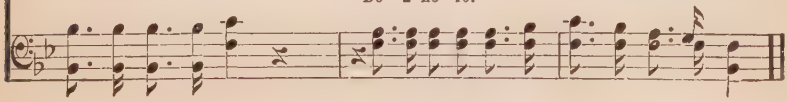


"We shall sure-ly gain the day," Be a he-ro!



God and nev-er fear! Be a he-ro! He will help you, He is near;

Be a he-ro!

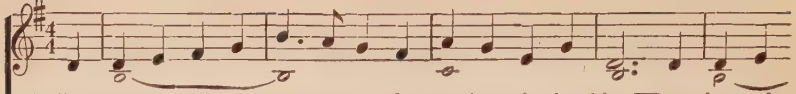


No. 120. The Children's Hosanna.

Neal A. McAuley

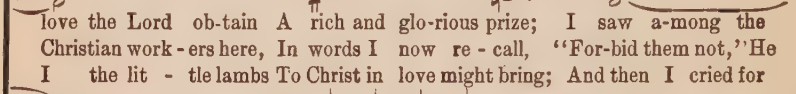
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearls.

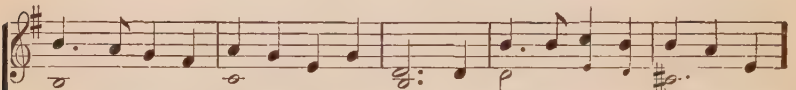


1. I dreamed one night, not long a - go, Of mansions in the skies, Where those who
2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet-er tones than all, Di - rect-ing
3. And when from slumber I a-rose, To serve my Lord and King, I felt that

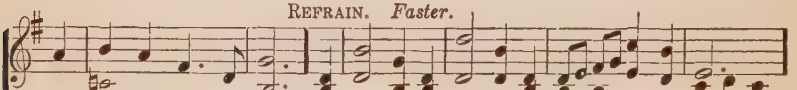
love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo-rious prize; I saw a-mong the
Christian work - ers here, In words I now re - call, "For-bid them not," He
I the lit - tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for



hap - py throng The children bright and fair; I heard their voices clear and sweet
gen - tly said, "The children bring to me, Their por-tion in the World of Light
dai - ly grace Their precious souls to cheer, Till they could sing like yonder choir

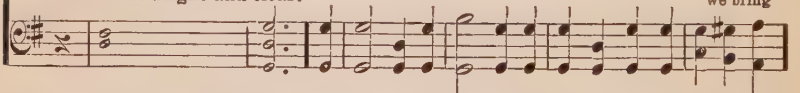


REFRAIN. *Faster.*

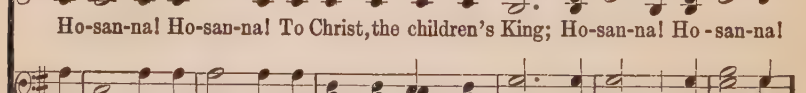


With mu - sic fill the air.
Redeemed shall ev - er be." Hosanna! Hosanna! Our songs of love we bring,
Ho-san-na! bright and clear.

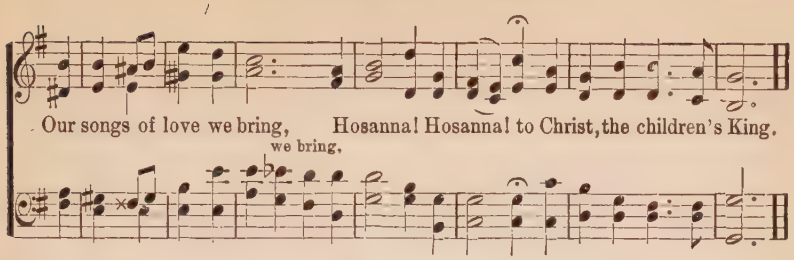
we bring



Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho-san-na! Ho - san-na!



The Children's Hosanna.



No. 121. Gather Them In.

H. A. L.

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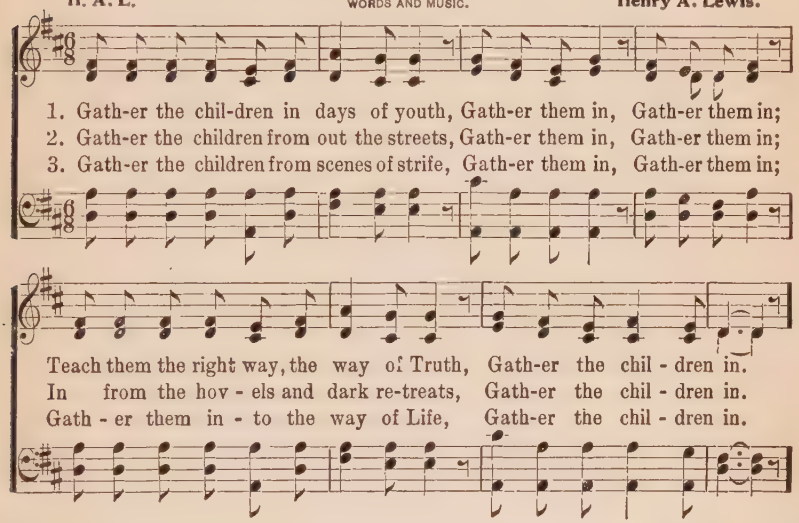
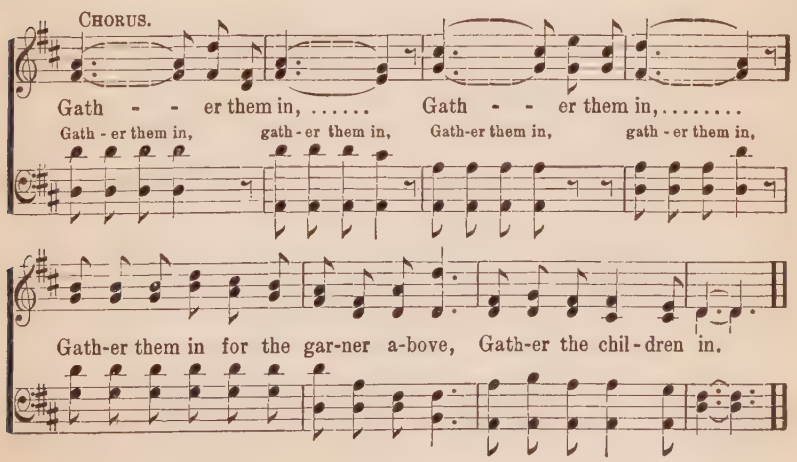
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Henry A. Lewis.





No. 122. Honor Bright Cadets.

C. B. A.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

1

1. { We're ca - dets that want to bat - tle for the right, you see; That is
For our watch-word we have cho - sen "Honor bright!" you see, [*Omit.*]

2. { We're de - ter-mined that we'll nev - er know de - feat, you see; If we
For our Lead - er nev - er taught us to re - treat, you see, [*Omit.*]

2

why we band our-selves to-geth - er; And we'll keep it up in
fight for right, we'll win the bat - tle; No mat - ter how the

ev - 'ry kind of weather. For the right, then; Honor bright, then;
guns and sabers rat - tle. We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then,

We will march on our journey thro' the world; Col - ors fly - ing,
And we'll work till the set - ting of the sun; Col - ors fly - ing,

Ev - er try - ing To be true, as our ban - ner is un - furled.
Ev - er try - ing To be faith - ful un - til the vic-t'ry's won.

Honor-Bright Cadets.

CHORUS.

Then see us march-ing as to war, ... With purpose steady, Our hearts are
Our gal-lant Lead-er goes be- [*Omit.*]

read-y; fore; Then see us march! We are "Honor-Bright cadets!

No. 123. Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue!

E. L. McCord. USED BY PERMISSION. W. W. Gilchrist.

1. I know three lit - tle sis - ters, I think you know them, too, For
one is red, and one is white, [*Omit.*]
2. I know three lit - tle les - sons These lit - tle sis - ters tell; The
first is Love, then Pu-ri-ty, [*Omit.*]

And the oth - er one is blue. Hur-rah for these three lit-tle sisters!
And Truth we love so well, Hur-rah for the red, white and [*Omit.*]

blue! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for the red, white and blue!

No. 124. The Young People's Army.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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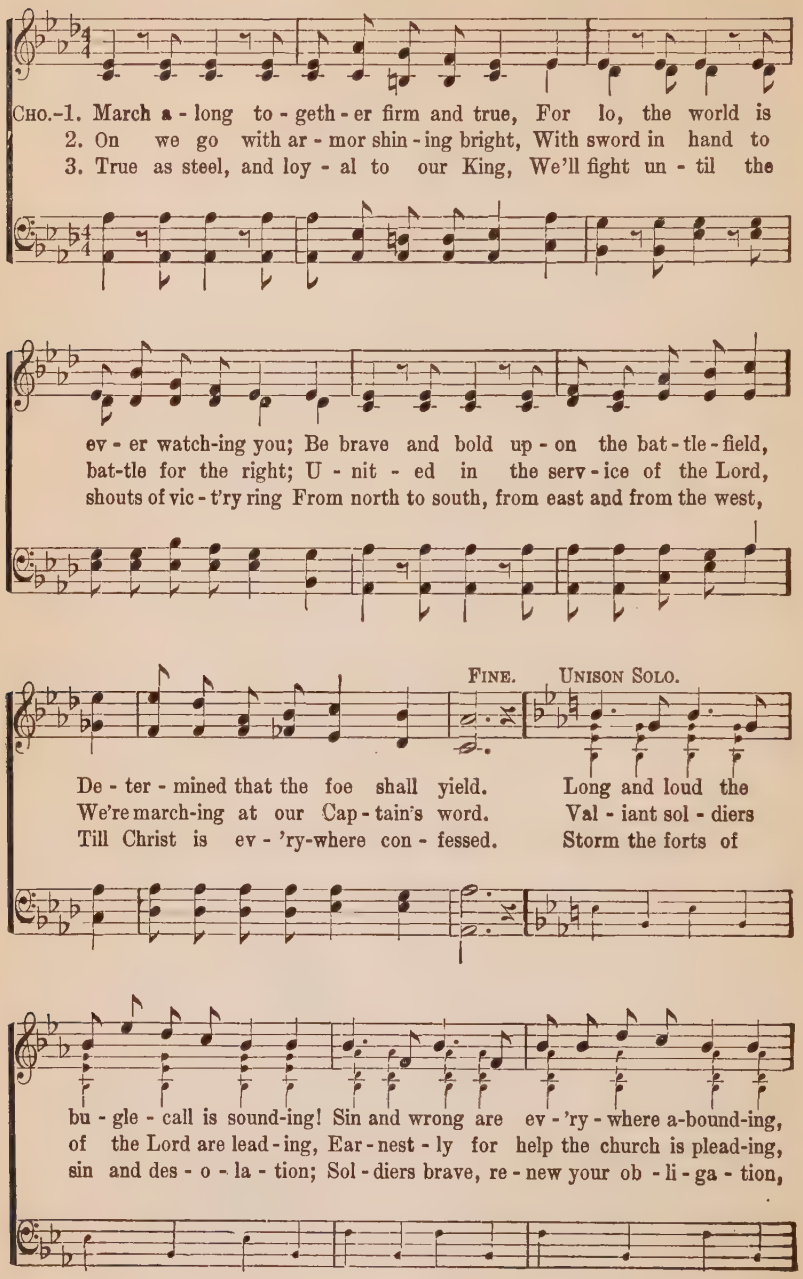
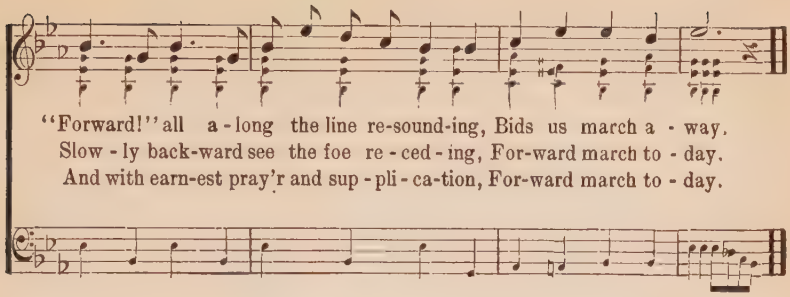
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.



The Young People's Army.



No. 125. To the Rescue.

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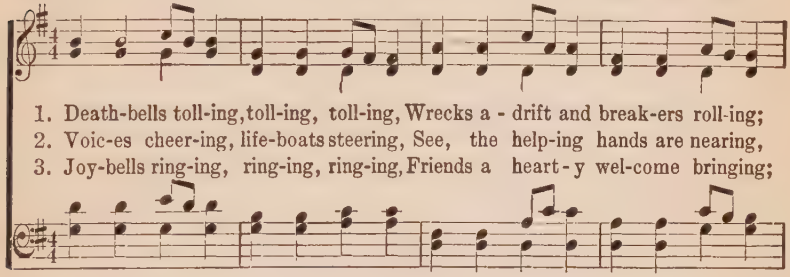
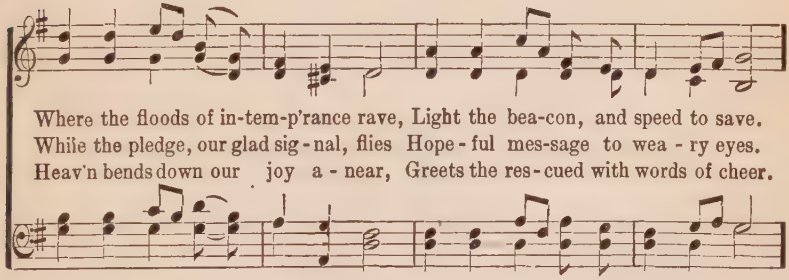
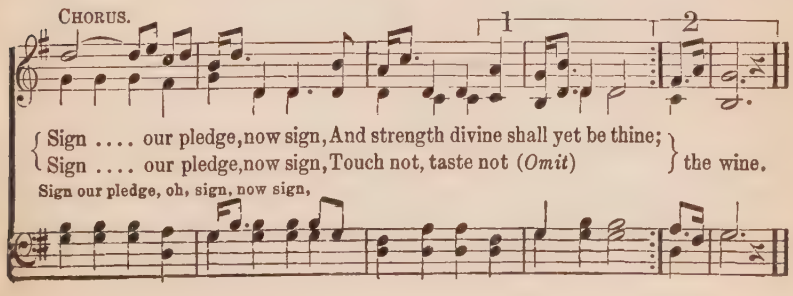
Priscilla J. Owens. Chas. Edw. Prior.







No. 126. Little Sunbeams.

Eben E. Rexford, COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I think God gives the chil - dren, As thro' the land they go,
2. The clouds may hide the sun - shine Of heav - en from our sight,
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sun - beams day by day,

The most de - light - ful mis - sion That an - y one can know;
And life have much of sor - row To mar the heart's de - light;
And scat - ter joy and bright - ness A - bout us all the way;

He wants us to be sun - beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
But if like faith-ful sun - beams, We chil - dren do our part,
Let's chase a - way life's shad - ows With lov - ing tho't and deed,

f. FINE.

To bright - en up the shad - ows That oft - en gath - er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright - ness To ev - 'ry shadowed heart.
And be the sun - shine-mak - ers Of which the world has need.
D.S.–*In all life's shad - y pla - ces We shine as best we can.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

O we are lit - tle sun - beams, Sent down from God to man;

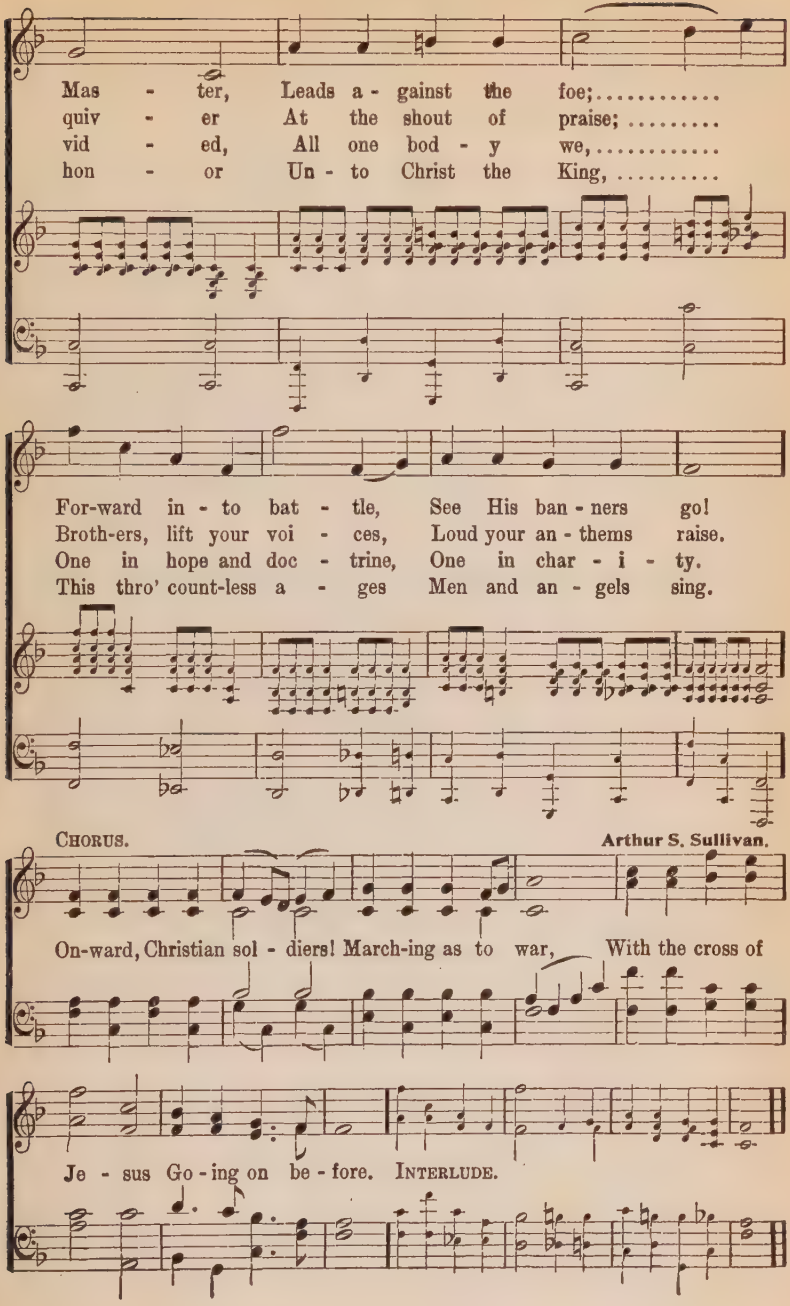
Special Selections

No. 128. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

To Prof. Chas. F. Allen.

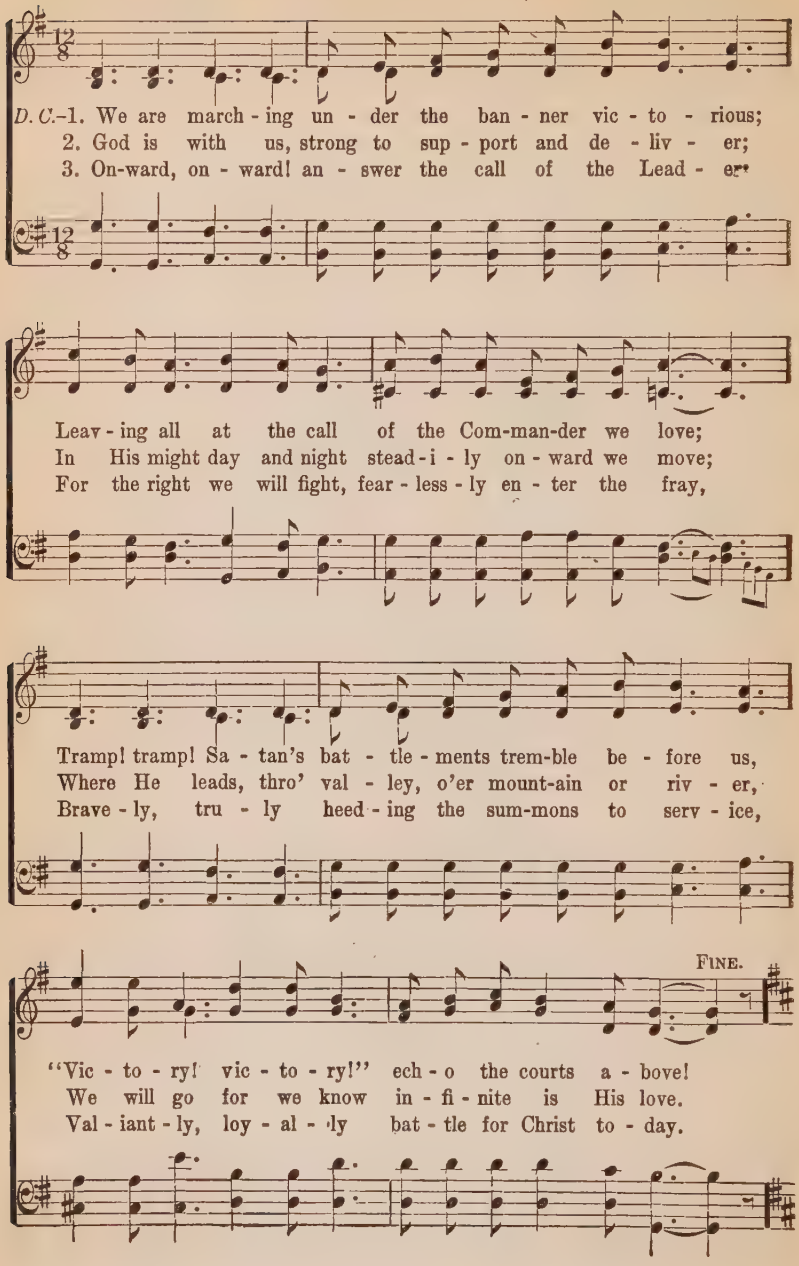
Sabine Baring-Gould. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

Onward, Christian Soldiers.



No. 129. The Song of Triumph.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.



The Song of Triumph.

CHORUS.

Strong to meet the foe, On to the field we brave - ly go,

Strong in faith we brave - - ly go, With

Tramp! tramp! tramp! March! march! march!

righteousness girded, with sword and shield, We bat - tle with sin on the o - pen field; We

Loy - al to com - mand, Shoul - der to shoul - der we will stand,

shoul - der close to shoul - der stand, And

"Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!" is our cry!

"Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!" is our cry, and "vic - to - ry" is our cry!

Chorus, D. C. 1st verse.

Glo - ry to Je - sus, We'll tri - umph by and by.

No. 130. Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

J. L. McDonald.

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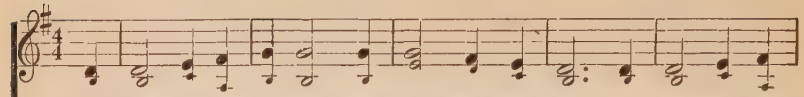
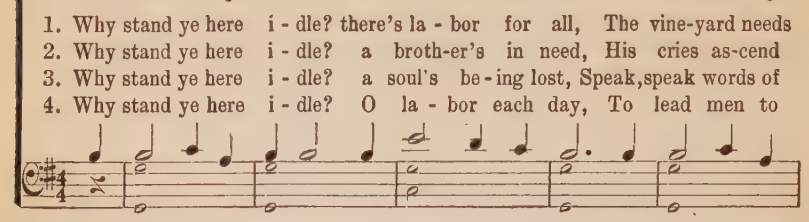
WORDS AND MUSIC.

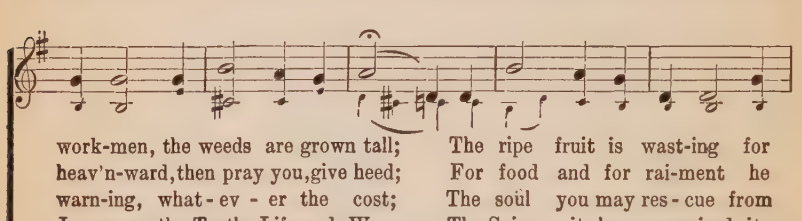
E. O. Excell.



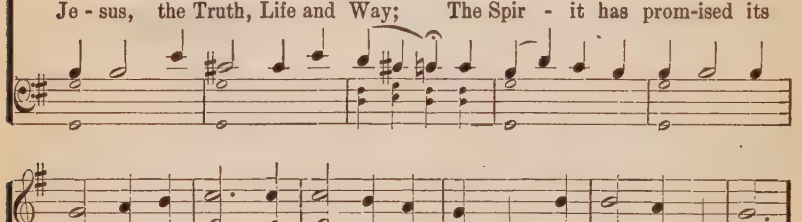
1. Why stand ye here i - dle? there's la - bor for all, The vine-yard needs
2. Why stand ye here i - dle? a broth-er's in need, His cries as-cend
3. Why stand ye here i - dle? a soul's be - ing lost, Speak, speak words of
4. Why stand ye here i - dle? O la - bor each day, To lead men to



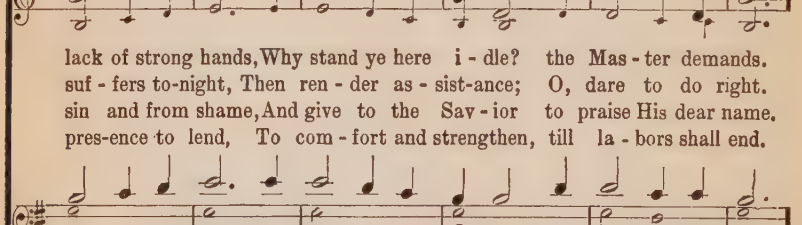
work-men, the weeds are grown tall; The ripe fruit is wast-ing for
heav'n-ward, then pray you, give heed; For food and for rai-ment he
warn-ing, what - ev - er the cost; The soul you may res - cue from
Je - sus, the Truth, Life and Way; The Spir - it has prom-ised its



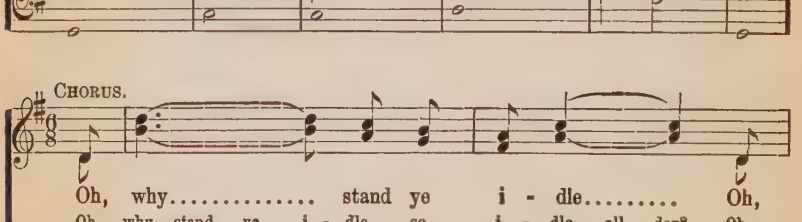
lack of strong hands, Why stand ye here i - dle? the Mas - ter demands.
suf - fers to-night, Then ren - der as - sist-ance; O, dare to do right.
sin and from shame, And give to the Sav - ior to praise His dear name.
pres-ence to lend, To com - fort and strengthen, till la - bors shall end.



CHORUS.



Oh, why..... stand ye i - dle..... Oh,
Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh,



Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

Why..... stand ye i - dle,.... Oh, why..... stand ye
Why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so

i - dle, ... i - - - dle all day? ..... The
i - dle all day, i - dle all day, i - dle all day? The

har - - vest is pass - ing,..... The har -
har - vest is pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is

vest is pass - ing ..... The har - - - vest is
pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is pass-ing, is

rit.

pass - ing ..... pass - - ing a - way.....
pass - ing a - way. pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way.

No. 131. Reapers for the Harvest.

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Eben Rexford. Samuel W. Beasley.

1. Lo! all read - y for the gath-'ring God's great har - vest stands;
2. "Great the need but few have answered," hear the Mas - ter say;
3. O ye i - dlers join the cho - rus of the har - vest song,

Hark! the reap - ers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;
From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?
Let its mu - sic rise to heav - en all the hills a - long;

Hear you not the call for work - men sound-ing o - ver hill and val-ley?
O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His har-vest,
Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean - ing in the by-ways,

An - swer quick - ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands.
An - swer "Mas-ter, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."
Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weak - est strong.

CHORUS.

Lo! the harvest ripe and read - y stands to-day; See, the
Lo! the har-vest ripe and read - y stands to - day, to - day; See the Mas-ter
Lo! the har - vest stand - ing read - y, See the

Reapers for the Harvest.

Master cometh, and He comes this way, Seeking for reapers, let us
com - eth, and He comes, He comes this way,

Mas - ter comes this way; He seek - eth reap - ers;

answer one and all, For a great reward is offered if we heed His call.
quickly,

an - swer quick - ly,

A-wake, a-wake, the harvest waits on ev - 'ry hill and plain;
See, the har-vest waits on ev - 'ry hill, on hill and plain:

See, the har - vest waits for reap - ers;

Go, and gath-er in the sheaves of golden grain; Reap-ing and bind-ing
Go and gather in the sheaves of gold - en grain, quickly;

Go, and gath - er for the Mas - ter; Reap - ing, bind-

rit.

ere the harvest pass a - way, Answer quickly, "We will work to-day."
go ye,

ing ere the harvest pass a - way.

No. 132. A Song of Victory.

Charlotte G. Homer

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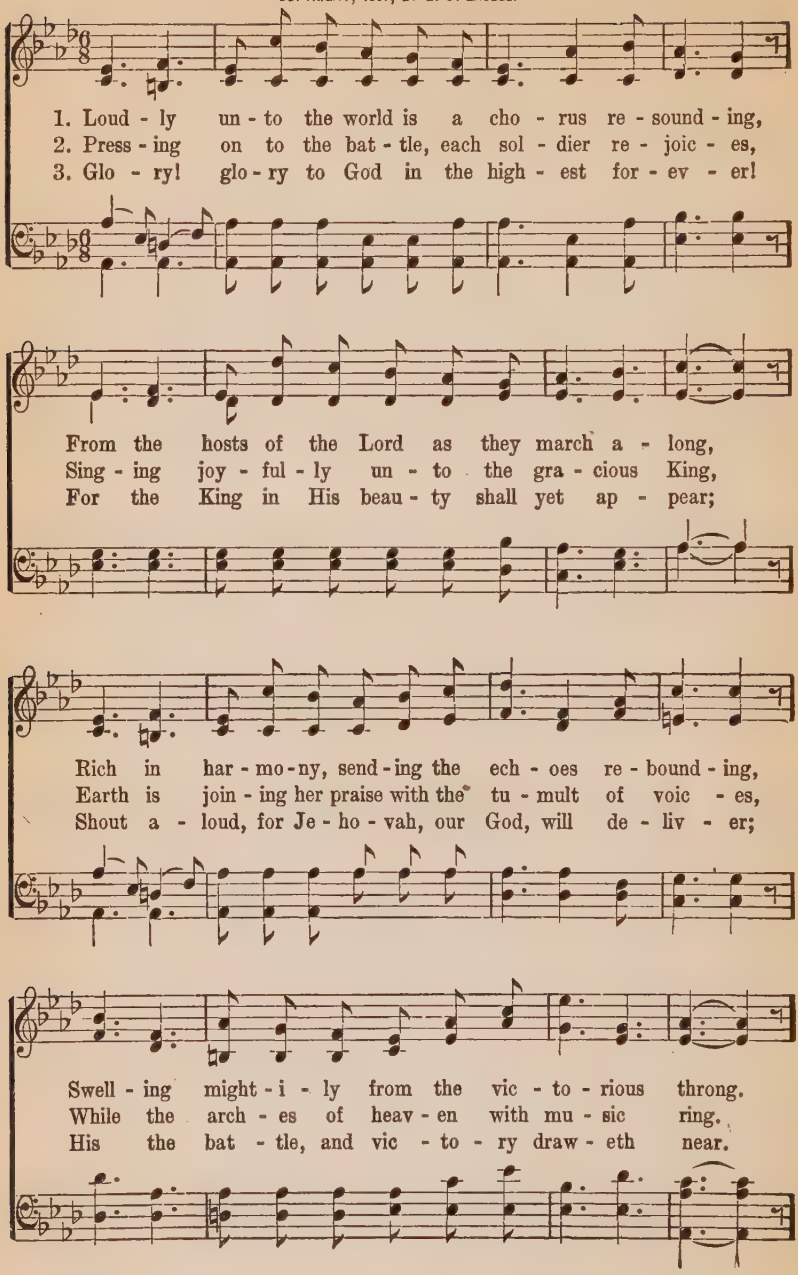
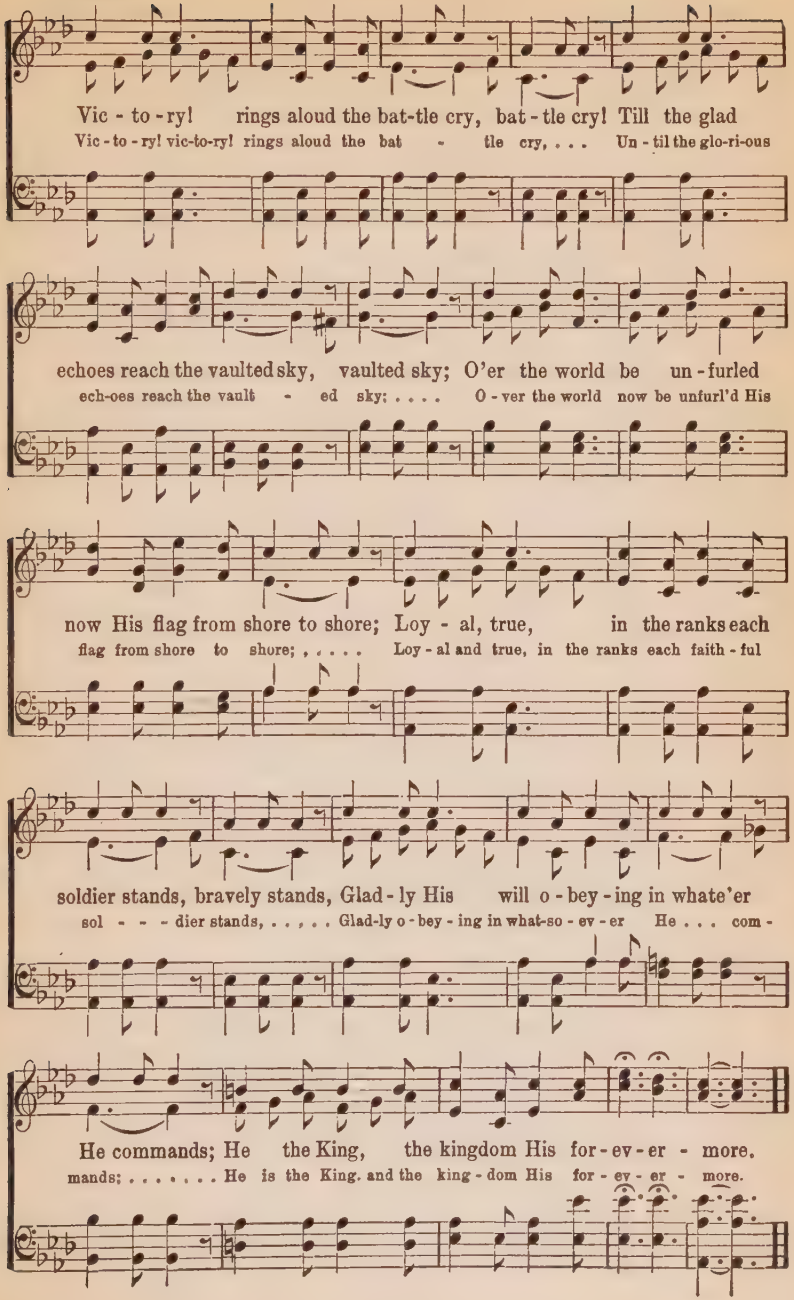
Chas. H. Gabriel.



A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.



No. 133. Fearless, I'll Follow.

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Rev. James Lawson. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Fred H. Byshe.

p *rit.*

Andante con espressivo. *slowly.*

1. I will fol - low Thee my Sav - ior, Where-so-e'er my lot may be;
2. Tho' I meet with trib - u - la - tions, Sore-ly tempt-ed tho' I be,

Melody ben marcato.

ten. *rit.*

Where Thou go - est, I will fol - low, Yes, my Lord, I'll fol - low Thee.
I re-mem - ber Thou wast tempted, And re - joice to fol - low Thee.

Tho' 'tis lone, and dark, and drear-y, Cheer - less tho' my path may be,
Tho' to Jor-dan's roll - ing billows, Cold and deep, Thou lead-est me.

p

Fearless, I'll Follow.

Con brio *ten.*

If Thy voice I hear be - fore me, Fear-less - ly I'll fol - low Thee.
Thou hast crossed its waves be-fore me, And I still will fol - low Thee.

ff

CHORUS. *Spiritoso* *rall.*

I will fol - low Thee, my Savior; Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;
I will follow Thee, my Sav - ior; Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;

A tempo. *risoluto.*

And tho' all men should forsake Thee, By Thy grace I'll fol-low Thee.
And tho' all men should forsake Thee, By Thy pow'r and grace I'll fol-low Thee.

ff *fz*

No. 134. Rock of Ages,

A. M. Toplady. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.

1. Rock of A - - ges cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet - - ing breath,

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh! Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, While I draw this fleeting breath,

Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Could my zeal no lan - - guor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Could my zeal no languor know, Oh! Could my zeal no languor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death, Yes, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to world's un - known,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood
These for sin could not a - tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to world's un-known, Yes, When I rise to world's unknown,

Rock of Ages.

From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
Thou must save and Thou a - lone,
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne;

From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd, Yes, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
Thou must save and Thou a - lone, Yes, Thou must save and Thou a - lone,
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Yes, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

rit.

Be of sin the doub - - le cure,
In my hand no price I bring;
Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me,

rit.

Be of sin the doub-le cure, Yes, Be of sin the doub-le cure,
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

Repeat pp

Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Repeat pp.

Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling, Lord, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 135. His Love for Me.

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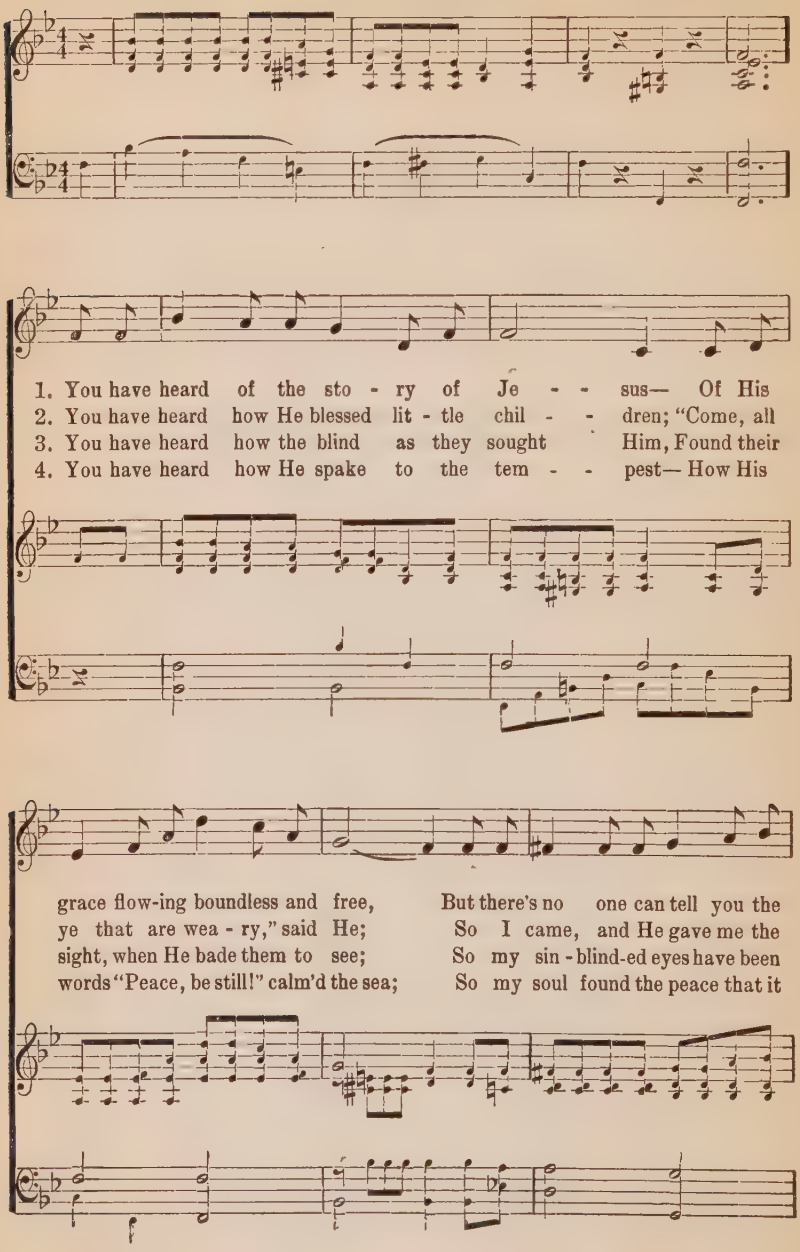
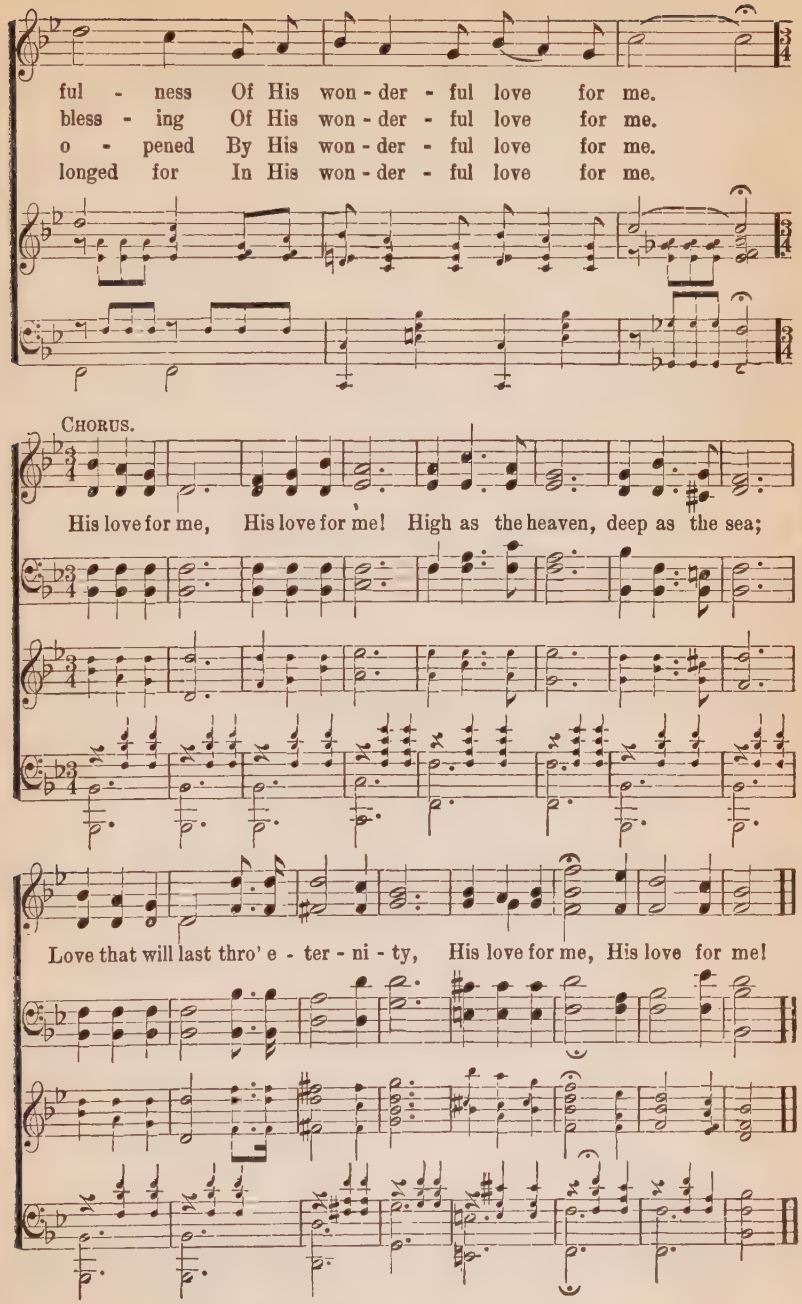
F. M. Eastwood. Fred H. Byshe.



His Love for Me.



No. 136. Behold, I Stand at the Door.

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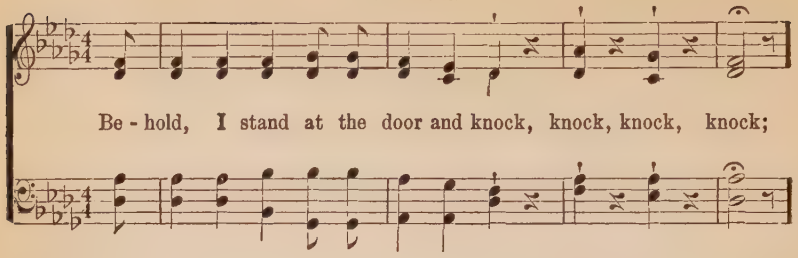
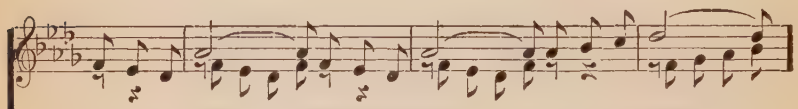
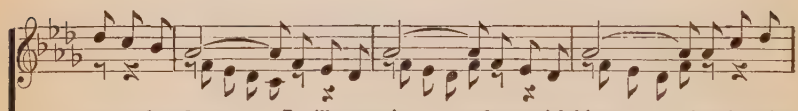
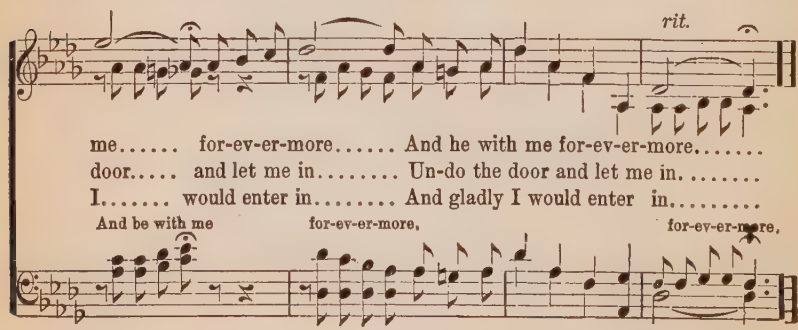
F. M. D. WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank M. Davis.









SELECTED HYMNS

No. 137. O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Haydn.

1. O wor-ship the King all-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we

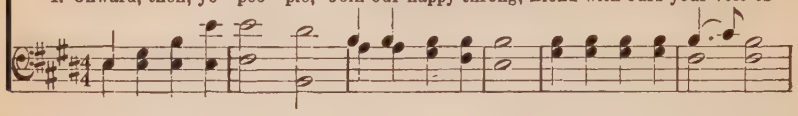
sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
light, whose can-o-py space; His cha-riots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how

An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
thun-der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend.

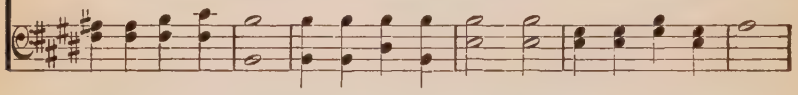
No. 138. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Arthur Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol - diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread - ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic-es

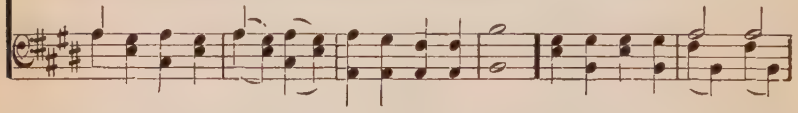


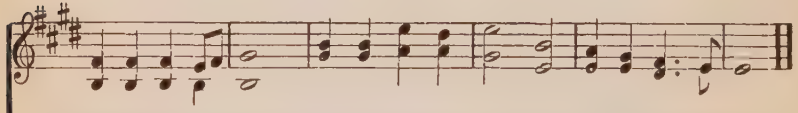
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,



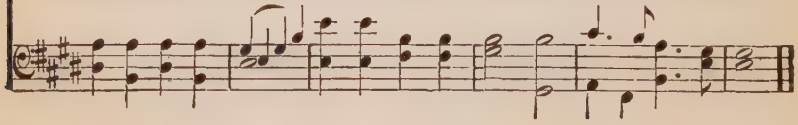
REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle. See His ban-ner go!
Brotners, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol-diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.



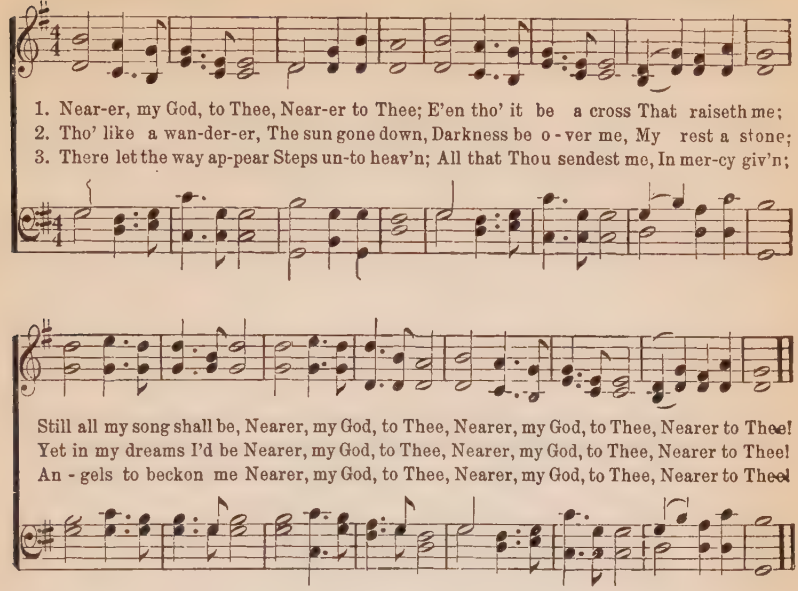


Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.



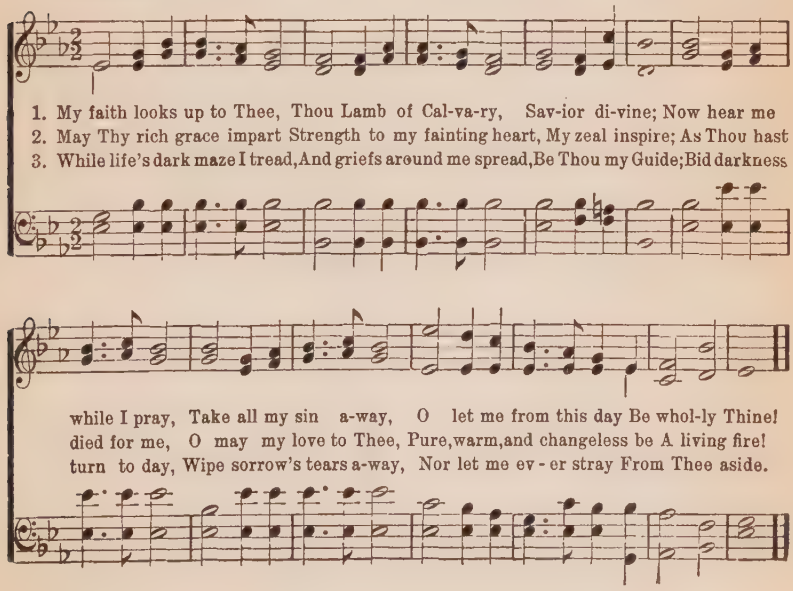
No. 139. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.



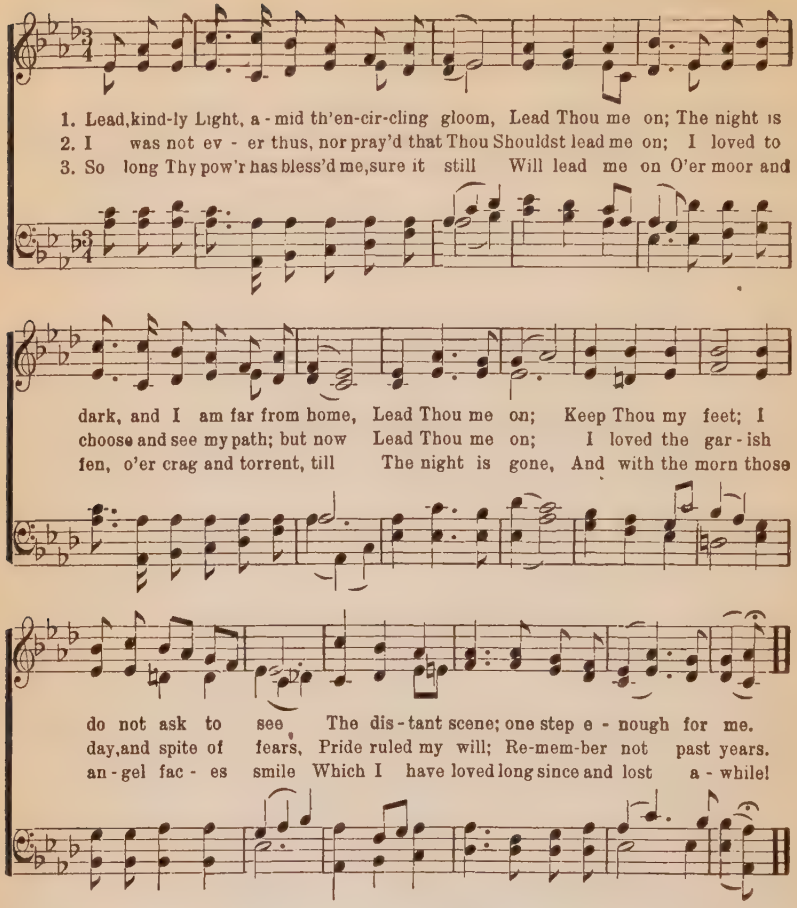
No. 140, My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



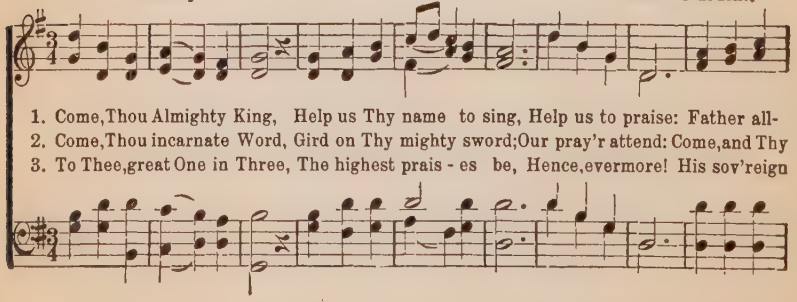
No. 141. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

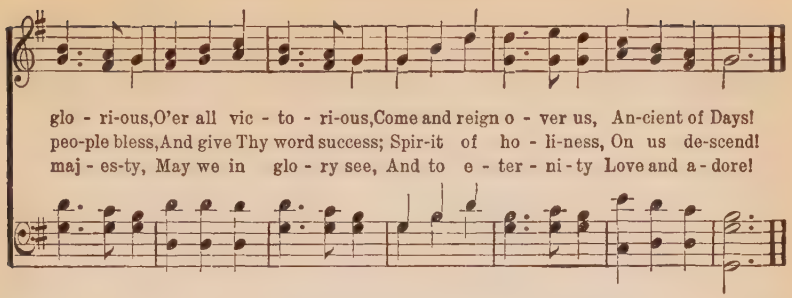


No. 142. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.

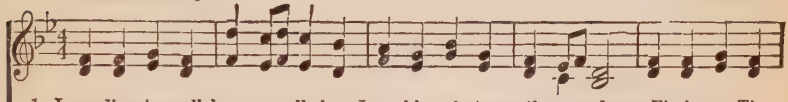


Come, Thou Almighty King.

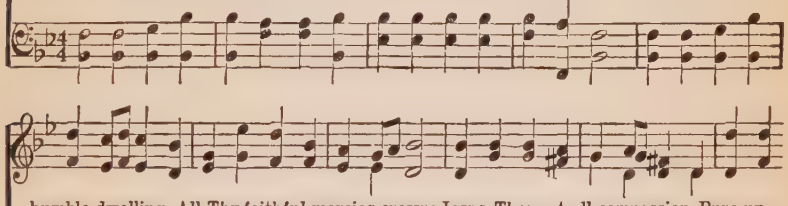


No. 143. Love Divine.

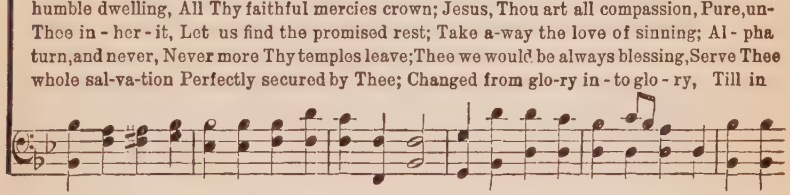
Charles Wesley. **John Zundel.**



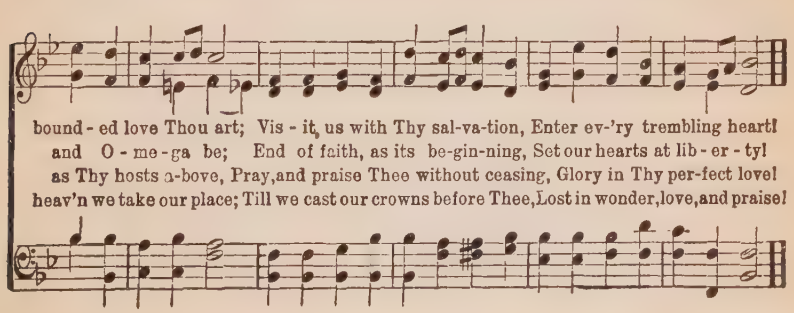
1. Love di - vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast! Let us all in
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive; Sud-den-ly re-
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre-a - tion, Pure and spotless may we be; Let us see our



humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown; Jesus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, un-
Thee in - her - it, Let us find the promised rest; Take a-way the love of sinning; Al - pha
turn, and never, Never more Thy temples leave; Thee we would be always blessing, Serve Thee
whole sal-va-tion Perfectly secured by Thee; Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in



bound - ed love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal-va-tion, Enter ev-'ry trembling heart!
and O - me - ga be; End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty!
as Thy hosts a-bove, Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glory in Thy per-fect love!
heav'n we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise!



No. 144. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 145. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

:S: FINE.

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re-turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless;

D. S.-And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.-And glad - ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.-I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

D. S.

In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief,
With such I hast - en to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,

No. 146. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cum - bered wilh a load of care?—

:S: FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

D. S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,

No. 147. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the strength of
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies

di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all, Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all, Go spread your trophies at His feet,

And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 148. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the

roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

No. 149. Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleed - ing heart.
Cast down ev - ery i - dol-throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

No. 150. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea:
D. C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

D. C.

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Chart and compass came from Thee;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 151. Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

John Newton. F. J. Hadyn.

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;
   He whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a-bode;
2. See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, Spring-ing from e-ter-nal love,
   Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move;
3. Round each hab-i-ta-tion hov'r-ing, See the cloud and fire ap-pear,
   For a glo-ry and a cov'r-ing, Show-ing that the Lord is near.

On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
Who can faint while such a riv-er Ev-er flows their thirst t'as-suage?
Blest in-hab-i-tants of Zi-on, Washed in the Re-deem-er's blood!

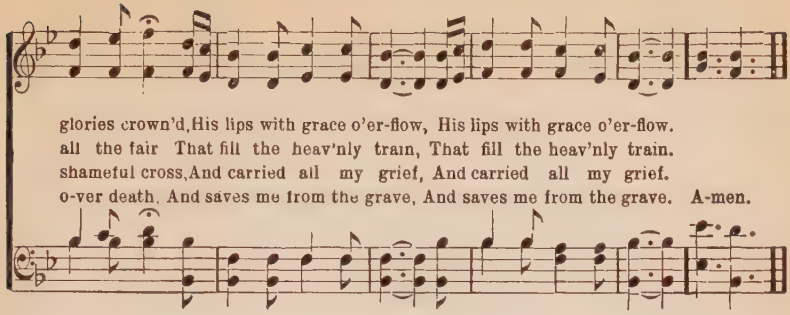
With sal-va-tion's wall sur-rounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace which like the Lord, the Giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age.
Je-sus, whom their souls re-ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God. Amen.

No. 152. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

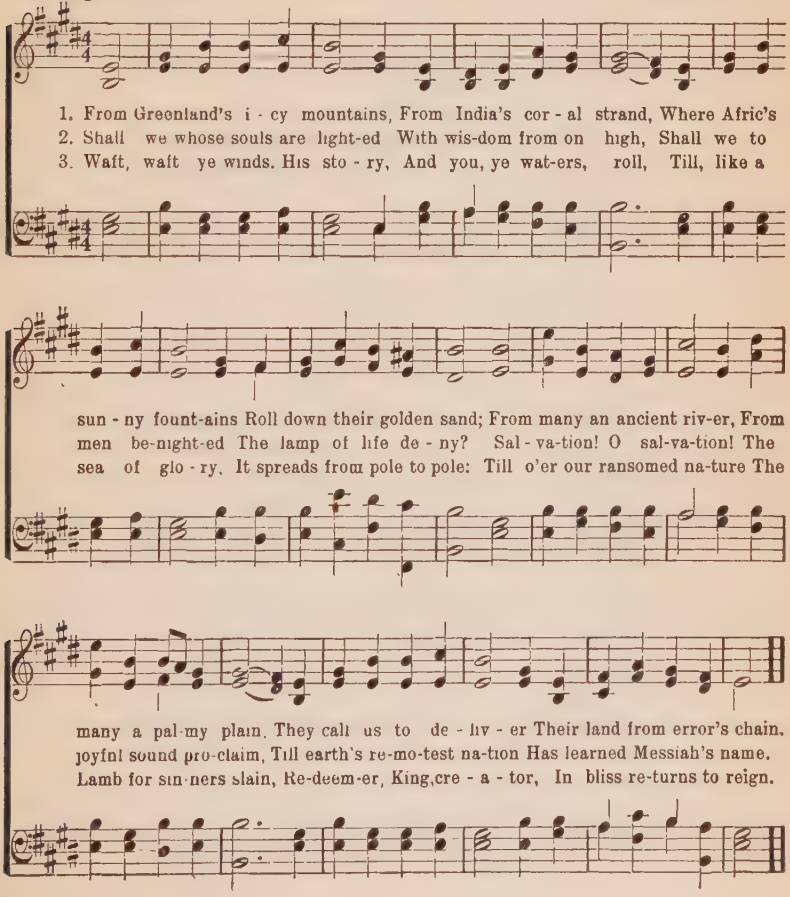
1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Savior's brow; His head with radiant
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair-er is He than
3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He bore the
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.



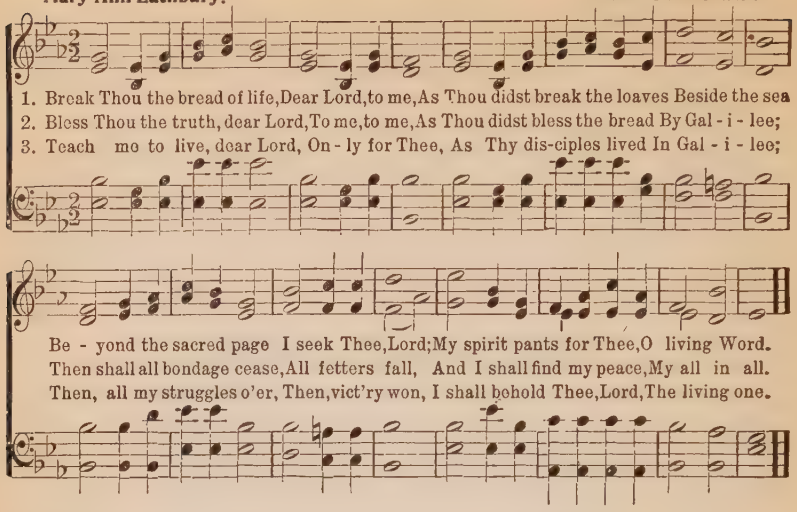
No. 153. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. **Lowell Mason.**



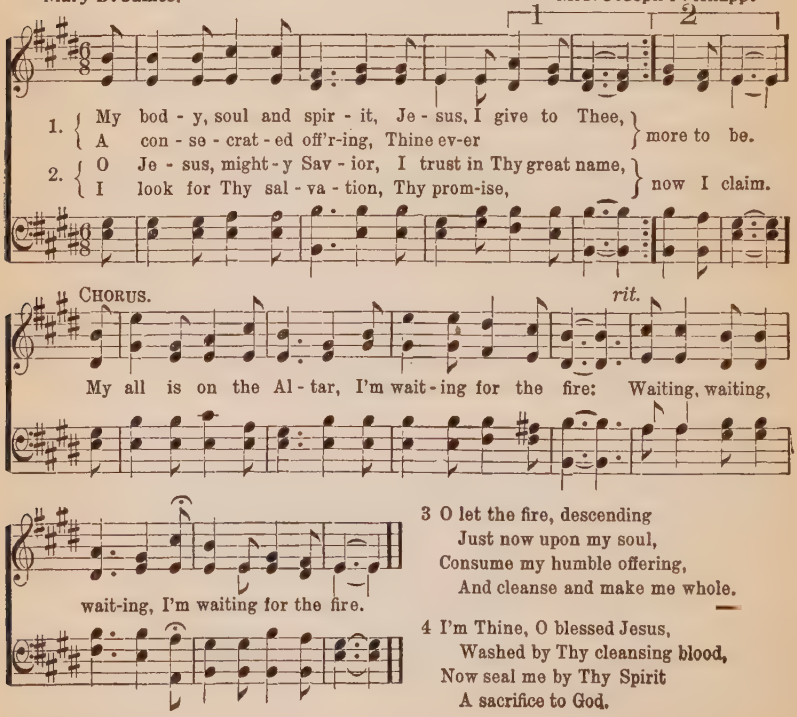
No. 154. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.



No. 155. My Body, Soul and Spirit.

Mary D. James. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.



3 O let the fire, descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.

4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by Thy cleansing blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.

No. 156. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the

CHORUS.

give you rest By trusting in His word.
crim-son flood That washes white as snow.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
{ He will save you, He will save you,

On - ly trust Him now;
He will . . . . . } save you now.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

No. 157. Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.

1. Je-sus calls us: o'er the tumult Of our life's wild restless sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each idol that would

soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me."
keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 158. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

William Cowper. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. { There is a fount - ain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains. }

CHORUS.

Sav-ior, wash . . . . . me in the blood, Sav-ior, wash . . . . . me
Sav-ior, wash me in the blood, in the bbood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood,

in the blood; O And I shall be whit-er than the snow.
in the blood, the blood of the Lamb; O

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

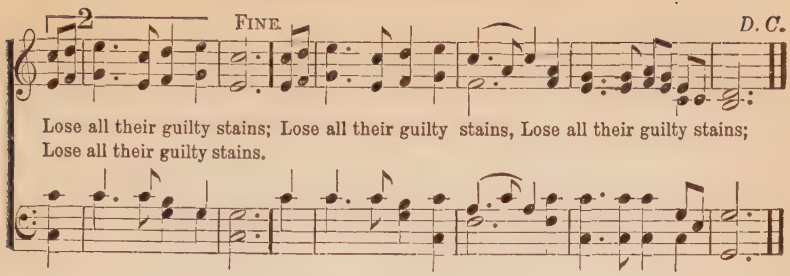
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 159. There is a Fountain.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins,
And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood,
D. C.—And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood, }

There is a Fountain,



No. 160. My Happy Home.

Anon. E. O. Excell.

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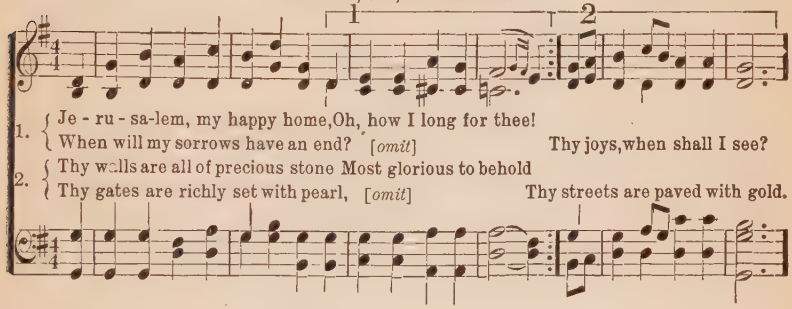
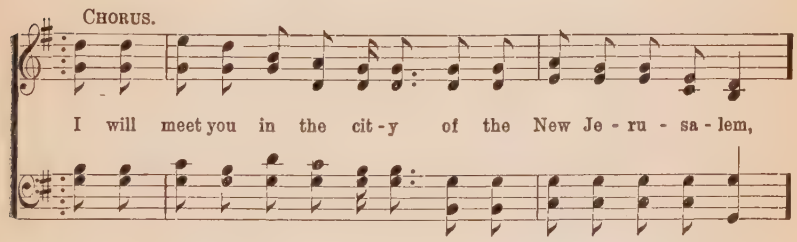
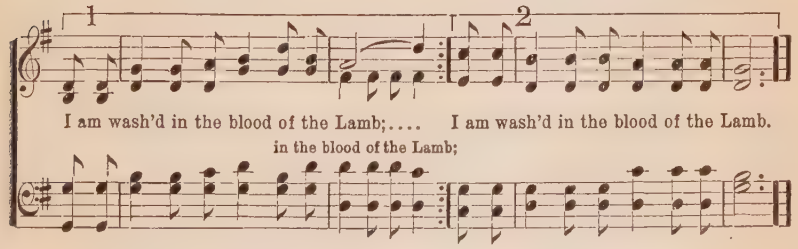




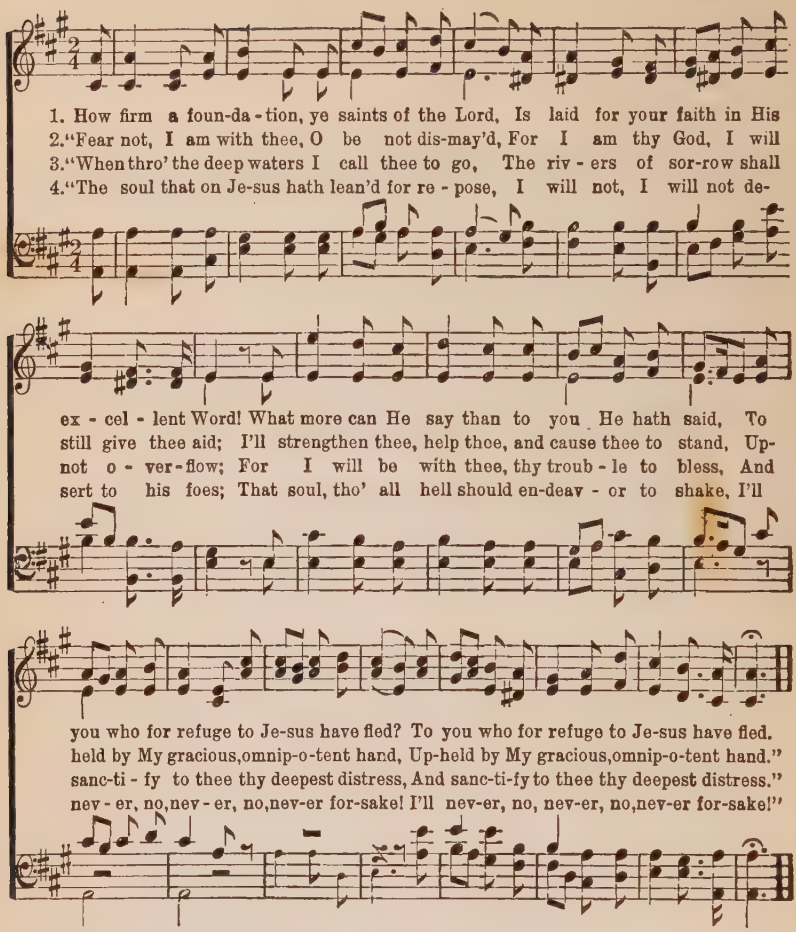


3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams
My study long have been—
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up
And praises never end,

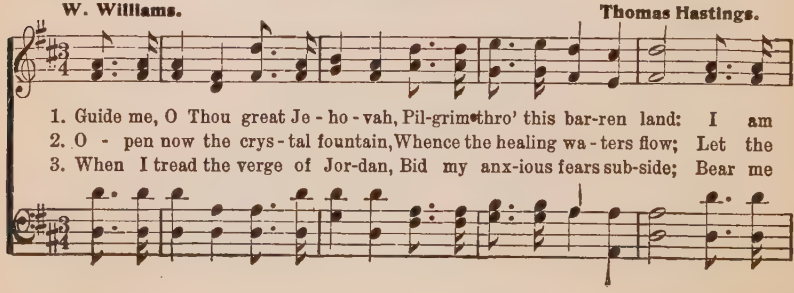
No. 161. How Firm a Foundation!

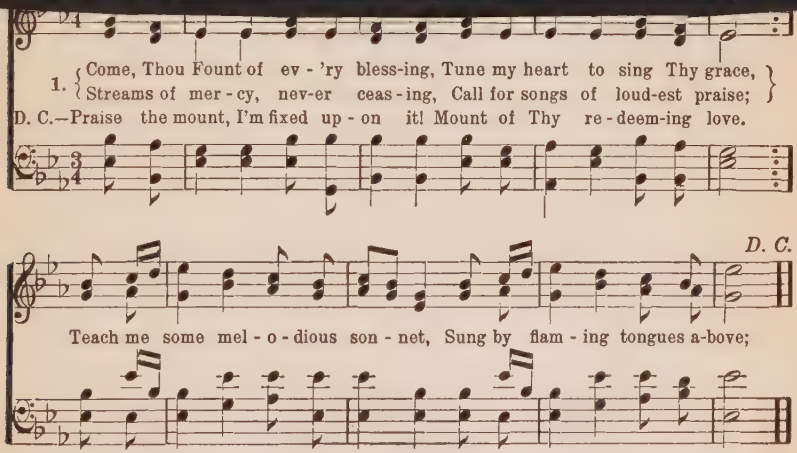
George Keith. M. Portogallo.



No. 162. Guide Me.

W. Williams. Thomas Hastings.





2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 165. Return, O Wanderer.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O, wanderer, return;
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

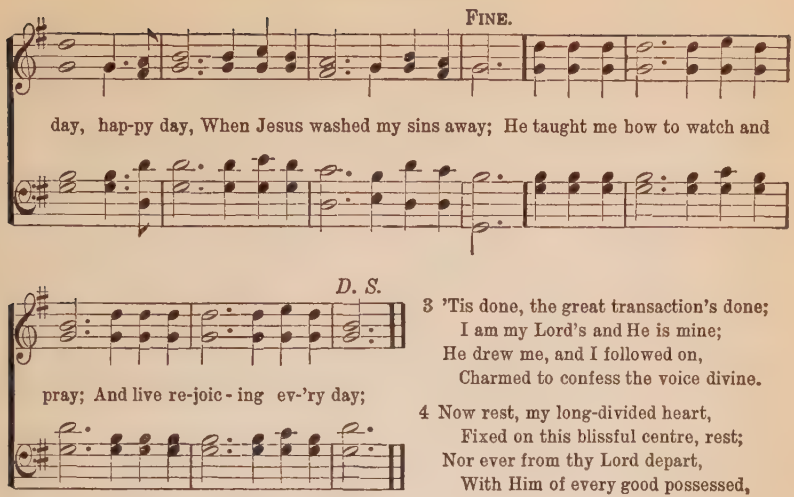
No. 166. O Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior, and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all abroad. Hap-py

2. O hap-py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. Hap-py

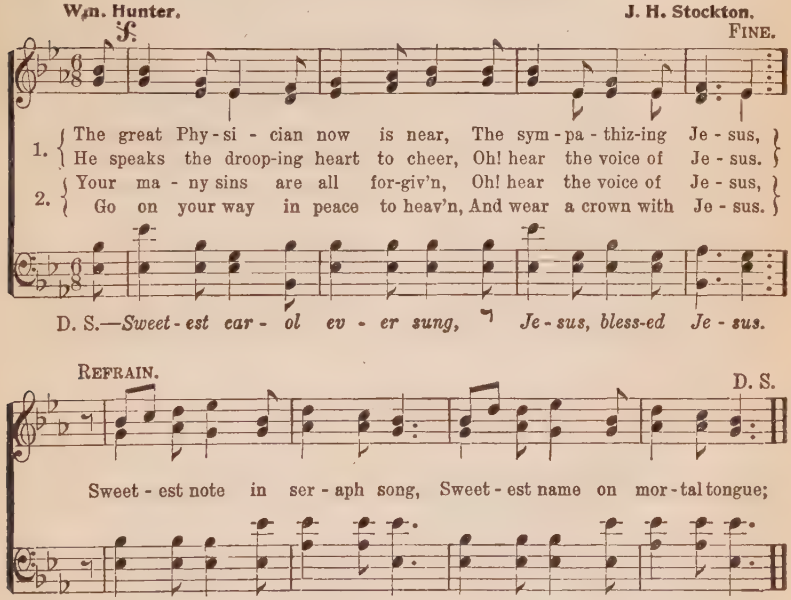
O Happy Day.



3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed,

No. 167. The Great Physician.

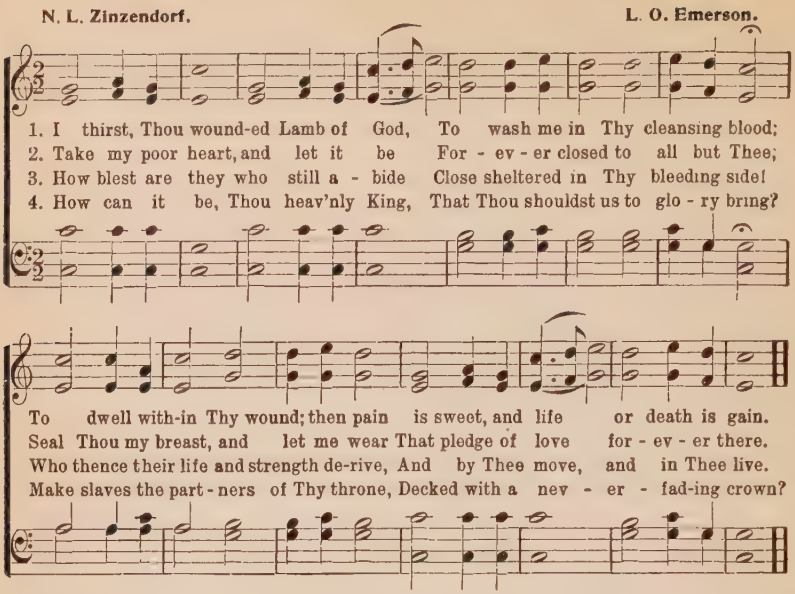


3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 168. I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb.

N. L. Zinzendorf. L. O. Emerson.



No. 169.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place where all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

No. 170.

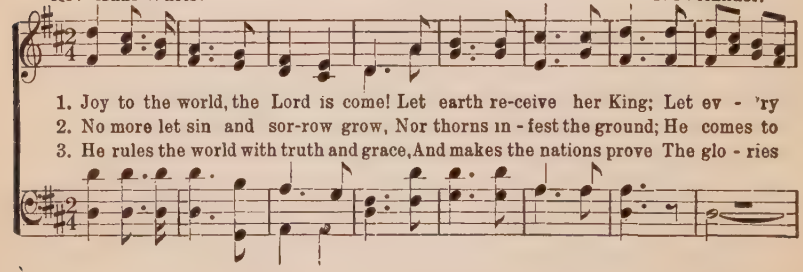
1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at the cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

No. 171. Joy to the World.

Rev Isaac Watts. C. F. Handel.



Joy to the World.

heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
make His bless - ing flow Far as the curse is found, Far
of His right - eous - ness, And won-ders of His love, And

And heav'n and na - ture

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won - ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

No. 172. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

1. { Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid springing
D. C.-Work for the night is com - ing, When man's work is

FINE. D. C.

flow'rs. Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No, 173. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**

1. { Safely thro' an-oth-er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, } Waiting in His courts today.

2. { While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy rec-on-cil-ed face, } Take away our sin and shame;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest; of e-ter-nal rest.
From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast,

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 174. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath, **Lowell Mason.**

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are press-ing
2. O watch, and fight and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly ev-ry

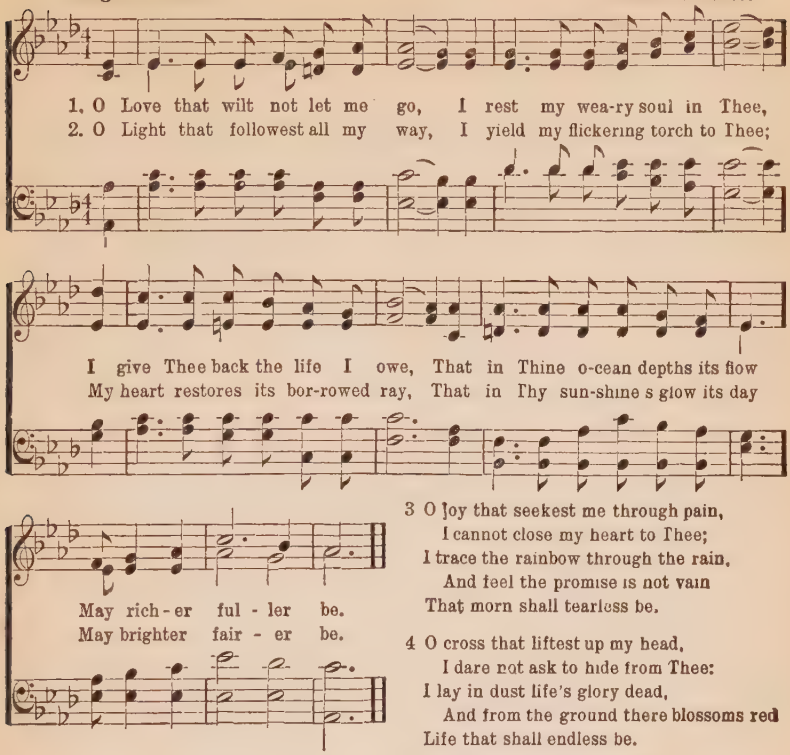
hard To draw thee from the skies.
day, And help di-vine im-plore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay Thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till Thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring me to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

No. 175. O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.

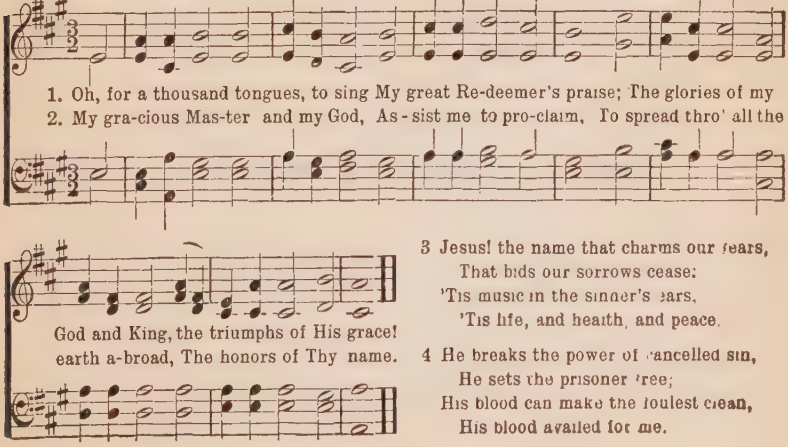


3 O joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to hide from Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

No. 176. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. Carl Glasser.



3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

No. 177. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans-ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vile-ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

No. 178. The Old Time Religion.

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Anon. Arr. by Charlie D. Tillman.

CHO.—*'Tis the old time re - lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re- ligion, And it's good e-nough for me.*

1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good e-nough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 179. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. HOLY SPIRIT. M. M. Wells.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the christian's side,
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - est land. }

D.C.–Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear;
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 190 Joh

No. 181. Stand Up For Jesus.

George Duffield. G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His royal ban-ner,
D. S.—Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished,

FINE. D. S.

It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic-t'ry His ar-my shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in-deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

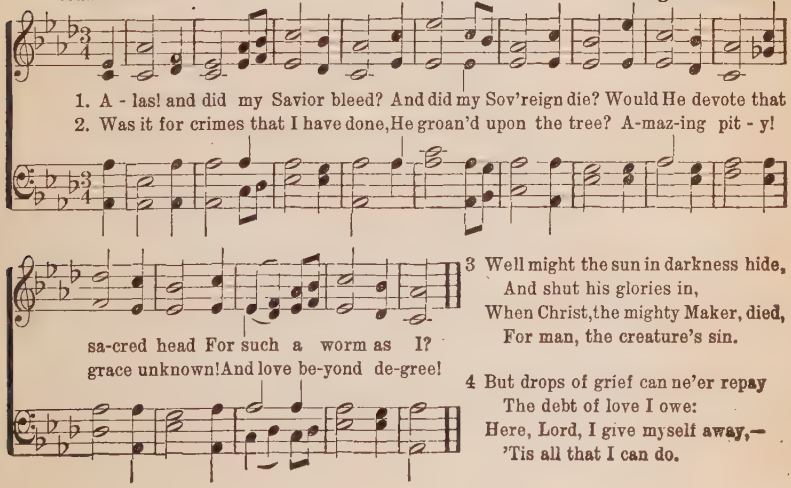
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

No. 182, Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

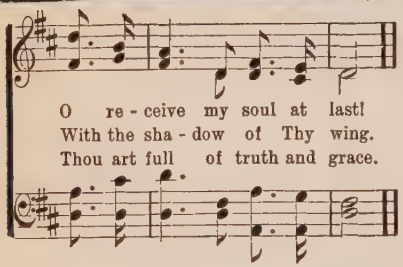
No. 184. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.



3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

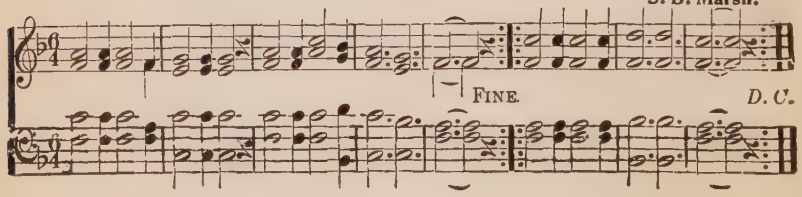
4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.



4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 186. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.



RESPONSIVE READINGS

No. 187. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho - ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,
gold-en crowns A - round the glass - y sea; Cher-u-bim and Sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,

Mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev - er-more shalt be.
There is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in Love, and pur - i - ty.

No. 188. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Leader:—Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory.

Sing:—Holy, holy, holy! Lord God, etc.

Leader:—For Thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness; neither shall evil dwell with Thee.

Response:—But Thou art holy, O Thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

Sing:—Holy, holy, holy! All the saints, etc.

Leader:—Exalt ye the Lord our God and worship at His footstool; for He is holy.

Response:—And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him, and they were full of eyes within, and they rest not day and night saying, Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!

Sing:—Holy, holy, holy! Thro' the, etc.

No. 189. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par - don
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light I'll ev - er a - dore Thee

of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem-er, my Sav - ior art Thou;
on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow:
Thou lend-est me breath, And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow:
in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow:

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!

No. 190. God's Love.

Sing.—My Jesus, I love Thee,

Leader.—For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.

Response.—But God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

Leader.—And he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Response.—Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.

Sing.—I love Thee because etc.

Leader.—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Response.—Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Leader.—We love him because he first loved us.

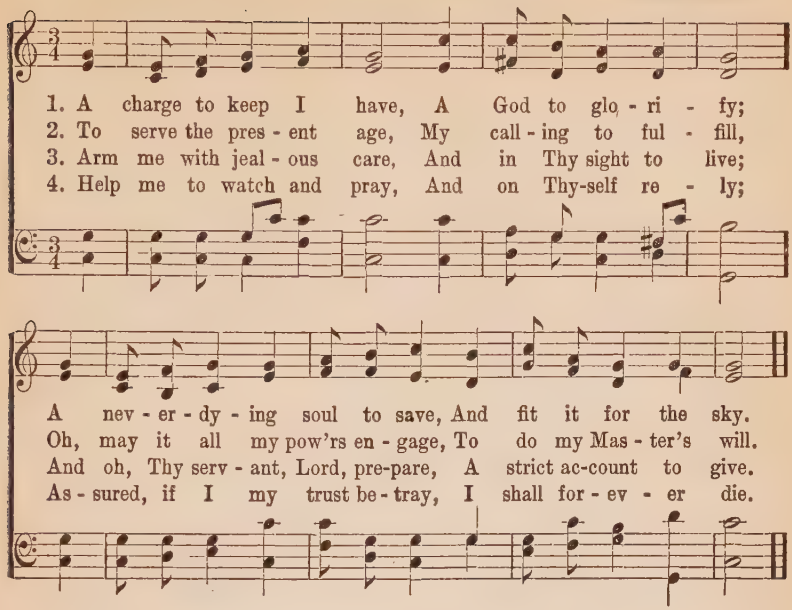
Sing.—I will love Thee etc.

Leader.—Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

Sing.—In mansions of glory, etc.

No. 191. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



No. 192, Remember Thy Greator.

Leader.—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Serve Him with gladness, and magnify His name forever.

Response.—What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me! I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

Leader.—Give us, O Lord, the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

Response.—Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

Leader.——Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.

Response.—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Leader.—The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

Response,—She is more precious than rubies.

Leader.—And all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Response.—Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

Leader.—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Response.—She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

Leader.—And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your knowledge, temperance.

Response.—And to temperance, patience.

Leader.—And to patience, godliness.

Response.—And to godliness, brotherly kindness.

Leader.—And to brotherly kindness, charity.

Sing.—A Charge to Keep I have.

No. 193. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,

For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove,
Who has shown us our Sav - ior And scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins And has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le - lu - jah! a-men! Re-vive us a-gain.

No. 194. God So Loved the World.

Leader:—For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Response:—In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live thro' Him.

Leader:—Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

Sing:—We praise Thee, etc.

Leader:—But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

Response:—When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth; for He shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will show you things to come.

Leader:—He shall glorify me; for He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.

Sing:—We praise Thee, etc.

Leader:—And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands.

Response:—Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing.

Sing:—All glory, etc.

SELECTED PSALMS

No. 195. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Sing No. 174

My Soul Be on Thy Guard.

No. 196. PSALM 5.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

Sing No. 150

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

No. 197 PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Sing No. 176

Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

No. 198. PSALM 15

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Sing No. 189

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

No. 199. PSALMS 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not trangress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Sing No. 162.

Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

No. 200. PSALM 19.

1 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure enlightening the eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judjments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also honey and the honeycomb.

5 Morevover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

6 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

Sing No. 154.

Break Thou the Bread.

No 201. PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Sing No. 109.

I Can Hear my Savior Calling.

No. 202. PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

Sing No. 137.

O Worship the King, etc.

No. 203. PSALM 27.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

Sing No. 142.

Come Thou Almighty King.

No. 204. PSALM 32.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me above with songs of deliverance. Selah.

Sing No. 144

Rock of Ages.

No. 205. PSALM 34.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.

Sing No, 140

My Faith Looks up to Thee.

No. 206. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desireth truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Sing No. 177

I am Coming Lord.

No. 207. PSALM 61.

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of them that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God forever; O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto thy name forever, that I may daily perform my vows.

Sing No. 85.

I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

No. 208. PSALM 63.

1 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctury.

3 Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee; thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Sing No. 71.

The Wondrous Cross.

No. 209. PSALM 65

1 Praise waitheth for thee, O God in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou chooseth, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts, we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even thy holy temple.

5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation: who are the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.

6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power.

7 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Sing No. 151.

Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

No. 210. PSALM 67.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase. and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Sing No. 94.

Count Your Blessings.

No. 211. PSALL 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Sing No. 151

Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

No. 212, PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

Sing No. 139

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

No. 213. PSALM 93.

1 The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is established, and cannot be moved.

2 Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting.

3 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

5 The testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

Sing No. 187

Holy, Holy, Holy.

No. 214. PSALM 95.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it; and his hand formed the dry land.

6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Sing No. 137

O Worship the King.

No. 215. PSALM 98.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things; his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

2 The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truths toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth; make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

8 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together.

9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

Sing No. 147.

All Hail the Power.

No 216. PSALM 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment of all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Sing No. 166.

O Happy Day.

No. 217. PSALM 119.

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes.

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

Sing No. 65.

More Like Jesus.

No. 218. PSALM 122.

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5 For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

9 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

Sing No. 151.

Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

PATRIOTIC SONGS

No. 219. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

tramp-ling out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored, He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the ev - 'ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; Oh, be swift, my
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to

:8: FINE.

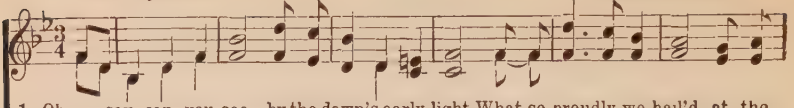
fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
righteous sentence by the dim and glar - ing lamps; His day is marching on.
soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet; Our God is marching on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is marching on.

CHORUS. 1 *D. S. after Repeat.*

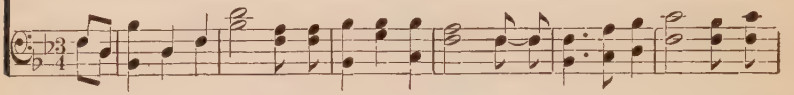
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

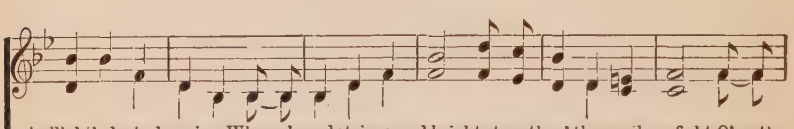
No. 220. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Solo or Quartet. **Francis Scott Key.**

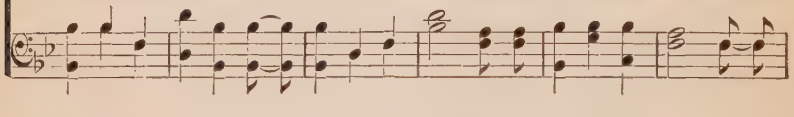


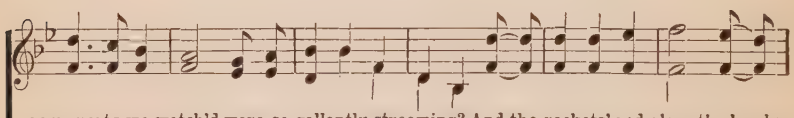
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their lov'd home and the



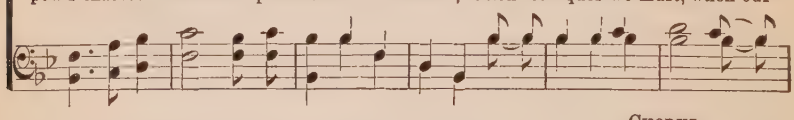


twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it
bat - tle's con - fu-sion A home and a coun-try should leave us no more? Their
war's des-o-la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land Praise the



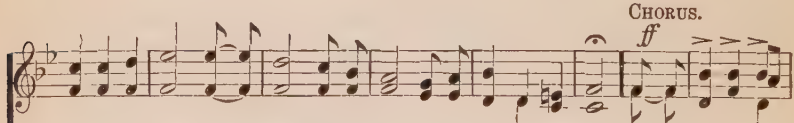


ram - parts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the
blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol-lu-tion, No ref-uge could save the
pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion, Then con-quer we must, when our

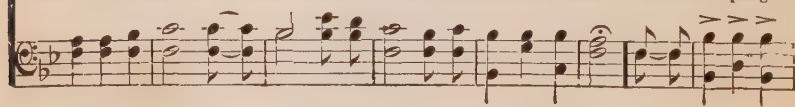


CHORUS.

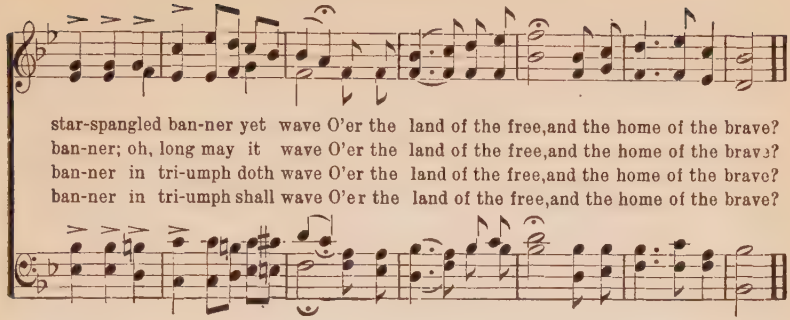
ff



bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there, Oh, say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled
hireling and slave, From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave; And the star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

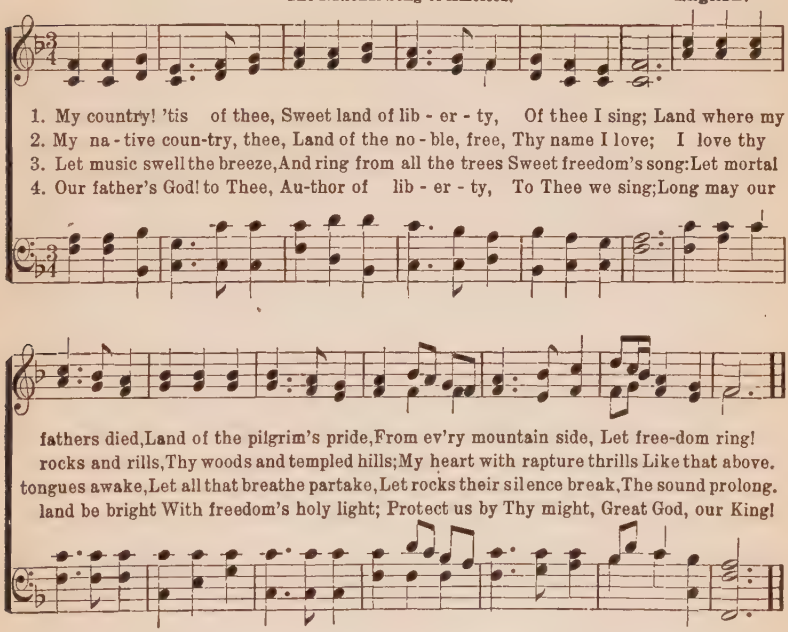


The Star-Spangled Banner.



No. 221. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.



No. 222, God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2.

Thro' every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King,
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

No. 223. The Red, White and Blue.

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de-form,
3. Then sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;

The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, A world offers homage to thee,
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Columbia rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!

Thy mandates make heroes as-sem-ble, When lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her; When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice u-ni-ted, ne'er sev-er, But they to their colors prove true!

:S: FINE.

Thy banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue.
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue.
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

D. S.

GLORIOUS HYMNS.

Supplement.

No. 224. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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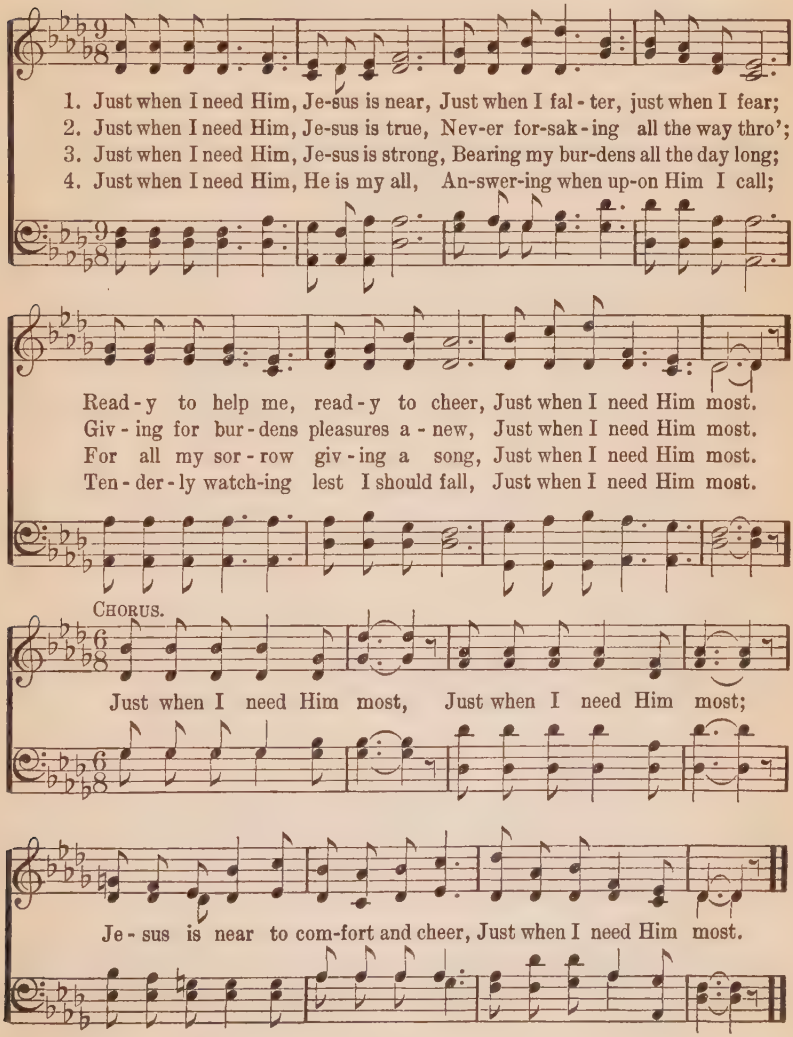
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 225. My Savior's Love.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My Sav-ior's love my spir - it feeds, And keeps my way-ward feet
2. My Sav-ior's love, His price-less love My ran-somed be - ing fills,
3. When trouble waves a-round me roll, When dark the night and long,
4. While here His love my hope shall be, My theme in heav'n a - bove;

Up - on the nar - row path that leads To life and joy com - plete.
That gift a - lone— all gifts a - bove, My rap-tured spir - it thrills.
My Sav-ior's love il - lumes my soul, And fills my heart with song.
My song for all e - ter - ni - ty Shall be my Sav-ior's love.

CHORUS.

My Savior's love, my Sav-ior's love, My blessed Sav-ior's love!.....
bound - less love!

This life to me would joy - less be With-out my bless-ed Sav-ior's love.

No. 226. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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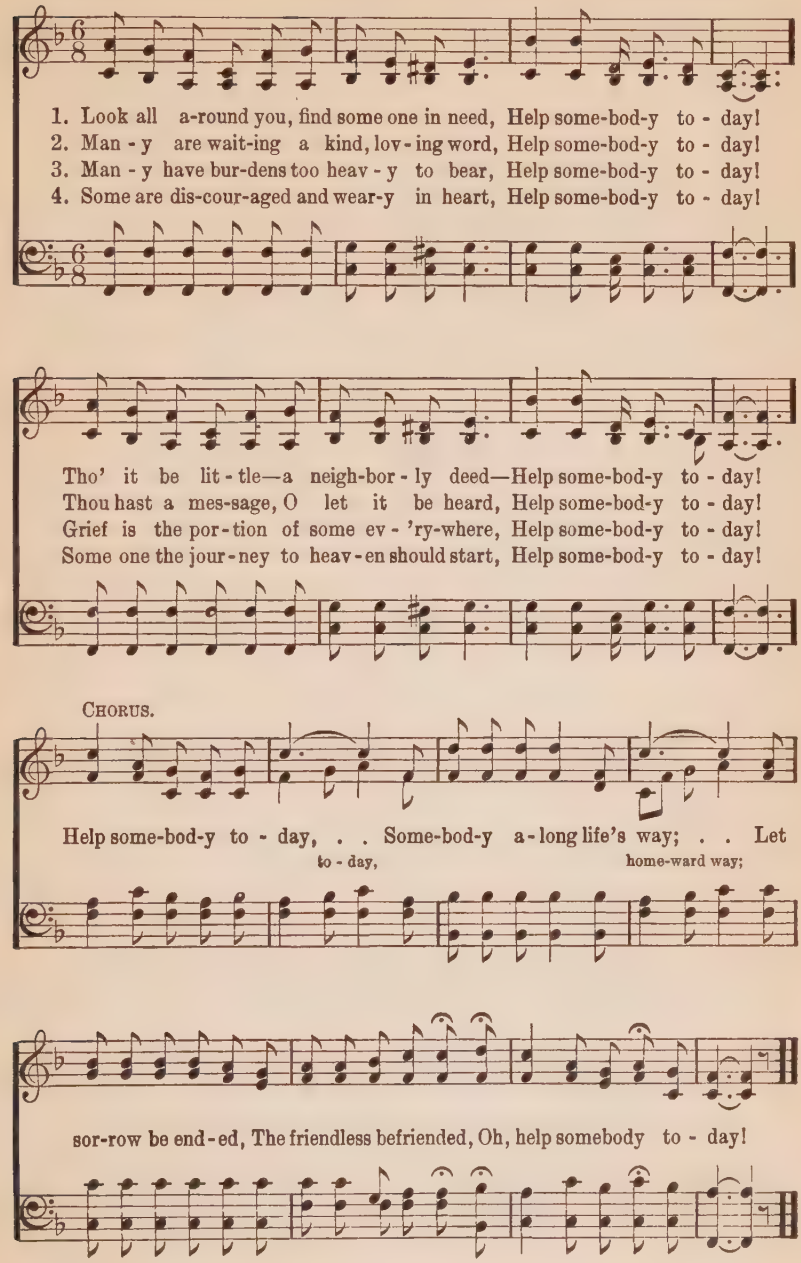
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 227. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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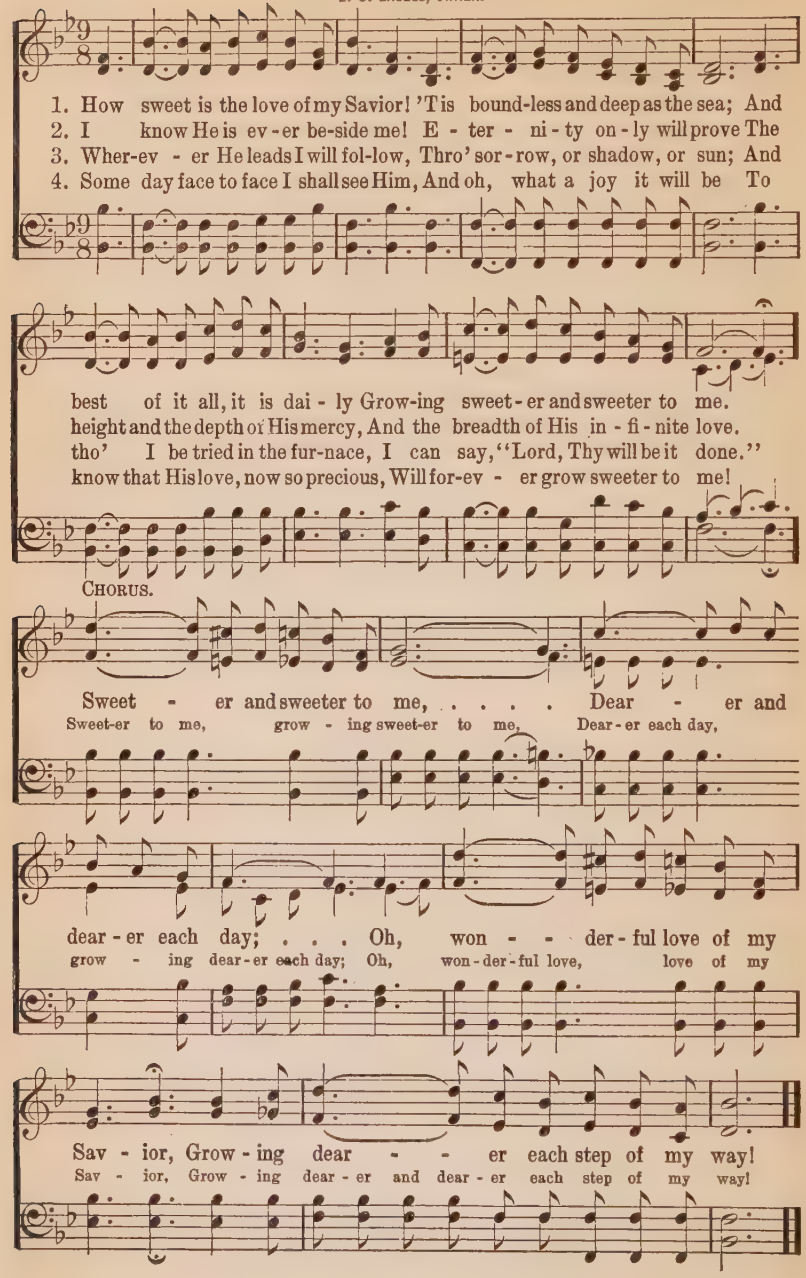
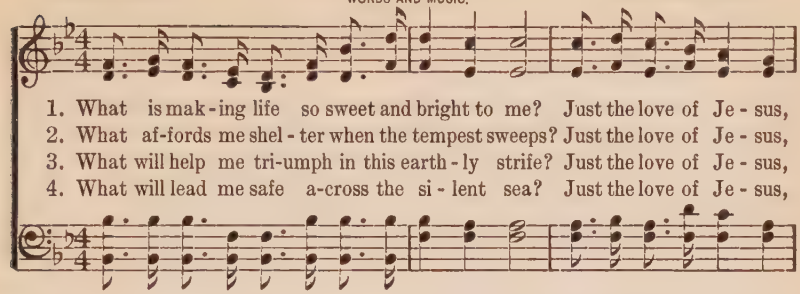
Chas. H. Gabriel.

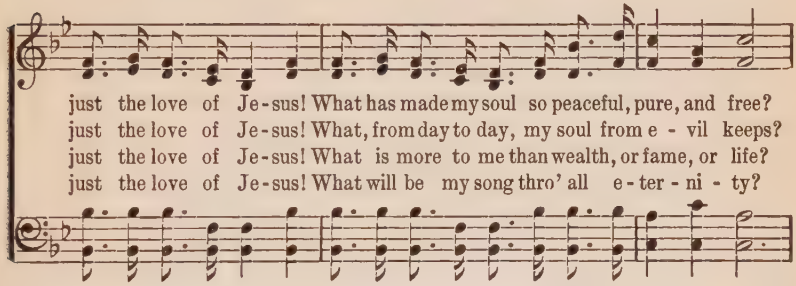


No. 228. Just the Love of Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Wm. Edie Marks.

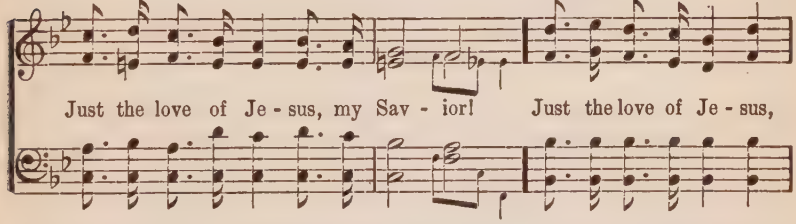


1. What is mak-ing life so sweet and bright to me? Just the love of Je-sus,
2. What af-fords me shel-ter when the tempest sweeps? Just the love of Je-sus,
3. What will help me tri-umph in this earth-ly strife? Just the love of Je-sus,
4. What will lead me safe a-cross the si-lent sea? Just the love of Je-sus,

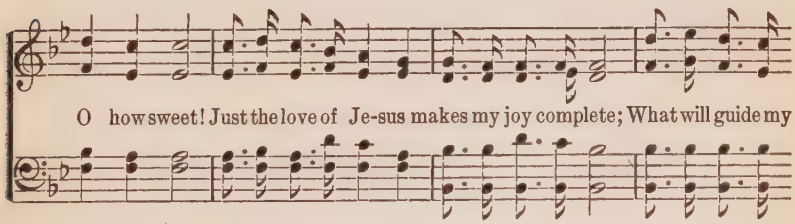


just the love of Je-sus! What has made my soul so peaceful, pure, and free?
just the love of Je-sus! What, from day to day, my soul from e-vil keeps?
just the love of Je-sus! What is more to me than wealth, or fame, or life?
just the love of Je-sus! What will be my song thro' all e-ter-ni-ty?

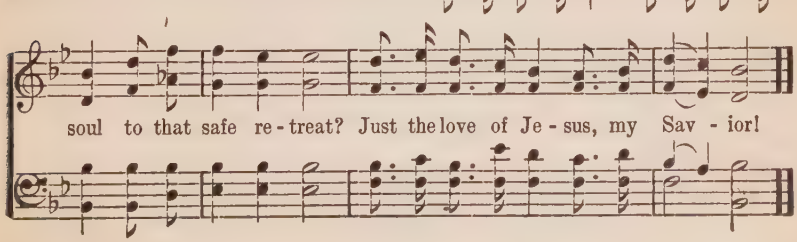
CHORUS.



Just the love of Je-sus, my Sav-ior! Just the love of Je-sus,



O how sweet! Just the love of Je-sus makes my joy complete; What will guide my



soul to that safe re-treat? Just the love of Je-sus, my Sav-ior!

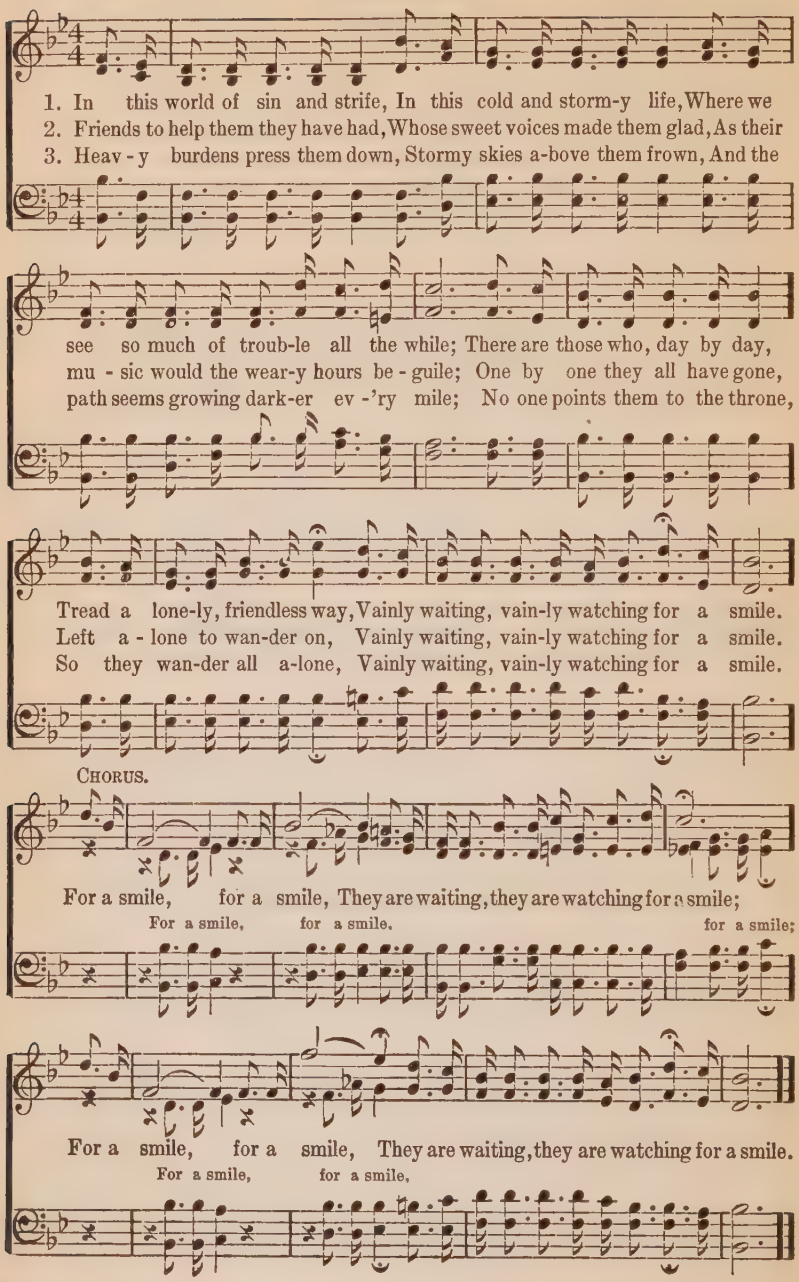
No. 229.

For a Smile.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC.

Wm. Edie Marks.



No. 230. I Will Not Forget Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-la-tions,

turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love, Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends for-sake me,
all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

CHORUS.

Just be-yond is shin-ing an e-ter-nal day.
I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove. I ..... will not for-
"En-ter faith-ful servant, welcome home at last." I will not for-get thee,

get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee, I.....
I will nev-er leave thee, I will not for-

.... will not forget thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
get thee, for-get

No. 231. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus,—My vis - ion so oft - en is dim; To look on His face and be filled with His grace,
2. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, For oft - en I fol - low a - far; His voice I would hear sounding close to my ear
3. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, Still clos - er and clos - er each day; Till clasp - ing His hand I shall en - ter the land

CHORUS.

I want to live clos-er to Him.
To tell what His prom-is - es are. Clos - er to Je-sus, clos - er to Je - sus, Clos - er to Him I would be: To look on His face and be filled with His grace, I want to live clos-er to Him.
Where I shall be near Him for aye.

No. 232. Keep Looking On the Bright Side.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. Jno. R. Sweney.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Keep look - ing on the bright side; When clouds a-bove us roll,
2. Keep look - ing on the bright side; The "sil - ver lin - ing" see;
3. Keep look - ing on the bright side; The morn - ing dawns ere long;

Re - deem - ing love, en-throned a - bove, Will keep the trust - ing soul.
Our Fa - ther's care is ev - 'ry-where, He's watch-ing you and me.
And, by and by, the lips that sigh Break forth in joy - ful song.

CHORUS.

Keep look - ing on the bright side, Be - liev - ing that's the right side, No matter what the doubting world may say; And when up - on time's sto - ry Shall flash the light of glo - ry, We'll know the sun was shin-ing all the way.

No. 233. That's Enough for Me.

W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I do not ful - ly com - pre-hend The mer - cy shown to me;
2. So dark it was be - fore He came, And set my soul a - glow;
3. I do not know how it was done, How He has made me whole;
4. I do not ask to know the way He did His work of grace,

I on - ly know a Gra-cious Friend Has bro't my blindness to an end,
He kin-dled there a sa - cred flame, And tho' I scarce-ly knew His name,
I on - ly know the night is gone And day e - ter - nal has be-gun
So long as He has sent the ray, By which my spir - it can sur-vey

And now, thro' Him, I see, And now, thro' Him, I see.
He loves me—this I know, He loves me— this I know.
With - in my cloud - ed soul, With - in my cloud - ed soul.
The beau - ty of His face, The beau - ty of His face.

CHORUS.

So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me;

So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me.

No. 234. I Will Follow.

Ida Scott Taylor.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

1. Oh, the joy of know-ing Christ is all I need, His full hand be-
2. Oh, the bliss of giv-ing all of self to Christ, Dai-ly, hour-ly
3. This shall be my mis-sion as the days go by, This my soul's am-

stow-ing bread my soul to feed; His dear love sup-ply-ing
liv-ing on His love un-priced; While His will o-bey-ing,
bi-tion as the mo-ments fly; Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus,

FINE.

faith thro' shadows dim, On His strength re-ly-ing, I will fol-low Him.
this my prayer shall be, Keep me, Lord, from straying, let me fol-low Thee.
He our lamp will trim, Who in pit-y sees us, knows our need of Him.

D. S.—*I will fol-low Je-sus, fol-low Him in-deed.*

CHORUS.

I will fol-low, I will fol-low, Tho' I know not where my

D. S.

path may lead; I will fol-low sing-ing, to His prom-ise cling-ing;

No. 235. Jesus is Willing.

Ida L. Reed.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Je - sus is will - ing to save and to bless you, Hear the glad sto - ry,— O tell it a - gain! Will - ing to heal all the griefs that dis - tress you, If you will tell Him your sor - row and pain.

2. Je - sus is will - ing to share all your bur - dens, Will - ing His bless - ing each day to be - stow; Free - ly He giv - eth, if you will but ask Him, He all your sor - rows and tri - als doth know.

3. Je - sus is will - ing and a - ble to help you, Bless - ed His word is, un - fail - ing and sure; Trust in His mer - cy, O friend, and be - lieve Him; Great tho' thy sor - row, His touch it will cure.

D. S.—*On - ly ac - cept Him and trust in His mer - cy, Je - sus is will - ing, if you will be - lieve.*

FINE.

CHORUS.

Je - - - sus is will - ing, O . . . . . pre-cious sto - ry!
Je-sus is will-ing, Je - sus is will - ing, O pre-cious sto - ry, O pre - cious sto - ry!

Je - - - sus is will - - ing your woes . . . to re - lieve; . . .
Je - sus is will - ing, Je - sus is will - ing, Je - sus is will-ing your woes to re-lieve;

D. S.

No. 236. The Home-Path After All.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. Rev. E. E. Satterlee.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. What tho' sometimes the bri-ars Spring up amid the flow'rs, Tho' passing clouds, a-
2. Then glad - ly sing His prais - es In sun-shine and in shade; The heart that trusts in
3. He knows the way be-fore us, Our ev'ry step He guides; The hand out-stretched to

ris - ing, Re-place the sun - ny hours! Still from the heav'nly Fa - ther Un-
Je - sus Need nev - er be a - fraid; While lean-ing on His bos - om, His
save us, All need-ful good pro-vides; Till in the bless-ed cit - y, Be-

rit. FINE.

numbered mercies fall; His hand is gen - tly leading, 'Tis the home-path after all.
ten - der love re - call; His hand is gen - tly leading, 'Tis the home-path after all.
yond the jas-per wall; His hand is gen - tly leading, 'Tis the home-path after all.

CHORUS.

Lead - ing from the cross To the star - ry crown, Lead-ing to the land Where we

D. S.

lay our burdens down; We'll doubt Him not, nor murmur, Whatever ills be - fall;

No. 237. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

W. C. Martin.

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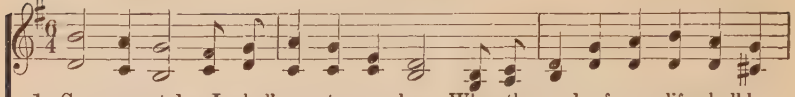
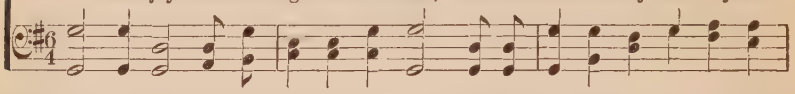
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

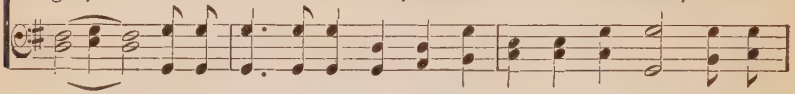
Chas. H. Gabriel.



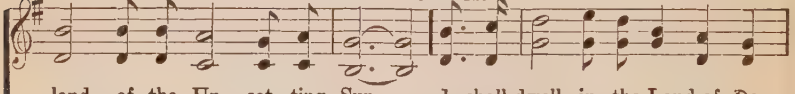
1. Some sweet day I shall en - ter a place, When the work of my life shall be
2. Yes, the bur - dens of life can be borne, When I think of the prize to be
3. I can peace-ful - ly welcome the night When the hours of my life shall be
4. O what joy! mortal tongue can-not tell, With e - ter - ni - ty on - ly be-



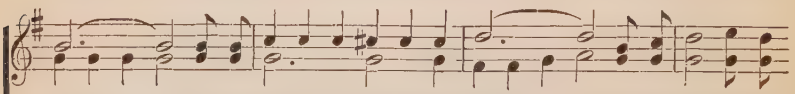
done; A place that is filled with His mar - vel - ous grace, In the
won; Of the beau - ti - ful robe and the crown to be worn, In the
run; It will bring me no grief, but su - per - nal de - light In the
gun, One an - oth - er to meet, with the Sav - ior to dwell, In the



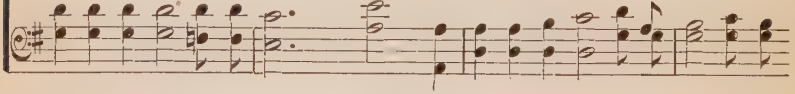
CHORUS.



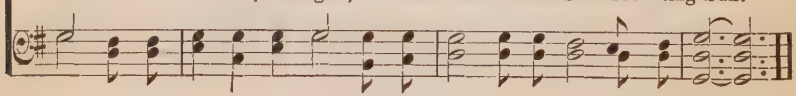
land of the Un - set - ting Sun. I shall dwell in the Land of De-



light ..... When my journey on earth has been run; .... In the land where there
of de-light jour - ney on earth has been run;



com - eth no sor-row, no night, In the land of the Un - set - ting Sun.



No. 238. He Will Hide Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe, E. O. Excell.

1. When by storm my barque is driv-en Wild-ly o'er the troubled tide;
2. When by sin's dark clouds surrounded And I seem to all but fail;
3. When my soul longs for the mor-row, When I try but can-not sing;

Christ whose heart by me was riv-en, Will my soul in safe-ty hide.
He whose hands and feet I wounded, He will hide me from the gale.
He whose head I bowed in sor-row, He will hide me 'neath His wing.

CHORUS. (*Small notes for 1st Soprano.*)

He will hide me, safe-ly hide me, Till my tri-als
He will hide me, safely hide me, He will hide me, safely hide me, Till my trials, till my tri-als,

all are o'er; In His love for-ev-er more.
all are o'er, all are o'er; In His love for-ev-er more, for-ev-er more, for-ev-er more,

rit.

No. 239. Follow Me.

G. M. Bills.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

M. L. McPhail.

1. Like a chime of sil - ver bells In the darkness ring-ing, Comes a voice that ev - er tells Of the Shepherd's care; To the wand'rer from the fold, Love is ev - er bring-ing, Tid-ings from the gates of gold, Of a welcome there.

2. Lost one, will you close your ears To the mag - ic sto - ry, That can charm a way your fears When earth's joys depart? Shall the spell of e - vil hide From your eyes the glo - ry, That for - ev - er will a - bide, With the pure in heart?

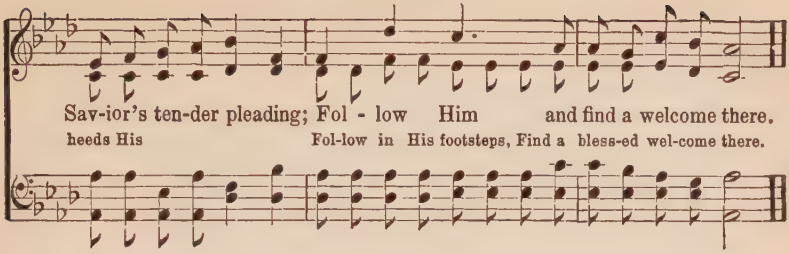
3. Lo! the tempt-er doth de-ceive, Lur-ing you to sadness, Then he mocks you while you grieve, Pointing to de - spair; From his fet-ters break a-way, Seek the path of glad-ness, Spurn the pleasures that de - cay, Of their sting be-ware.

CHORUS.

"Fol - low me," Oh hear the Shepherd say-ing, "Seek the door to pas-tures ev - er fair," Heed, O heed thy

"Fol-low, fol - low, fol-low me," "Seek the door to pas-tures fair, to Heed, O heed thy Sav - ior's voice, O

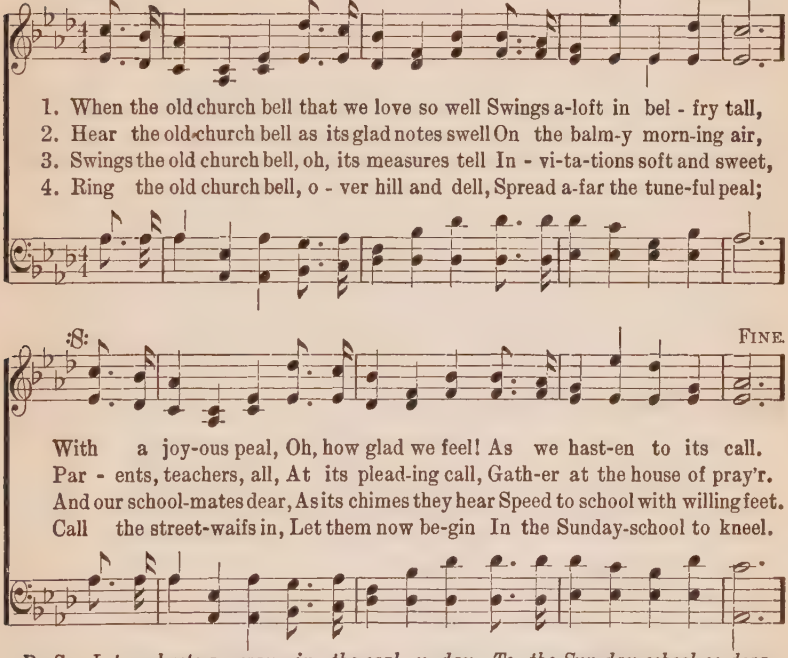
Follow Me.



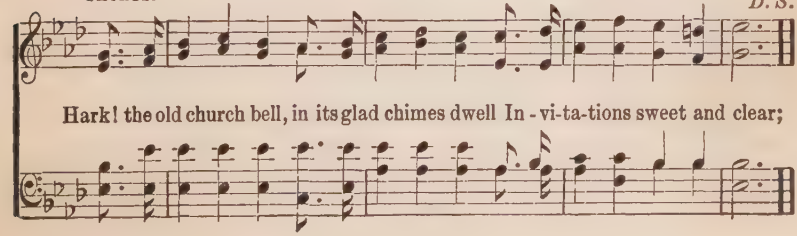
No. 240. The Old Church Bell.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Birdie Bell. WORDS AND MUSIC. H. N. Lincoln.



CHORUS.



No. 241. Harvest Song!

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look, the har-vest field is teem-ing With the rich and ripened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a - way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la - bor and the yield?

Wide it spreads be - fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light, gold-en gleaming, Heav-ing like the rest-less main, "Reapers are need-ed," re-sounds o'er hill and plain.

Ma - ny stand com-plain-ing, I - dle still re-main - ing, Loit'ring in the dust-y highways, Hear-ing not the Mas - ter say: "Reapers are need-ed, O who will work to-day?" Rouse ye then and to the fields a-way,

Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap - py reap-ers; To the wind your sorrows flinging, Pa-tient - ly the sick - le wield: "Reapers are need-ed, A - wake, and to the field! to the field a - way, Mas - ter while you may,

CHORUS.

Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may, Lo! He is calling,

Harvest Song.

night is fall-ing, Hast-en to o-bey, For reapers are needed to-day.

No. 242. The Offering.

John J. McLaurin.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Lord, take my all,— The gift is small For Thee, for Thee;
2. Dare I re-fuse My life to use For Thee, for Thee,
3. Would I had more, Earth's rich-est store, For Thee, for Thee;
4. By grace di-vine, Seal what is mine For Thee, for Thee,
5. Lord, here am I, To live or die For Thee, for Thee;

What hast Thou done, O bless-ed One, For me, for me!
Who shed Thy blood, A cleans-ing flood, For me, for me?
Thy love has met A bound-less debt, For me, for me;
Who suf-fered loss, And bore the cross, For me, for me;
Thy sac-ri-fice Has paid the price For me, for me;

What hast Thou done, O bless-ed One, For me, for me!
Who shed Thy blood, A cleans-ing flood, For me, for me?
Thy love has met A bound-less debt, For me, for me.
Who suf-fered loss, And bore the cross, For me, for me.
Thy sac-ri-fice Has paid the price For me, for me.

No. 243. More Like the Master.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

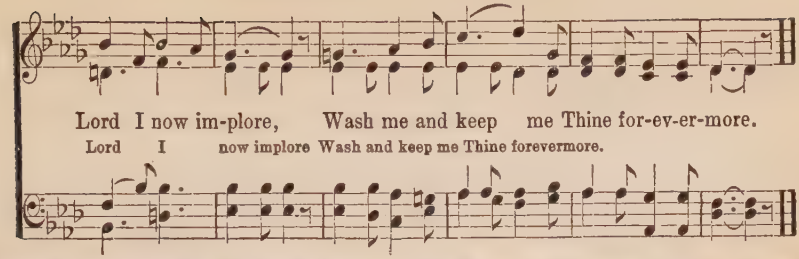
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness, more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour-age to be true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly pray'r, More strength to car - ry cross - es I must bear; More earn - est ef - fort to bring His king - dom in, More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow, More of His love to oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i - lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart ..... I would be Thine a-lone;..... Take Thou my heart .... and make it all Thine own;... Purge me from sin,.... O
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.



No. 245. The Slighted Stranger.

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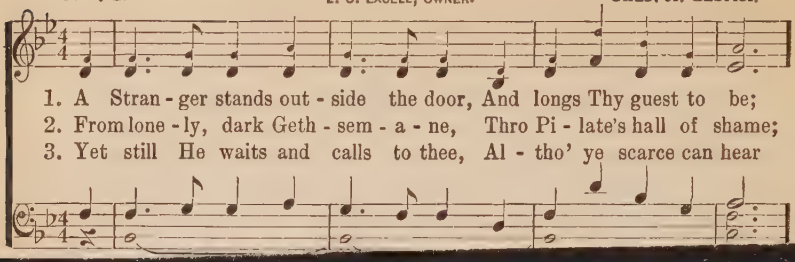
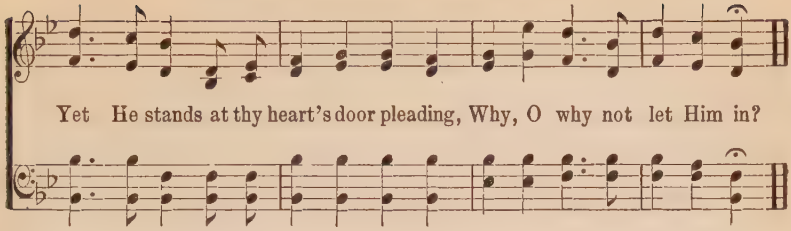
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

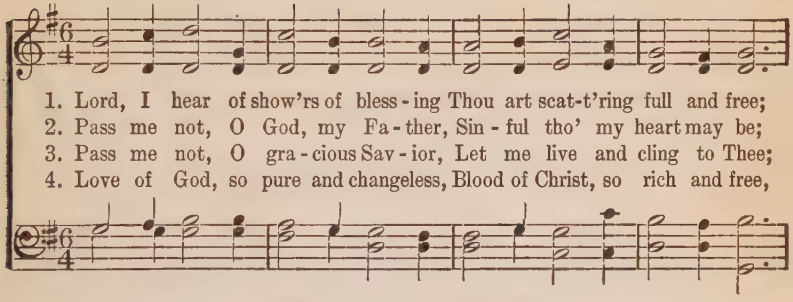


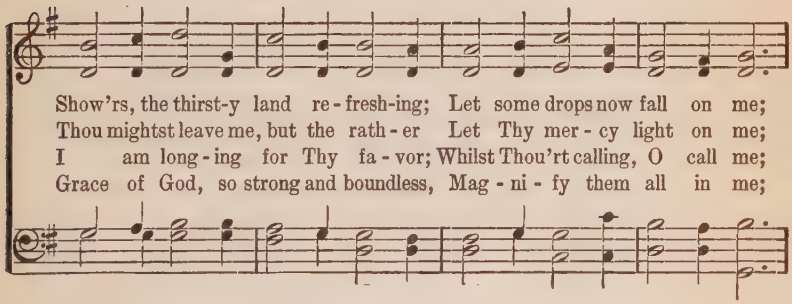
The Slighted Stranger.

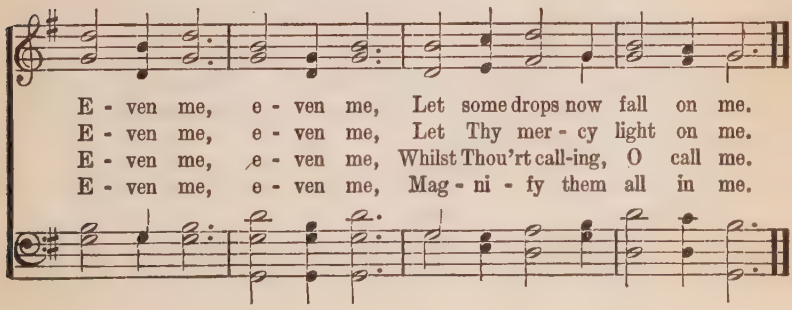


No. 246. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.







No. 247. The Tramp of the Host.

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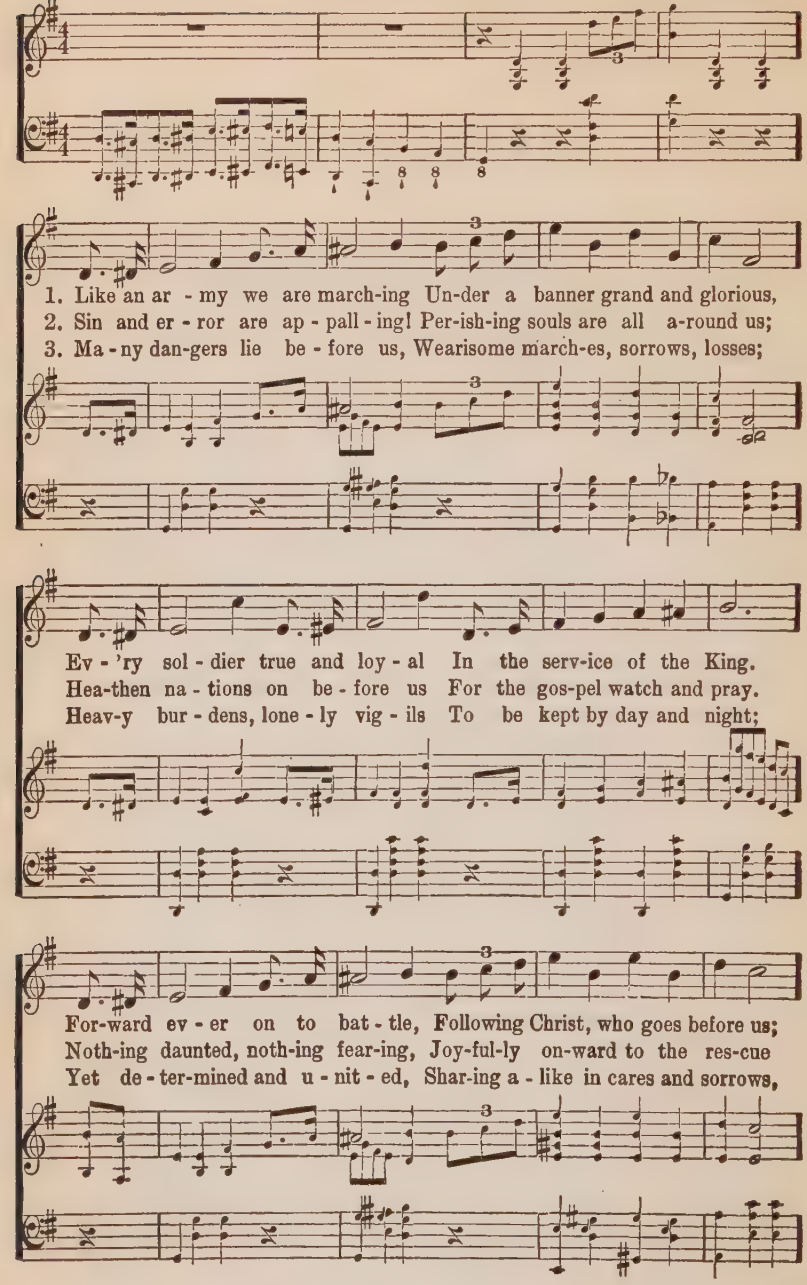
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.



The Tramp of the Host.

With a tramp, tramp, tramp, moving onward, While the victor's song we sing.
With a tramp, tramp, tramp, we are marching, Where our Savior leads the way.
With a tramp, tramp, tramy, we are marching, Up-ward to the land of light.

CHORUS.

Like an arm - y with ban-ners fly - ing, Against the hosts of sin we
March-ing on, marching on,

march, march away! Souls in bondage of sin are dy - ing; "They must and shall be
Marching on, marching on,

free" rings the war-cry to-day, "They must and shall be free" rings the cry today.

No. 248. Keep Up The Fight.

President Roosevelt to Spreckles, leader of the Reform Movement, San Francisco, Cal., "Keep up the Fight."

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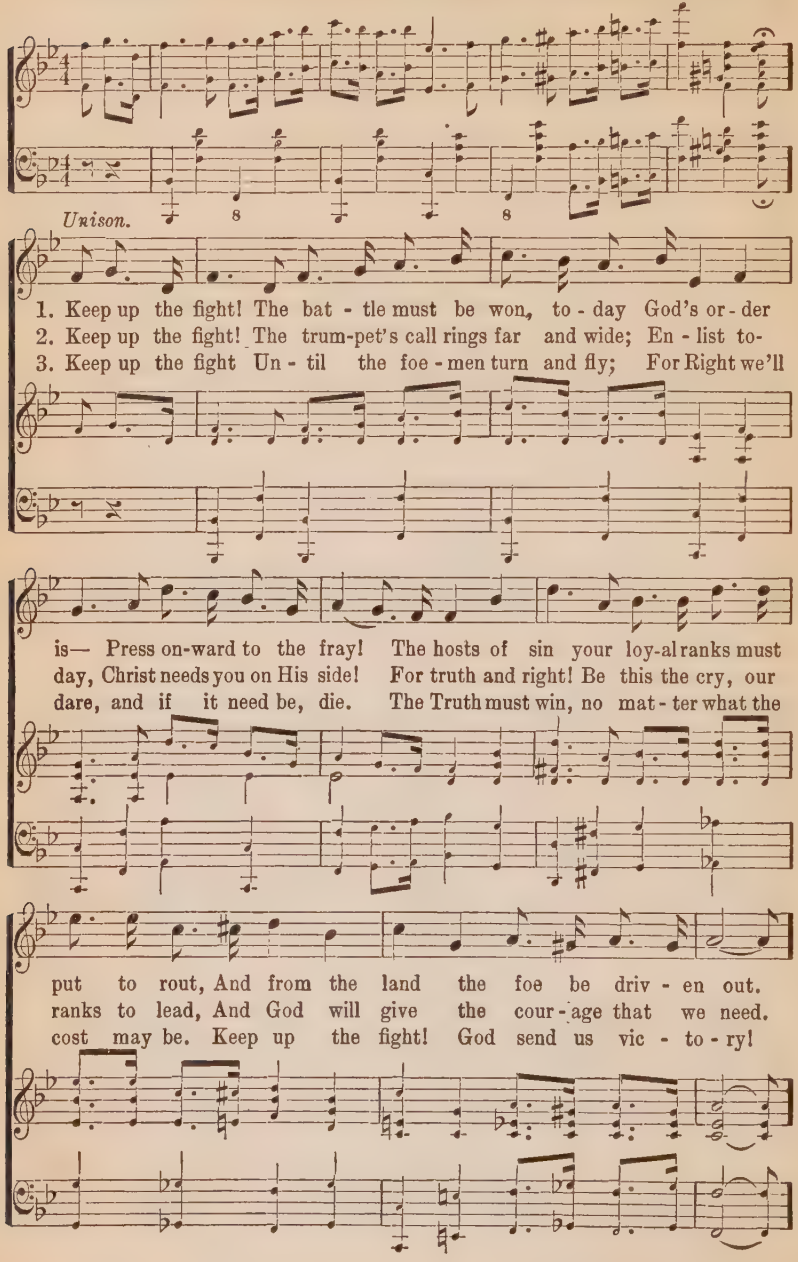
Eben E. Rexford. **Samuel W. Beazley.**



Keep Up the Fight.

CHORUS.

Keep up the fight for Truth and Right! Led on by Christ we'll win the day. He goes be - fore us. His ban - ner o'er us To cer-tain vic - t'ry points the way. Keep up the fight and fal - ter nev - er; For right will live and reign for - ev - er; Our God is with us to cour - age give us, Keep up the fight, keep up the fight!

No. 249. Marching in His Name.

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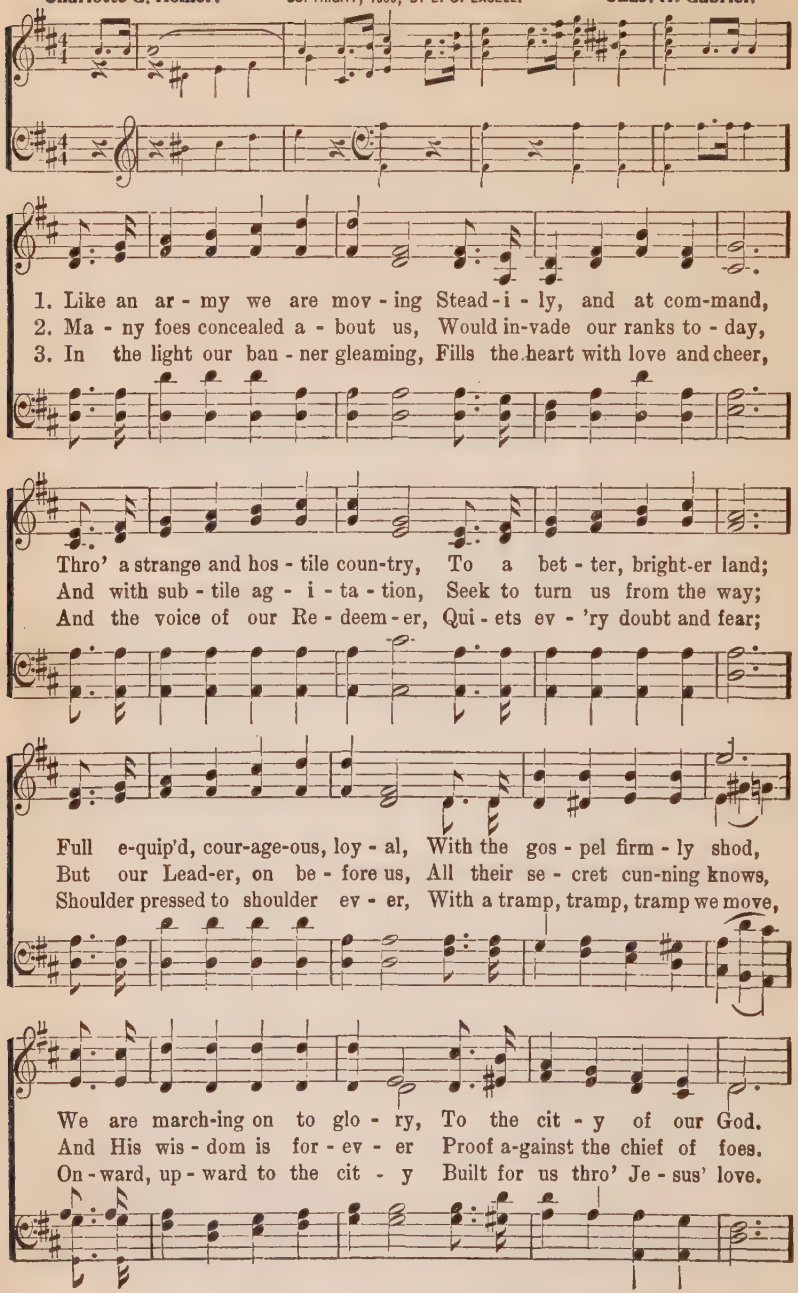
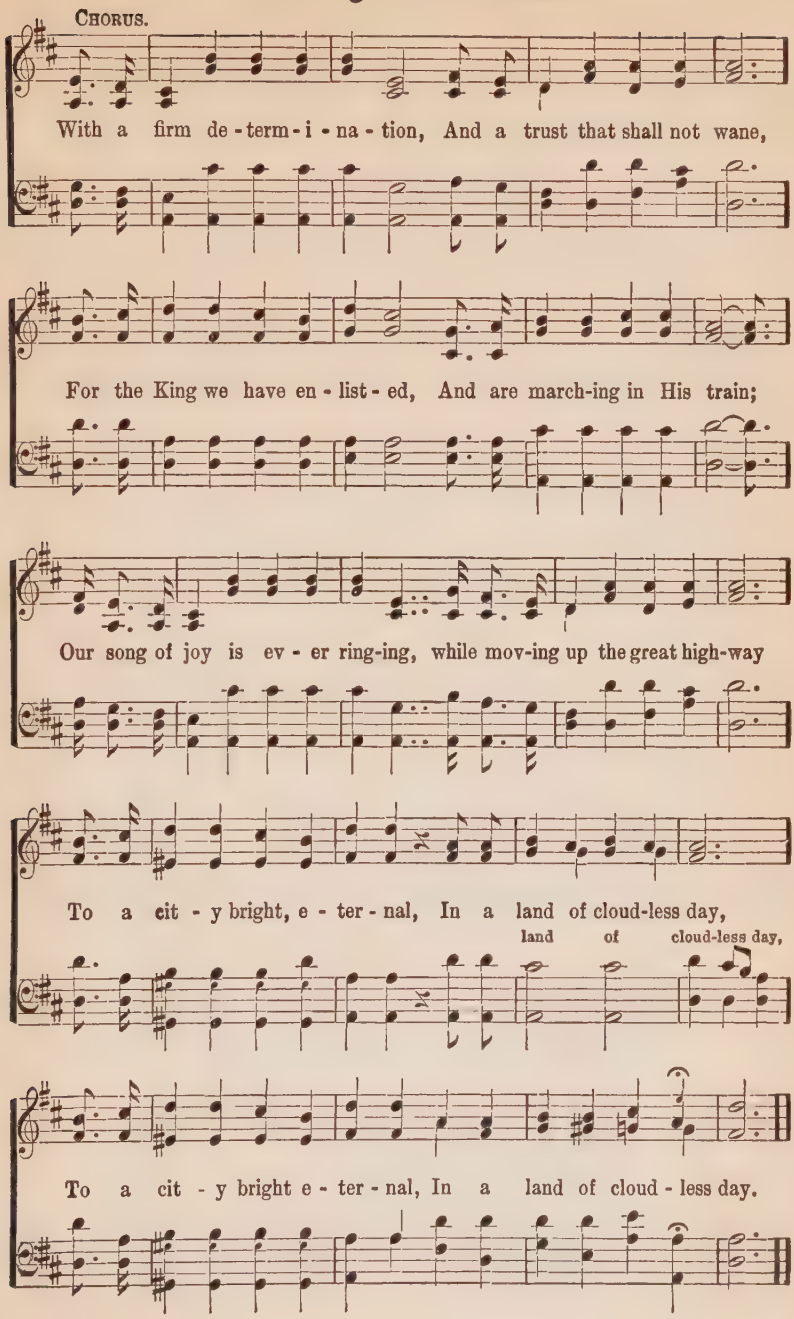
Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.



Marching in His Name.



No. 250. Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

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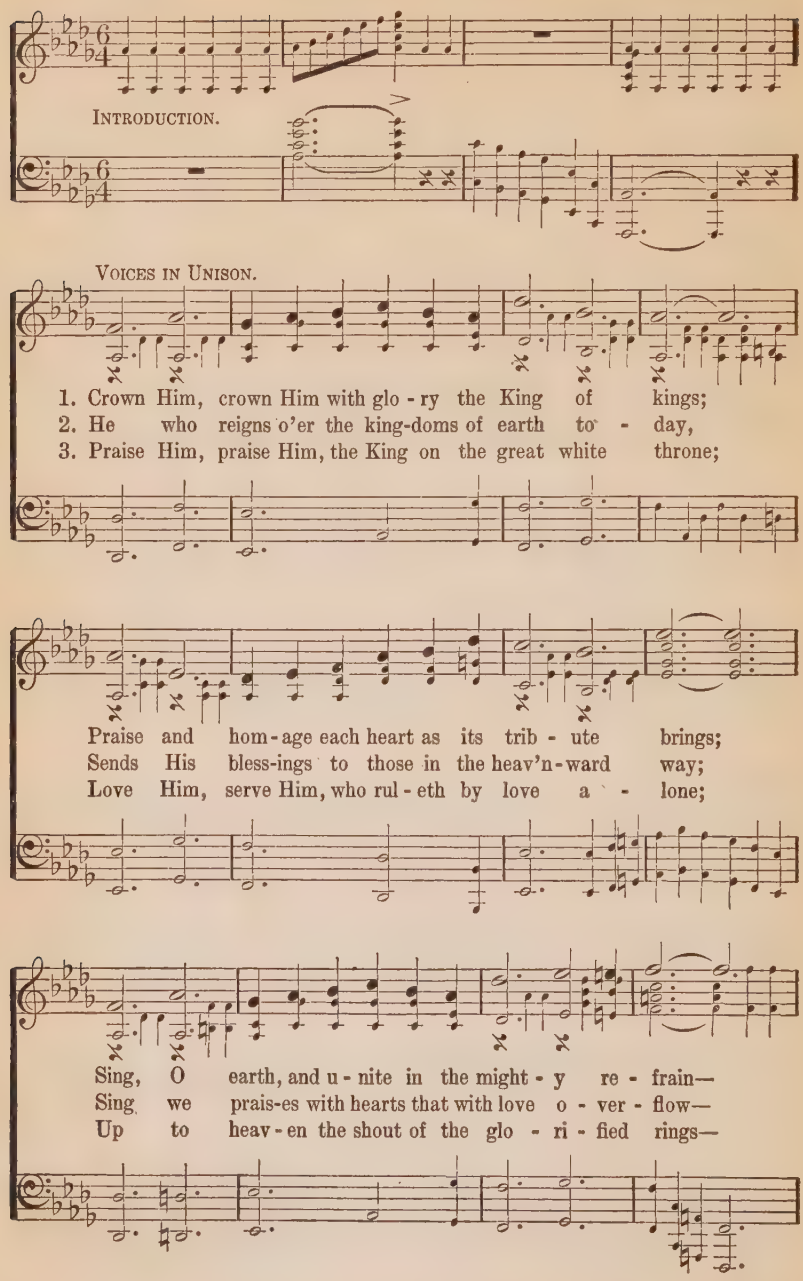
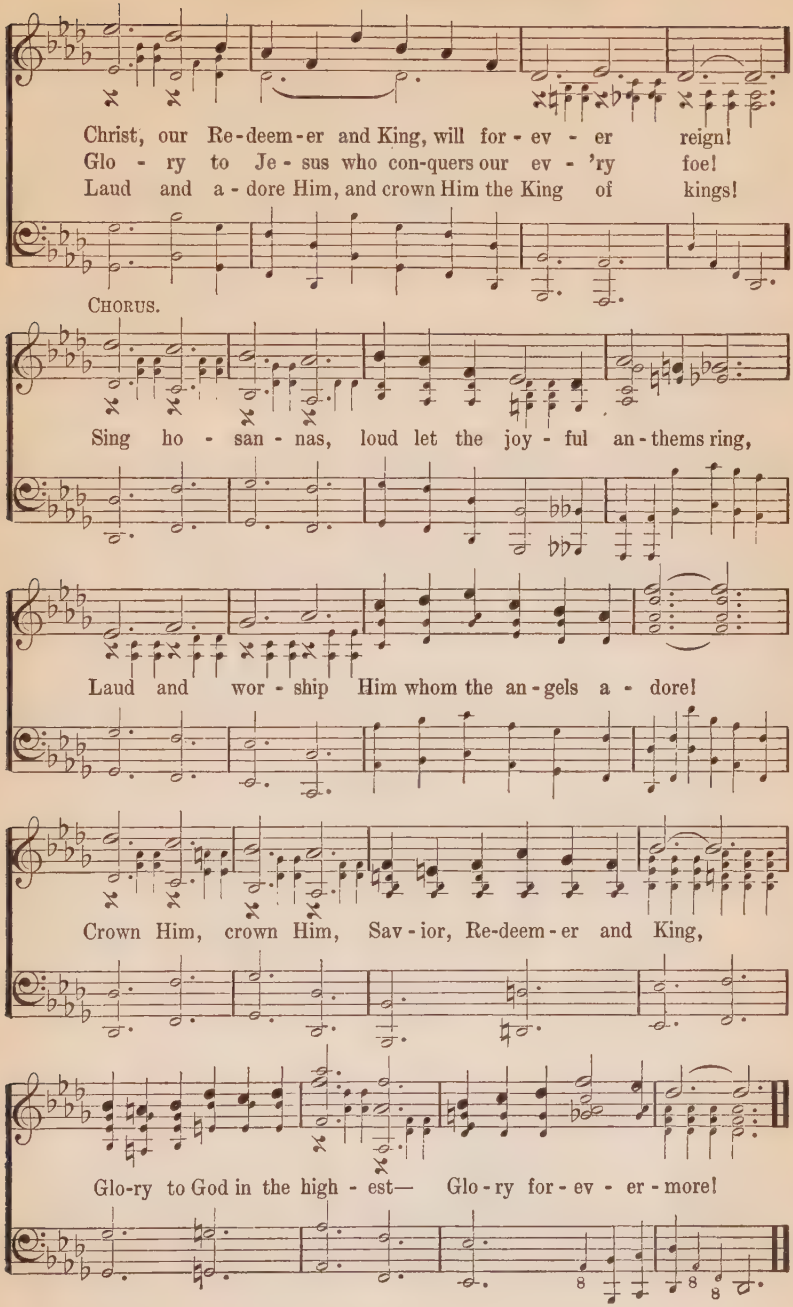
De Loss Smith.

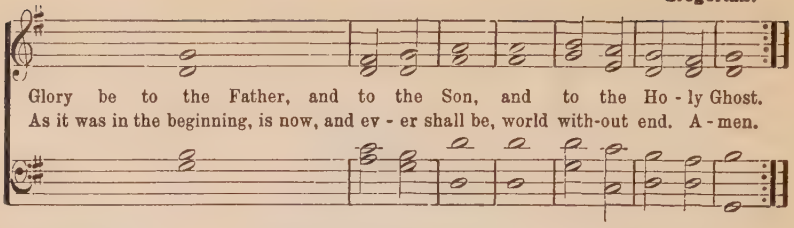


Crown Him King of Kings.



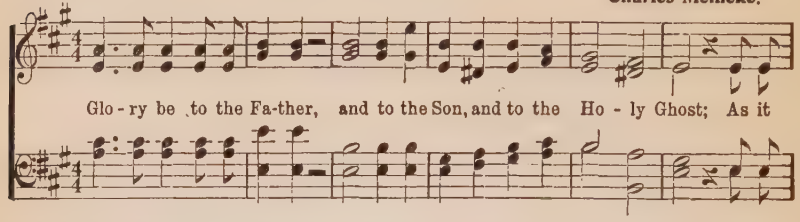
No. 251. Gloria Patri. No. 1.

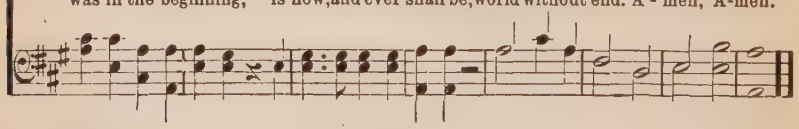
Gregorian.



No. 252. Gloria Patri, No, 2.

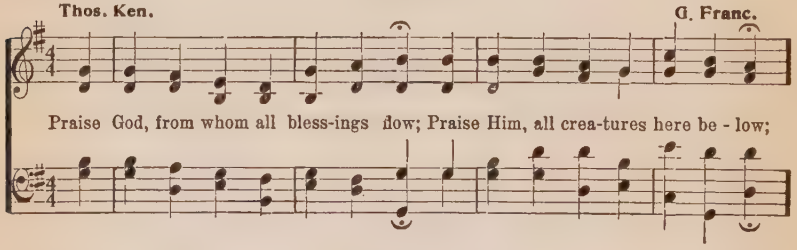
Charles Meineke.

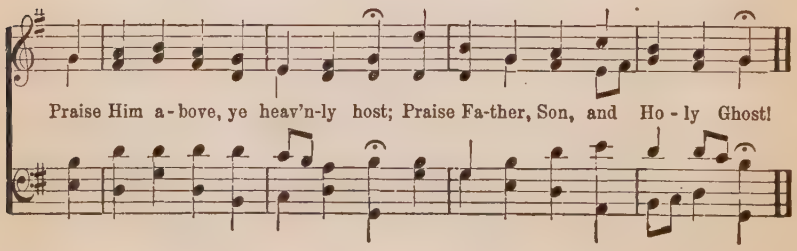




No. 253. Doxology.

Thos. Ken. G. Franc.





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